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Vol. I.

MAY, 1881.

No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

TO A KIND AND CHARITABLE PUBLIC.

HEN, nearly three years ago, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Nesqualy placed me in charge of all the Catholic Indian Missions of Puget Sound, Wash. Territory, I found these missions, in a material point of view, in the worse possible condition. The good Oblate Fathers who, some chirty years previously, had founded and faithfully directed these missions, having no means at hands, and being more intent on the spiritual edification of the Faith in the hearts of these untutored sons of the forest, had paid but little attention to material buildings, and in consequence I found, on my

arrival here, that, out of the eight or ten places of worship built through their exertions and the slender help afforded them by the Indians, some had crumbled to ruin, others were ready soon to fall, in a word, all, with the possible exception of one or two, were altogether unfit for the use to which they were originally intended.

In order to give a true idea of these so-called churches or chapels, I beg the Reader's indulgence while I go through the following tedious details.

I. St. Ann's church on the Tulalip Reservation is a rough box house 24 by 50 ft., rough clapboarded outside, with battens over the joints or cracks inside and all whitewashed, except the ceiling which is of

planed lumber and painted.

II. St. Joachim's church on the Lummi Reservation is a rough box house rough clapboarded outside, and what was once white cotton cloth inside to cover the joints. This church about 24 by 50 ft., wholly built by the Indians many years ago, is a very poor structure, leaning on one side and ready to fall.

III. St. Peter's church on the Oldmanhouse Reservation, the newest and best found, is a box house, rough clapboarded outside, ceiled and lined with planed lumber and but partly painted. It is about

20 by 40 ft. in dimension.

IV. St. Paul's church on the Swinomish Reservation is a simple rough box house with battens on part of the outside joints, admitting light and air on all sides, only half ceiled and wholly unpainted. Its dimensions are about 16 by 30 ft.

V. St. John Baptist's church on the Puyallup Reservation is of the same make as the former, all

ceiled but altogether free from paint.

VI. The old church on the Muckleshoot Reservation was a round log house built by U. S. soldiers, and used by them during the war of 1855. It was about 16 by 24 ft. in size, partly ceiled and having but two small windows and a door, all on one side of the building. The peculiarity of this church was that not a foot of sawed lumber was used in its construction, the floor consisting of cedar planks from two to four inches in thickness, split with an axe and laid on the ground. This church was demolished last fall, and another, 20 by 40 ft., also altogether of split cedar lumber, was substituted in its place.

VII. The old church at the Forks of the Green and White Rivers was also a log house, demolished by time and wind some years since. The Indians of this section are very anxious to have a new church erected, and they have lately subscribed \$37.00 for that object among themselves! I understand however that they are getting some help from their white

friends and neighbors.

VIII. The chapel on the Nesqualy Reservation is about 10 by 16 ft. in size, entirely built of cedar split lumber, unceiled and not having a single pane of glass, light is introduced through the joints and

the open door.

IX. The chapel at Priest Point on the Tulalip Reservation, about three miles distant from St. Ann's, owes its existence to the fact that this locality was formerly the seat of the Oblate Fathers' residence. It is a rough clapboarded box house, measuring about 12 by 18 ft., ceiled with unpainted planed lumber, and the walls papered. It has but two windows and they are both on the same side of the house.

X. The Port Gamble new Indian church, 20 by

30 ft. in size, was built last summer by the Indians working in the saw mills, and is a tasty little frame church with painted rustic outside, ceiled and lined with planed lumber all painted. It has also a neat

little belfry.

Out of all these churches or chapels, not one has regular seats, but only benches, with or without backs, ranging from one to a dozen each in number, part of the congregation squatting on the bare floor. There are but two or three altars that might be considered worthy of the name. Some are box shaped, made of planed, others of rough or split lumber covered with either paper or cloth. One church has no altar at all, and another has only a mere shelf running across the whole end of it for an altar. Some churches have no railings, the others, with two or three exceptions, have a kind of a little picket fence either of planed lumber or split strips. Only one out of all these Missions possesses the vestments and sacred vessels strictly necessary for the holy Sacrifice.

Kind Reader! you have now a fair idea of the poverty or rather extreme destitution of these Indian Missions and I am sure that you will not find it strange if at times the consideration of my utter helplessness in bettering such a sad state of things fills me with anguish and discouragement. The Diocese is too poor to help me, and my Indians, who depend mostly for the necessaries of life on fishing and hunting, are getting poorer every year on account of the growing scarcity of game, and the competition of white fishermen. Unable any longer to stand a passive and silent witness of such general poverty and destitution, after mature consideration and the warm approval of my Bishop, whose letter

is printed below, I have come to the conclusion of making an earnest appeal to all charitably disposed persons in behalf of these poor Indian Missions. I do not ask an alms from any one, (although such a help would not be refused, especially from those who can very well afford it); all I ask is their generous support of the little monthly periodical called

"THE YOUTH'S COMPANION"

with whose initial number you are hereby presented, and which, for a long time past, I have been think-

ing of starting.

The proposed little Magazine, especially designed for children and youths, will be strictly religious, moral, useful and interesting in all its departments. It will be got up in a small pamphlet form of 24 or more pages of the size of this Prospectus Number, and so printed that all continued articles can be easily detached from the monthly parts, and either pasted or stitched together in the form of a small book for the better preservation and future use of these serials. Its pages will contain original and selected matter on all topics coming within its sphere, contributed by friends of the Indians and of the cause. It will moreover contain a monthly Bulletin of our Catholic Indian Schools, throughout the United States, attended by over 400 pupils of both sexes, who will also contribute their best essays and compositions to its pages. Finally, most of the type setting, press work &c., will be done by the pupils of our Tulalip Schools, who will thereby not only be helped in their progress towards civilization, but also taught a useful trade by which they may be enabled to earn an honorable livelihood.

The second No. of "The Youth's Companion" will be issued as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions have been secured to permit its publication with any degree of presumable success. Parties receiving this Prospectus No. are requested to circulate it among their friends and neighbors and solicit subscriptions as soon as possible.

RATES FOR YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

From 1 to 9 Copies, 50 cents per subscription.
" 10 to 24 " 45 " " "
" 25 to 49 " 40 " " "
" 50 to 99 " 35 " " "
" 100 and upwards, 25 " "

Single copies, and subscriptions for less than a year

will be at the rate of 5 cents for each copy.

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for the means to commence and carry on the work.

Commending anew my onerous missionary work and the proposed undertaking to further its usefulness to my Rev. Brethren of the clergy and to my charitably disposed Brethren of the laity, I hope soon, Deo adjuvante, and with the assistance of their good wishes and subscriptions, to be able to entrust my little tiny Experiment in full sail to the favoring breezes, trusting to a kind Providence and to the sacredness of the object in view for its final success and prosperity, A. M. D. G.

Post Office Money Orders to be made payable at the Seattle, W. T. Post Office, and all other correspondence, Registered Letters &c., to be addressed to

REV. J. B. BOULET,

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

LETTER OF APPROBATION.

Vancouver, March 2nd. 1881.

Rev. and dear Father J. B. Boulet.

The wish you expressed in your last favor of publishing a children's monthly paper to aid you in your missionary work among the Indians, viz: building new Churches, fluishing those already commenced, and providing for their necessary ornamentation, is certainly a very commendable one. When I reflect on the arduous duties incumbent on you, visiting the many Indian missions with which you are charged, and ministering to their spiritual wants, I admire your zeal and courage, and feel obliged to ask God's blessings on your noble work. But this new undertaking of yours, which has solely for object the spiritual good of the Indians and the glory of God, and which will add a great deal of labor and fatigue to those which already weigh heavily upon you, shows and proves your indefatigable zeal and fearless courage when God's glory and the poor Indians' salvation are concerned, and can not but meet with my hearty approval and blessing.

Your devoted servant,

ÆGIDIUS, BP. OF NESQUALY.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.

We owe our Readers many an apology. And to begin by the first we will state that the late appearance of the initial No. of our little Magazine is due to the extra missionary duties brought on us by the Paschal season, which, on account of our numerous missions, has to be extended to its utmost limits. Our original plan was simply to issue a Prospectus embodying the subject matter contained in the foregoing Introduction, but, with the advice of friends of the undertaking, we concluded to publish a complete specimen No. of the Periodical and in consequence the time of publication had to be postponed until the end of the month. In order to give our friends, who intend to help the good work, ample time to send in their subscriptions, our second No. will only appear in the early part of July next.

Our second apology is about the paper on which this issue is printed and which is of a very inferior kind. Not having been able to attend personally to its purchase, or rather, said paper having been donated by a kind friend of the undertaking, it had to be used as given. We intend to buy good paper

when the present supply is exhausted.

Finally we beg the kind indulgence of our readers for our many short-comings in the editing, printing and general make-up of our little Monthly. Let it suffice to state that it is the exclusive work of mere novices at the trade, but of novices who believe in Progress and that "Practice makes Perfect.'

A third of our space this month having been nearly taken up by our Introduction, compels us to omit several features and departments of interest to our young readers. These will be attended to in time.

Please give us a helping

THE MONTH OF MARY.



HIS is the sweet, the balmy month of May:
—the season when nature comes forth in all
her gayest attire, robed in violet and green,
and with her brow encircled with garlands
of flowers. To children, it is a season of

mirth; -to all, a time of gladness.

During this mouth the Church in a special manner invites her children to honor and invoke the patronage of Mary the immaculate Queen of Heaven in that beautiful devotion of "the Mouth of Mary."

As this devotion in honor of the Blessed Virgin is so universally practiced, we give the following sketch of its origin for the instruction and edification of our

young readers:

During the early part of the 16th century, Father Lalomia, a professor in one of the Jesuit colleges in Italy, proposed to the pupils of his class to perform each day during the month of May, some special devotion to the Mother of God. The happy suggestion was joyfully seconded by his pupils, and accordingly, a statue of the Blessed Virgin was placed upon a table at the end of the class-room. Before this humble altar, which they fervently decorated with flowers, the venerable Father and his pupils daily assembled and recited certain prayers in honor of Mary, and made a short meditation on the virtues of her life. The Fathers of the college remarked with much gratification the fervent piety which from that period distinguished the members of Father Lalomia's class-an evidence how pleasing this devotion was to the Mother of God. On the returning May, the devotion which commenced in a single class was extended to the whole college. The effect was most remarkable. Boys who had been

heretofore untractable, now became models of obedience and docility: those who had been negligent in the practice of their religion, now flew to the confessional: the slothful and indolent became examples in the punctual and faithful discharge of their school duties: the praises of Mary were heard from every tongue, her statue was daily crowned, and her altar strewed with flowers.

The Fathers, seeing the good effects which the devotion of the month of May produced in this single college, immediately introduced it into all their colleges in Italy and in other countries of Europe; and as they went forth from these institutions on the mission, they established the devotion among the faithful, and thus it spread from church to church until it has at length

spread throughout the world.

Pope Pius VII., in order to encourage all christian people to the practice of a devotion so tender and agreeable to the most Blessed Virgin, and calculated to be of such great spiritual benefit to themselves, granted, on the 21st of March 1825, to all the faithful of the Catholic world, who either in public or in private should honor the Blessed Virgin with some special homage or devout prayers, or the practice of other virtuous acts-1st, an indulgence of 100 days for each day of the month; 2nd, a plenary indulgence. once in this month, to be gained on that day when, having confessed and communicated, they shall pray to God for the holy Church, &c.

Let our young readers, during this month of each recurring year, join in this beautiful practice, bearing in mind that true devotion to the holy Mother of God is a most sure sign of predestination, according to the teaching of the Saints.

LIVES OF THE

SHULLE

FOR

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

JANUARY 1.

THE FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

IRCUMCISION was a Sacrament of the old law, and

the first legal observance required by Almighty God of the descendants of Abraham. It was a Sacrament of initiation in the service of God, and a promise and engagement to believe and act as He had revealed and directed. The law of Circumcision continued in force until the death of Christ, and our Savior being born under the law, it was fit that IIe, who came to teach mankind obedience to the law of God should fulfil all justice, and submit to it. Therefore He was circumcised that He might redeem them that were under the law, by freeing them from the servitude of it; and that those who were before in the condition of servants might be set at liberty, and receive the adoption of sons in baptism, which, by Christ's institution, took the place of Circumcision. On the day that the divine Infant was circumcised He received the name of JESUS, which signifies SAVIOR, and which had been given Him by the angel before He was conceived. That name, so beautiful, so glorious, the divine Child does not wish to bear for one moment without fulfilling its meaning; even at the moment of his circumcision He showed Himself a Savior by shedding for us that blood, a single drop of which is more than sufficient for the ransom and salvation of the whole world.

JANUARY 2.

ST. FULGENTIUS, BISHOP.

N spite of family troubles and delicate health, Fulgentius was appointed at an early age procurator of his province at Carthage. This success, however, did not satisfy his heart. Levying the taxes proved daily

more distasteful, and when he was twenty-two, St. Austin's treatise on the Psalms decided him to enter religion. After six years of peace, his monastery was attacked by Arian heretics, and Fulgentius himself driven out destitute to the desert. He now sought the solitude of Egypt. but finding that country also in schism, he turned his steps to Rome. There the splendors of the imperial court only told him of the greater glory of the heavenly Jerusalem. and at the first lull of the persecution he re-sought his African cell. Elected bishop in 508, he was summoned forth to face new dangers, and was shortly after banished by the Arian king Thrasimund, with fifty-nine orthodox prelates, to Sardinia. Though the youngest of the exiles, he was at once the mouthpiece of his brethren and the stay of their flocks. By his books and letters, which are still extant, he confounded both Pelagian and Arian heresiarchs, and confirmed the Catholics in Africa and Gaul. An Arian priest betrayed Fulgentius to the Numidians, and ordered him to be scourged. This was done. His hair and beard were plucked out, and he was left naked, his body one bleeding sore. Even the Arian bishop was ashamed of this brutality, and offered to punish the priest if the saint would prosecute him. But Fulgentius replied, "A christian must not seek revenge in this world. God knows how to right His servants' wrongs. If I were to bring the punishment of man on that priest, I should lose my own reward with God; and it would be a scandal to many little ones that a Catholic and a monk, however unworthy he be, should seek redress from an Arian bishop." On Thrasimund's death the bishops returned to their flocks, and Fulgentius, having re-established discipline in his see, retired to an island monastery, where after a year's preparation he died in peace in the year 533.

JANHARY 3.

ST. GENEVIEVE, VIRGIN.

ENEVIEVE was born at Nanterre, near Paris. St. Germanus, when passing through, especially noticed the little shepherdess, and predicted her future sanctity. At seven years of age she made a vow of perpetual chastity. After the death of her parents. Paris became her abode; but she often traveled on works of mercy, which, by the gifts of prophecy and miracles, she unfailingly performed. At one time she was cruelly persecuted; her enemies, jealous of her power, called her a hypocrite, and tried to drown her; but St. Germanus having sent her some blessed bread as a token of esteem. the outery ceased, and ever afterwards she was honored as a saint. During the siege of Paris by Childeric, king of the Franks. Genevieve went out with a few followers and procured corn for the starving citizens. Nevertheless, Childeric, though a pagan, respected her, and spared, at her request, the lives of many prisoners. By her exhortations, again, when Attila and his Huns were approaching the city, the inhabitants, instead of taking flight, gave themselves to prayer and penance, and averted, as she had foretold, the impending scourge. Clovis, when converted from paganism by his holy wife, St. Clotilda, made Genevieve his constant adviser, and, in spite of his violent character, became a generous and christian king. She died within a few weeks of that monarch, in 512, aged eighty-nine years.

JANUARY 4.

ST. TITUS, BISHOP.

ITUS was a convert from heathenism, a disciple of St. Paul, one of the chosen companions of the Apostle in his journey to the Council of Jerusalein, and his fellow-laborer in many apostolic mis-From the second Epistle which St. Paul sent by the hand of Titus to the Corinthians, we gain an insight into his character and understand the strong affection which his master bore him. Titus had been commissioned to carry out a two-fold office, needing much firmness, discretion and charity, he was to be the bearer of a second rebuke to the Corinthians who were giving scandal and wavering in their faith; and at the same time he was to put their charity to a further test by calling upon them for abundant alms for the Church at Jerusalem. St. Paul meanwhile anxiously awaited the result. At Troas he writes; "I had no rest in my spirit, because I found not

Titus my brother." He set sail to Macedonia. Here at last Titus brought the good news. His success had been complete. He reported the sorrow, the zeal, the generosity of the Corinthians, till the Apostle could not contain his joy, and sent back to them his faithful messenger with the letter of comfort from which we have quoted. Titus was left as a bishop at Crete, and here he in turn received the Epistle which bears his name, and here at last he died in peace.

JANUARY 5.

ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

NE winter's day, about the year 401, the snow lay thick around Sisan, a little town in Celicia. A shepherd boy, who could not lead his sheep to the fields on account of the cold, went to the church instead, and listened to the eight beatitudes which were read that morning. He asked how these blessings were to be obtained, and when he was told of the monastic life. a thirst for perfection arose within him. He became the wonder of the world, the great St. Simeon Stylites. was warned perfection would cost him dear, and so it did. A mere child, he began the monastic life, and therein passed a dozen years in superhuman austerity. He bound a rope round his waist till the flesh was putrified. He ate but once in seven days, and when God led him to a solitary life, kept fasts of forty days. Thirty-seven years he spent on the top of pillars, exposed to heat and cold, day and night adoring the majesty of God. Cheerfulness, humility, and obedience set their seal upon his austerities. The words which God put into his mouth brought crowds of heathen to baptism, and of sinners to penance. At last, in the year 460, those who watched below noticed he had been motionless three whole days. They ascended, and found the old man's body still bent in the attitude of prayer, but his soul was with God. Extraordinary as the life of St. Simeon may appear, it teaches us two plain and practical lessons. First, we must constantly renew within ourselves an intense desire of perfection. Secondly, we must use with fidelity and courage the means of perfection God points out to us.

Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong; Let no evil word pass o'er it, Set the watch of truth before it, That it speak no wrong, Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes; Prying is not wise: Let them look on what is right; From all evil turn their sight: Prying is not wise, Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear; Wicked words will sear, Let no evil word come in That may cause the soul to sin; Wicked words will sear. Guard, my child, thy ear.

Ear and eye and tongue, Guard while thou art young; For, alas! these busy three Can unruly members be. Guard while thou art young, Ear and eye and tongue.

I LOVE HIM WHILE HE'S BAD.

"Dick is so cross and naughty,
That I can not be good;
I try hard to forgive him,
I'd love him it I could."
So said my little Ellen,
Her face perplexed and sad;

"Oh, wouldn't we be happy,
If nobody was bad."

Then spoke sweet May, our darling
The loving house pet—
A wond'rous look outshining,
That I shall ne'er forget—
"Dick is not cross and naughty
To me, and I'm so glad,
Because, you see, dear Ellen,
I love him while he's bad."

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men; How he called little children like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.

How I wish that his hands had been laid on my head. And my arms had been thrown round his knee, And that I might have seen his kind looks when he said: "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share of his love; And if I thus earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven; For many dear children are gathering there, And "of such are the kingdom of heaven."

Yet why should I think he's no longer on earth, When he says: "I am all days with you;" For sure if he loves little children like me, Then his words must be simple and true.

No: he can not deceive.— His dear mother I'll call, And straight to his altar repair; For he says he still dwells in that sweet, holy place, And a child may worship him there.

Memember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the time of affliction comes. Eccl. 12-1.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayst be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee. Exod. 20—12.

All the days of thy life have God in thy mind: and take heed thou never consent to sin, nor transgress the commandments of the Lord our God. Tob. 4-6

Hearken therefore, my children, to your father: serve the Lord in truth, and seek to do the things

that please him. Tob. 14-10.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: that grace may be added to thy head, and a chain of gold to thy neck. My son, if sinners shall entice thee, consent not to them. Prov. 1—8, 9, 10.

In the fear of the Lord is confidence of strength; and there shall be hope for his children. Prov. 14-26.

Hear thou, my son, and be wise: and guide thy

mind in the way. Prov. 23-19.

No good shall come to the deceitful son: but the wise servant shall prosper in his dealings, and his way shall be made straight. Prov. 14-15.

A foolish son is the anger of the father, and the sorrow of the mother that bore him. Prov. 17-25.

He that keepeth the law, is a wise son: but he that feedeth gluttons, shameth his father. Prov. 28-7.

A son ill taught is the confusion of the father; and a foolish daughter shall be to his loss. Eccli. 22-3.

A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it. Prov. 22-6.

His bones shall be filled with the vices of his youth, and they shall sleep with him in the grave. Job, 20-11.

18

MONGST the Indians converted in Canada." says Father de Smet, was a certain Jean Baptiste. This Indian had formerly been a thief. On his conversion, the priest enjoined him to make restitution of two dollars to a Calvinist minister in the neighborhood. Our man presents himself at the minister's house, when the following dialogue ensues: Well, what do you want?' said the preacher. 'Me rob you. The priest say to me: 'Jean Baptiste, you give back the money.' 'What money?' 'Two dollars that me bad savage take from you,—me good Christian; me have the water of baptism on my head; me child of the Great Spirit. Here, take the money.' That is well. Steal no more. Good day, Jean Baptiste.' 'Good day, not enough; me want something else.' 'And what do you want?' 'Me want a receipt.' 'A receipt! what need is there of a receipt? Did the priest tell you to ask it?' 'The priest say nothing; Jean Baptiste (pointing at himself with his finger) want a receipt.' 'But what do you want with a receipt? You stole from me what you now give me back; that is enough.' 'No, no, not enough: listen, you old, me young; you die first, me die after, you understand?' 'I do not understand; what do you mean?' 'Listen again; that will say much, that will say all. Me knock at the gate of Heaven, the great chief, St. Peter, he open and say, 'That you, Jean Baptiste? what you want? 'My chief, me want to go in the lodge of the Great Spirit.' 'And your sins?' 'The priest he forgive them all.' 'But you rob the minister—did you give back that money? You show me your receipt.' 'Now you see how it is with poor Jean Baptiste, poor Indian with no receipt, he run all over hell to find you, because no salvation out of the priest's Church.'

"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word in the English language to pronounce?"

"Don't know," said Rob, "unless it is a swearing

word."

"Pooh!" said Tom; "it is stumbled, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and the last letter."

"Ha, ha!" said Rob; now I've one for you. I found it one day in reading the paper. Which is the longest word in all the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's smiles, because there's a whole mile

between the first and last letter."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"Now, what's that?" asked Rob faintly.

"Beleaguered," exclaimed Tom, triumphantly.

PERFECT OBEDIENCE REWARDED.

The Little Sisters of the Poor one day rang the bell of a fashionable residence in Washington, and were put out quickly and told to ring that bell no more. Their dismissal was so rude that the door closed on the skirt of the humble Sister. She could not free it; but as she had been told not to ring the bell, she remained there patiently, while her companion stood waiting for her on the sidewalk. After an hour and a half the proprietor wished to go out, and found the Sister held at the door. A word explained all, and the example softened a hard heart. An offering was made, and an invitation was given to ring that bell in the future.

TICOBNEB.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER FOR RAIN.

A little five-year old girl asked her father one day if it would do any good if she should pray to God to let it rain. She was told perhaps it might, and nothing more was thought of it by her parents till after Sunday evening's shower. When she waked Monday morning she asked her father if he knew what made it rain. He said no, and she replied that it was because she had prayed "last night and the night before." Her mother remarked that she did not pray hard enough, for it rained only a little, when the child answered, "Well, I didn't want to wake up the baby."

"I THUNK IT UP."

The family were telling riddles, and the five-year old this: Four little hopper-toads sat on a tree. Two hopped off and then there was three." Nobody could guess it. "Well," she explained, "one of them jumped back again." "Who told you that riddle?" asked mamma. "Nobody," replied the little one. "I thunk it up myself."

* *

"I forget a great many things which happened last year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks, "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear mother who is now dead." My dear children, let your prayer be, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: and a door round about my lips."

God helps him that helps himself.

If I asked you, my little friends, who created the Angels, you would answer immediately and without hesitation: "God." But if I asked you who created the Devil, what would you answer? I have read of that question being put to three boys. Richard answered plainly that it was quite impossible that God had created the Devil, because he made nothing but what was good. Francis did not venture to reply, for it seemed to him that the question was put only to give them a lesson. Finally, William answered, after some reflection: "God created him an Angel, but he mane himself a devil by his sin." Thus it is, dear little friends, with children who were created only a little below the Angels; by mortal sin, they also become devils. Think well on this.

Little Johnny was visiting at a neighbor's house. He was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but not with any degree of enthusiasm. "What do you say, Johnny?" said the lady, expecting him to say: "Thank you." "I say, it ain't cake," was the response.

Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy days which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father—my mother loved me!" Nothing can take away that blessed heart-balm. Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewey again at the thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to bed.



An orphan pupil of our Indian Schools, who. after a short illness borne with the most admirable patience, departed this life on the 8th of the present month, at the age of about 11 years, beloved and wept by all who knew him.

We miss thee, dear Arnold!... We miss the bright smile of thy beaming countenance. Thy sweet voice is heard no more singing, Sunday after Sunday, thy Maker's praises; but we are consoled at the thought that if thou hast been taken away from our choir here on earth, thou hast been added to the angels' choir in heaven. and that our loss is thy gain! Fare thee well!

Requiescat in pace!

Since the beginning of the present year there also died in our Schools, on the 24th of March, Rosie, about 3 years old, the innocent victim of a heartless, unnatural mother. She has now found a loving mother in the Queen of Angels.

"Dear little Rose,

Thou hast only lived the life of a rose-The short span of a morn!"

She budded on earth, and now blossoms in Heaven !

Contributions of a fair literary merit for beginners were received from May Martin, Ellen and Lucy Frinkbunner. Celina St. Louis, Louisa Ling and Ellen Achille, of our fulalip Schools. We only find room for the following:

This is the month of Mary, the fairest and most beautiml of the year. Every thing in nature seems to begin a new life, and we too should commence a new one by trying to please our Mother. Every one that loves her should something in her honor, and especially try to imitate her virtues, for she is a perfect model of all virtues. Let decorate her altar and bring fresh flowers to her. Howers will please her, but the entire donation of our hearts would certainly be more agreeable to her. Even the little birds seem to praise her by their gay songs. shall not fail to do something for her, and I will try to follow her example as much as I can. I know that I can not do much, but I know that she will help me if I am in May this holy Mother, to whom I have consecrated my life, guide me through it, and may she receive my soul when I die.

The following contribution, more snitable for June, we publish this month on account of the non-appearance of "Companion" until next July.

The mouth of May is now nearly closed; after it comes one, the beautiful mouth consecrated to the Sacred Heart

I Jesus, and in this respect it ranks first.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus seems to be the levotion of the present century. Our Lord Himself present to Blessed Margaret Mary, a Sister of the Order of the Visitation, at three different times, and told her to pread it all over the earth. He made eleven special munises in favor of those who will love and honor His secred Heart. Let us earnestly beg of Him to love Him a that we may have our names engraven in His most intered Heart, for as He said, "Those who will spread this votion shall have their cames written in My Heart, and by shall never be effaced."

This happy mouth of June will bring to us in successus everal feasts which never fail to be dear to us. The est Communion of some of our companions, the solemn while of St. John the Baptist, the Patren Saint of our Rev. and cherished Pastor, the visit of our Rev. Mother

General, and lastly our Exhibition.

I wish that it would be always June, for everything around looks to be very gay, and the sun seems so liberal with his heat. The Sacred Heart is greater than the sun; if we ask Him for the heat of His love He will give it to us, for He is very liberal. Let us try to serve Him faithfully in this life that we may love Him eternally in heaven.

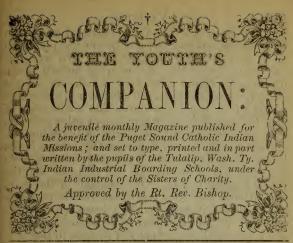
And now, at the eleventh hour, comes our apprentice printer wanting to have his "say" and see his name in print, both of which we grant to keep him in good humor.

The lovely month of May just closed brought us many favors and many graces which we owe to the intercession of our sweet Mother in Heaven. There are several incidents which might prove interesting if related, but I shall content myself with one, the death of our dear little classmate, Arnold Lake.

Our little orphan companion died on May the 8th the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. He was loved and regretted by every one; but his death was so singularly happy that we could not but consider it a grace obtained for him by the Blessed Virgin, whom he loved so tenderly.

Rev. Father Boulet gave him the last Sacraments on the eve of his death, and the last Indulgence a few moments before he expired, and remained by his side praying for him to the end. In speaking of his virtues I think I can not do better than to quote the words of our loved Pastor during Catechism class: "I suppose." he said, "you all miss, as I do, one happy little face from this assembly today. Yes, I do miss Arnold, for there was no child in either school dearer to me. I loved him especially for his gentleness and kindness. To each of you here present I can say, Take him for your model, be obedient to your superiors, kind to your companions and faithful to your christian duties as he has been, and you will deserve to die as he died, for I do not doubt the salvation of his pure JOHN B. LADEBAUCHE. soul."

The printer and typos of this issue of the "COMPANION" were J. B. Ladebauche, E. Simmons and J. Alexander. The folding and stitching were done by the School girls.



Vol. I.

JULY, 1881.

No. 2.

VACATION.

ACATION is a time during which scholars are freed from all the toils of the scholastic year. It is a time of joy and happiness animating the heart of every school boy and girl. How touching a scene it is to behold dutiful scholars bidding adieu to their kind teachers for a while, and sometimes for ever. How soothing the strains of the old song "Home again!" But let us turn to vacation.

The scholars, after wishing good bye, start for their destination. Imagine their joy, when arriving home, to be welcomed by their affectionate parents, their loving little brothers and sisters. Imagine the many kisses that pass around before the joy at the loved one's return is fully satiated. We will now leave our happy little one enjoying himself in the bosom of his family where he will make the most of his few weeks' vacation, and address a few words of kindly advice to those who now take a final leave of their childhood's home, where, among other sciences, they have been taught the science of the Saints.

Dear young friends! to-day another horizon opens before you; to-day two ways offer themselves to you—the way of life and the way of death; and the choice is given to you. The company of the good and virtuous here for a short time, and the company of the blessed in your heavenly home hereafter for eternity. Or, the company of the vicious and disorderly here, and the company of demons in that lake of fire hereafter. The latter is the broad and easy way, along which many are journeying, seeking only present happiness, and they find it not. The former is the narrow way, and it has its thorns and its difficulties; but to the strong heart and willing mind, those difficulties are slight indeed, and those thorns are converted into roses. Oh! can you hesitate for a moment? Will you not "strive to enter by the narrow gate"? to enter on the path of virtue? Yes, you have so resolved, before crossing for the last time the well-worn threshold of the dear little chapel where the sweetest hours of your happy youth were spent in pious colloquies with the Beloved of your guileless hearts, and already, it is to be hoped, you are making noble efforts and striving to persevere to the end. Courage! then, our Lord tells you that if you do so, you shall surely secure your salvation.

N old soldier with a wooden leg was taken ill in a village in the south of France, through which a village in the south of France, through which he was passing. He could not proceed on his journey, and was obliged to lay in a barn on a little straw. In this state he was found by little May, the daughter of a very poor basket maker, who was moved to compassion at the sight of his great suffering. Every day she managed to visit him and give him a few cents. One evening the good soldier said to her in an uneasy manner: "My dear child, I have heard that your parents are very poor. Tell me, frankly, where do you get the money you give me? for I would rather die of hunger than receive one single farthing dishonestly." estly."

"Oh, be not afraid!" replied the little girl, "the money is honestly gained. I go to school every day, to a neighboring town, and my way lies through fields in which there are a great many wild strawberries. I gather a basket of these daily, and sell them in the town, and give you a part of the money. My parents know that I bring you a portion of my earnings, and never express any objection to it, for they say that, though they are poor, there are other persons poorer still, and that we ought to relieve them as far as our means will permit."

Tears of gratitude fell from the eyes of the old soldier during this recital. "My good girl," he cried, "may God reward you for your humanity. You have taught me a lesson which I shall not easily forget."

A short time after this a general, covered with military decorations, arrived in the village. His splendid carriage stopped at the inn. He heard of the poor soldier and desired to see him. The poor soldier recognized in the general his former officer, and made him

acquainted with the kind manner in which little May had acted towards him. "What" exclaimed the general, "shall this poor little girl show so much kindness, and I. your former commander, neglect you? No, this would be a disgrace to me. You must leave this hovel, and come with me to the inn, where I will see that you

are properly attended to."

After giving orders to the inn-keeper to instal his old comrade in the most comfortable room in the house, and see that he was properly cared for, the general sought the dwelling of May's parents. He found her preparing osiers for her father, at the cottage door. "My good child," he said to her with emotion, "I have heard of your kindness, and my heart is touched at such tender devotion to afflicted old age. You have given the poor soldier ten pieces of silver, which I here repay with ten sovereigns of gold."

Her parents remonstrated against receiving so much for the little she had given; but the general insisted on her receiving it, begging, at the same time, that Almighty God would reward her a hundred fold for her benevolence. Thus was her kindness well rewarded.

⁻In order to lead a good Christian life, children should take the holy child Jesus as their model. For He it was that saved mankind from the power of the devil by dving on the cross. Therefore they should be grateful to Him for His goodness and mercy. If they lead the life of good Christians, they shall be rewarded twofold-in the next life, and also in this. They must remember that God is omnipresent; that He can read their thoughts either good or bad, and as they are liable to die at any moment, let them persevere in leading a good life, and they shall be with God for all eteraity.

THE LIFE

OF

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.

T. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, of the princely race of the Dukes of Mantua, was son of Ferdinand Gonzaga, marquis of Castiglione, in Lombardy, Prince of the holy Roman empire, and of Martha de Tada, a daughter of one of the noblest families of Quiers in Piedmont.

The marquis Ferdinand held a distinguished office in the court of the king of Spain, Philip the Second. Martha was a lady of honor to queen Isabella, daugh-

ter of Henry the Second, king of France.

Martha was remarkable for her piety. She no sooner learned that Ferdinand Gonzaga was a suitor for her hand, than she set about learning the Lord's will by fastings and prayer. The two spouses received the Sacrament of Matrimony with sentiments of piety, and after their marriage they returned to Italy, where the marquis was appointed chamberlain to the king, and general of the army of Lombardy.

The marchioness, who had always preserved an humble and solid piety in the midst of worldly grandeurs, desired nothing so much as to have a son, whom she might one day see living the life of a religious. Her prayers were heard. Our Saint was born in the castle of Castiglione, in the diocese of Brescia, on the 9th of March, 1568. His god-father was William, Duke of Mantua, who called him Aloysius. In the parochial register we find the following words entered along with the baptism of Aloysius: "May he be blessed! may he be pleasing to God!

may he live only for the benefit of mankind!" The whole sequel of his holy life verified this aspiration. From his tenderest infancy it was his greatest de-

light to listen to his mother speaking of God. She lovingly taught him to make the sign of the cross. The holy names of Jesus and Mary were almost the first words he learned to pronounce; and his mother's heart throbbed with joy when she saw her pious cares realizing results far beyond what she could have expected from a child of his years. Meanwhile his father had formed the design of

educating his son for the military life. He therefore sought to inspire him with a taste for this profession. He took delight in giving him arms for his playtoys, and on one occasion when he had to go to Cassale to review some troops destined for an expedition against Tunis, he brought little Aloysius with him, armed with a mimic lance and cuirass.

The father remained for some time at Cassale, and while there Aloysius learnt from the soldiers some unbecoming words, the meaning of which was unknown to him. The preceptor appointed by his father, soon corrected him of this bad habit, and from that moment young Gonzaga made up his mind never again to go into the society of the soldiers. Never afterwards did he utter a single word at variance with modesty and christian politeness.

Such was the greatest fault of the whole life of our young Saint—a fault that he never ceased to regret bitterly. After he had taken the religious habit, he was accustomed to speak of this petty fault to his companions, in order to show them how wicked he had been in his youth: he was then between five and six years old! It was by the special permission of God that this trifling stain fell on his soul. It was permitted, doubtless, in order that notwithstanding the many virtues and supernatural gifts with which his soul was enriched, he might have some motive for humbling himself, and declaring himself a sinner.

As soon as he reached his seventh year, he gave himself totally to God. It was from this epoch of his life that he dated his conversion. Happy indeed is he who can say like Gonzaga: "I date my conversion from my seventh year."

On his return to Castiglione, Aloysius no longer appeared like a child, but like a young Saint whom God had predestined, and upon whom He poured out His favors plenteously. His piety was truly angelic, and his whole delight was to pray and meditate. He now made it his daily practice to recite the office of the Blessed Virgin and the seven Penitential Psalms; and throughout the whole course of his life he never departed from this practice. About this period of his life he was attacked by a four-day fever, which lasted fully eighteen months, and weakened him very much; he bore this illness with unvaried patience and without ever omitting any of his devotional practices. When the illness became more overpowering, he caused some one in his mother's service to come and aid him in his pious exercises.

Such were the first foundations of the spiritual edifice which Aloysius had begun to raise at such a tender age. As we proceed in this narrative, we will be able to see what was the result of a life com-

menced in so holy a manner.

On his return from the Tunisian expedition, Don Ferdinand was astonished to find his son so recollected and so pious. He had left him, as he imag-

ined, with his young heart set on a military life; but we can now readily imagine his surprise at the wonderful change. Seeing such precocity in the boy, his father predicted that he was destined for something great, and he counted on him as an heir who was to sustain the fortunes of his house; but far different were Aloysius' projects. "You desire to have a son a religious," said he one day to his mother, "I believe that God will soon grant you that grace."

As Aloysius was the eldest of her children, the marchioness did not appear to pay any heed to what he said; but when she reflected on the eminent piety of her son, she began to believe that God had predestined him for wonderful things, and like a truly christian mother, she, from that moment resolved to

second the designs of heaven.

The marguis, on the other hand, who destined him for the world, and who desired that his education should be in keeping with his brilliant prospects, withdrew him from the paternal mansion, in order to send him to study at Florence, with his brother Rodolpho. At Florence he lived in the greatest in-nocence. Not satisfied with learning belles-letters, he studied above all the science of the saints, and such progress did he make, that he said afterwards when speaking of Florence, "That city was to me a mother of piety." One day while perusing a book treating of the Blessed Virgin, he entertained a lively desire to do some act pleasing to Mary. Thereon the Lord signified to him that he would be doing a most acceptable work, if he strove as far as in him lay to imitate her purity. A few days afterwards, whilst praying before an image of the holy Virgin, he made to God, in her honor, a vow of perpetual chastity. 32

ponor thy father and mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee, that thou mayest live a long time, and it may be well with thee in the land, which the Lord thy God will give thee. Deut. 5—16.

He that curseth his father, or mother, shall die the

death. Exod. 21—17.

Let every one fear his father, and his mother. Levit. 19—3.

He that curseth his father, or mother, dying let him the: he that curseth his father and mother, let his

blood be upon him. Levit. 20-9.

If a man have a stubborn and unruly son, who will not hear the commandments of his father or mother, and being corrected, slighteth obedience: the people of the city shall stone him: and he shall die. Deut. 21.

Carsed he he that honorath not his father and mother:

Cursed be he that honoreth not his father and mother; and all the people shall say: Amen. Deut. 27—16.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. My son, if sinners shall entice thee, consent not to them. Prov. 1—8.

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father; and attend that you may know prudence. Prov. 4—1.

My son, keep the commandments of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them in thy heart continually. Prov. 6—20.

A wise son maketh the father glad: but a foolish

son is the sorrow of his mother. Prov. 10—1.

A wise son heareth the doctrine of his father: but he that is a scorner, heareth not when he is reproved. Prov. 13—1.

He that afflicteth his father, and chaseth away his mother, is infamous and unhappy. Prov. 19—26.

He that curseth his father and mother, his lamp shall be put out in the midst of darkness. Prov. 20—20.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in need of food. One leaned on his crutch, the other laid on his bed. Lame called on Charity, and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed: 'What, ask a cracker, and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf.' He now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread. 'Your demanding a loaf,' said Charity, 'proves you a loafer. You are of that class and character who ask and receive not; you ask amiss.'

Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill-treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise: 'Ask, and you shall

receive.'

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages: Faith, Hope and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

'Don't understand it,' said Lazy.

Charity replied: 'It means that Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy.'

Lazy turned to go.

'Stop!' said Charity. 'Instead of coin I will give you counsel. Do not go to live on your poor mother, for I will send you to a rich ant.'

'Rich aunt?' echoed Lazy. 'Where shall I find her?'
'You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th
verse.

MORAL. Instead of waiting and wishing a rich uncle to die, go and see how a rich ant lives.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say: "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell,
And many a heart would sorry be
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glittering dewdrop
Upon the grass should say:
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better shrink away!"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest

And softest ones that blow, And think they made a great mistake If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

I often say my prayers, But do I ever pray? Or do the wishes of my heart Dictate the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For, words without the heart
The Lord will never hear,
Nor will He e'er that child regard
Whose prayers are insincere.

Why Cats Wash Before Eating.

A cat, one day, a sparrow caught; About to eat her up,

"Stop!" cried the sparrow; "gentlemen Should wash before they sup."

Grimalkin paused; to be presumed So fine was rather nice.

"Quite true," he said, and dropped the bird To follow her advice.

Off flew the sparrow. "Ah, you rogue!" Cried pussy, in a rage,

"So that's your game! But I'll be wise In future, I'll engage!

I'll never wash before I eat, But after." Which is still

A fashion that the cats keep up, And, doubtless, always will.

Count that day lost whose low declining sun Finds at thy hand no worthy action done.

No. I.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

It was on Snake River, that, after having crossed the Rocky Mountains, the missionaries who accompanied Rt. Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet in 1846, administered, for the first time, the Sacrament of Baptism

among the Indians.

It was a poor old woman of some ninety winters, who had been abandoned to die near the edge of a spring, when the scanty provision of dry fish &c., left with her by her Snake grand children, would be exhausted. According to the custom of these Indians, no one was allowed to go and bury her bones until the flesh should have been consumed by carnivorous animals.

By means of an interpreter, the missionaries sugceeded in making her understand the existence of God, heaven and hell, and also the necessity of Baptism. She then earnestly begged for the powerful medicine (Baptism), saying that she loved God and heaven, and feared the devil and his fiery dwelling. She was then baptized, and there is no doubt but that her soul soon took her flight to heaven, for she was already in her last agony when, after having commended her to the blessed Virgin and the Angels, we left her ro resume our tedious and painful journey. This was the first good seed that these missionaries, coming from so long a distance, charitably planted in these heretofore barren lands.

Short correspondences, puzzles &c. from our young friends and others are earnestly solicited and will be thankfully received.

TICOBNEB.

THE ROSE AND THE EVERGREEN.

One day a rose, which happened to be growing on a bush near an evergreen, began to pride itself on being more beautiful than the evergreen. "I am far prettier than you are, for while people come and gaze on me, they exclaim, "O what a beautiful rose! and merely pass you by without saying a word." Thus did the rose address her neighbor.

Just then a lady appeared and going up to the rose bush, plucked the vain flower from its stem.

"Ah" exclaimed the evergreen, "your beauty has

been the cause of your ruin.

MORAL:—Beauty and pride are often the cause of the ruin of many an unfortunate child.

Good-Morning. Don't forget to say "Good-morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your school-mates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind inspiration in every "Good-morning" heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good-morning," it is also of kind heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, somehow or other make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Be liberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

A blind girl in a hospital had learned to feed herself, and at meal times a tray containing her dinner was placed on her knees. One day while she was eating, the pet cat of the establishment placed herself before the girl and looked long and earnestly at her, so earnestly that the attendant, fearing the animal meditated some mischief, took her out of the room. Again, the next day, at the same hour, the cat entered the room, but this time walked quietly to the girl's side, reared herself on her hind legs, and noiselessly reached out her paw to the plate, seized a morsel that pleased her, and. silently as she came, departed to enjoy her stolen meal. The girl never noticed her loss, and when told of it by her companions laughed heartily. It is evident that the cat, from observation, had entirely satisfied herself that the girl could not see, and by a process of reasoning decided she could steal a good dinner by this practical use of her knowledge.

TEACHER. "Now Mary, my dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?" Mary: "Three, ma'am." Teacher: "No; two would be left." Mary: "No, there wouldn't though. The three shot would be left and the other two would be flied away."

Said a teacher to a class in composition: "Make a rhyming couplet including the words nose, toes, corn, kettle, ear, two and boil." There was silence for a little while, and then a boy held up his hand, in token of success. "Read the couplet," said the teacher, and the boy read:

"A boil in the kettle is worth two on the nose, And a corn on the ear is worth two on the toes."

When I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your own homes, or at school— I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, merry, full of happy life, quick at your lessons, patriotic, brave and ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours. But very often I find one great thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you. Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister, in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Sometimes you say "the boss," in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother;" but keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First man—and that means everything brave and strong and noble; and then gentle—and that means full of all these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentle man! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy, I feel so glad and proud! I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.

JANUARY 6. THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD.

HE word Epiphany means "manifestation," and it has passed into general acceptance throughout the universal Church, from the fact that Jesus Christ manifested to the eyes of men His divine mission on this day. First of all, when a miraculous star revealed His birth to the kings of the East, who, in spite of the difficulties and dangers of a long and tedious journey through deserts and mountains almost impassable, hastened at once to Bethlehem to adore Him and to offer Him mystical presents, as to the King of kings, to the God of heaven and earth, and to a Man withal' feeble and mor-The second manifestation was when, going out from the waters of the Jordan, after having received baptism from the hands of St. John, the Holy Ghost descended on Him in the visible form of a dove, and a voice from heaven was heard, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The third manifestation was that of His divine power when at the marriage-feast of Cana He changed the water into wine, at the sight of which His disciples believed in Him. The remembrance of these three great events, concurring to the same end, the Church has wished to celebrate in one and the same festival.

JANUARY 7. St. LUCIAN, MARTYR.

T. LUCIAN was a disciple of St. Peter, and the companion of St. Denis during his evangelical career in France. His words so portrayed the ardor of his zeal and were of such profit to his hearers, that he brought many to the true faith, and so strengthened them in their belief, that they joyfully submitted to the most grievous torments in its profession. The imperial prefect of Gaul, on receiving an account of his works, dispatched couriers to seek him and put him to death should he refuse to abjure Christianity. As soon as the lictors had seized him, with two of his disciples, they put the latter to death in his presence, and then asked him whether he were the soreerer who was seducing the people from the worship of the gods, and whether he were now ready to choose between death and the denial of Christ. "I am

no sorcerer," answered the Saint; "but, as a servant of Jesus Christ, I show the people the true way to happiness. For the rest, I have no fear of death: for Christ is my life and death is my crown."

The soldiers, unwilling to give him a death as gentle as that of his disciples, made use of all kinds of tortures; but seeing that their efforts were lost on the martyr, they resolved on his decapitation. The holy man was full of joy at this announcement, knelt down, recommended his soul to God, and calmly received the stroke of death. At that very moment a dazzling light shone around his body and a voice from heaven was heard, saying: "Come, thou, pious and faithful servant, receive the crown which has been so long awaiting thee." His sacred relics were entombed by the Christians with triumphal pomp, and afterwards deposited beneath a magnificent church built in his honor.

JANUARY 8.

ST. ARCADIUS, MARTYR.

HE time and place at which Arcadius suffered are uncertain, but we know that he fled form his home to escape persecution, and gave himself in his solitude to watching and prayer. After he fled the heathen searched his house, and unable to find him, seized a relation of his and threw him into prison, because he would not reveal the hiding-place of the Saint. The news of this reached Arcadius, and he came, burning with the desire of martyrdom, to take his kinsman's place. He went straight to the governor of the province, refused the pardon offered him on condition of apostacy, and answered the threats of death with the words of the Apostle: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Arcadius went with the lictors to the place of his passion, commended himself to God, and offered his neck to the axe. But the judge had given secret orders to the executioners, and the Saint was to glorify God by a very different death. He was told to stretch out his hand, and, joint after joint. the executioners severed his fingers, arms and shoulders. Then throwing him on his back, they cut off his toes, feet. legs and thighs. Thus he was slowly hacked to pieces. limb by limb, till his body lay on the ground a mere trunk. 42

One member only remained to him—his tongue—and with it he thanked God to the last for this unexpected suffering, moving the very executioners to tears.

JANUARY 9. St. VERONICA OF MILAN.

ERONICA'S parents were peasants of a village near Milan. From her childhood she toiled hard in the house and the field, and accomplished cheerfully every menial task. Gradually the desire for perfection grew within her; she became deaf to the jokes and songs of her companions, and sometimes, when reaping and hoeing, would hide her face and weep. Knowing no letters, she began to be anxious about her learning, and rose secretly at night to teach herself to read. Our Lady told her that other things were necessary, but not this. After three years' patient waiting she was received as a lay-sister in the convent of St. Martha at Milan. The community was extremely poor, and Veronica's duty was to beg through the city for their daily food. Three years after receiving the habit, she was afflicted with secret but constant bodily pains, yet never would consent to be relieved of any of her labors, or to omit one of her prayers. By exact obedience she became a living copy of the Rule, and obeyed with a smile the least hint of her Superior. She sought to the last the most hard and humbling occupations, and in their performance enjoyed some of the highest favors ever granted to a Saint. She died in 1497, on the day she had foretold, after a six months' illness, aged fifty-two years, and in the thirtieth of her religious profession.

JANUARY 10. St. JOHN CALYBITE.

T. JOHN was born in Constantinople of noble and wealthy parents. But when he was about twelve years old, he began to yearn after the sweet yoke of Christ. One day an abbot, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, came to his father's house, and John made him

Jerusalem, came to his father's house, and John made him promise to call for him on his return, and take him to be one of his monks. So when the abbot returned from the holy Places, the boy went with him secretly, for he feared his mother's tears. After he had served Christ manfully

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in religion for six years, his heart grew sad and he began to pine for home. His Superior, seeing him waste away under the soreness of this conflict, let him go, for he knew that, by God's mercy, grace would triumph in the end. And so it was. Wher half-way home, John changed clothes with a beggar, and so disguised himself that his mother, disgusted at the sight of his rags and misery, drove him from her door. He now lived in a neighboring hovel, spending his time in prayer and good works. After three years the Lord visited him and said: "Thy trial is over; I will give thee rest after three days. Then John sent for his mother, and showed her a book of the holy Gospels which she had given him in his childhood. Thus at last was he made known to his parents and died in their arms.

JANUARY 11.

ST. THEODOSIUS, THE CENOBIARCH.

HEODOSIUS was born in Cappadocia in 423. The example of Abraham urged him to leave his country, and his desire to follow Jesus Christ attracted him to the religious life. He placed himself under Longinus, a very holy hermit, who sent him to govern a monastery near Bethlehem. Unable to bring himself to command others, he fled to a cavern. where he lived in penance and prayer. His great charity, however, forbade him to refuse the charge of some disciples, who, few at first, became in time a vast number, and Theodosius built a large monastery and three churches for them. He became eventually Superior of all the religious communities of Palestine. Theodosius never refused assistance to any in poverty or affliction; on some days the monks laid more than a hundred tables for those in want. In times of famine, Theodosius forbade the alms to be diminished, and often miraculously multiplied the provisions. He also built five hospitals, in which he lovingly served the sick, while by assiduous spiritual reading he maintained himself in perfect recollection. He successfully opposed the Eutychian heresy in Jerusalem, and for this was banished by the emperor. He suffered a long and painful malady, and refused to pray to be cured, calling it a salutary penance for his former successes. He died at the age of one hundred and six.

Since the publication of our first No. we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from the following subscribers:

J. P. McGlinn, Miss M. O'Brien, P. Reilly, J. A. McGoldrick, T. Quan, W. Fay, J. Klee, Mrs. F. Atkinson, E. C. Eversham, P. Buckley, E. B. Moore, J. Baldwin, and J. B. Archambault.

We again send this month several hundred copies of our little Magazine to those who, in our estimation, are in a position to help us most effectually in procuring subscribers. We therefore request them all to act as our Agents and held our poor In-dian missions by increasing our list of subscribers.

Don't be afraid to show the little children that you love them. The boy or girl will not easily go wrong whose arm is twined morning and night around mother's neck, or whose head is welcomed to its cuddlingplace on father's shoulder. It is on the side of their affections that children are more easily held and guided, and the firmest rein is the invisible, golden cord of love. It is good to humor children in following their natural bent in all right and helpful directions. Remember that education is only the leading out of powers and faculties that are within. Encourage, therefore, such inclinations toward books, studies, mechanics, music, out-of-door pursuits, and healthful sports as shall help most truly to develop your child. As education comes more and more to include the development of a natural aptitude, it will be more and more successful. It is good to humor your children in preserving their individuality, and in fostering a true selfrespect. Teach them, too, the value of money, and encourage them to manage their own financial affairs. This will early give them important experience.

JIBULLETINE:

PUPILS OF THE TULALIP SCHOOLS FOR 1880-81.

Joseph Alexander. John Alexis. John Anderson. Joseph Anderson. John B. Archambault. Peter Archambault. William Burr. Samuel Charles. Thomas Charles. David Clark. William Cornelius. Eugene Damian. Thomas Ewve. Norbert Hilaire. Joseph Henry. Robert Henry. William Herndon. Wallace Kanim. John B. Ladebauche Arnold Lake. William Lear. Francis Leclair. Thomas Mitchell. William Nason. Joseph Pratt. Edward Preston. Frank Ross. Walter Ross. John Sam. James Seattle. Athanasius Shelto Justin Shelton. Ensign Simmons. Peter St. Louis. August Clallam. John Wiser

Walter Wale. George Washington. Joseph Wheksdah. Henry Wilson. Ellen Achille. Alice Archambault. Lizzie Archambault. Agatha Bagley. Sophia Bastian. Mary E. Boulan. Aurelia Burr. Emma Dawson. Theresa Debahad. Mary Ann English. Ellen Frinkbunner. Lucy Frinkbunner. Mary Girard. Mary Gwaradalh. Alice Howard. Louisa Ling. Sarah Lake. Mary Lummi. May Martin, Emely Obeday. Julienne Qwina. Mary Ann Sam. Josephine Serwalh. Mary Liza Serwalh. Johanna Siebert. Jane Stishel. Celina St. Louis. Rebecca Wages. Addie Wale. Mathilda Warbass. Mary Winayelh. Mary Ann Winayelh.

We have been permitted to copy the two following letters written by pupils of the Tulalip Schools. The first one was addressed to Rev. E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I., and the second to the Mother General of the Sisters.

Rev. and dear Father:

I have never had the happiness of seeing you, but I have heard my school-mates talking so good about you that I think I like you as much as they do; and I thought of writing to you, dear Father. I can not write a long letter as I do not know how. My sister, Mary Burr, was at school before you went away. She came to see us a few weeks ago; she wanted to remain here but she had to go, being needed at home.

I have made my first communion last summer. May I beg of you a little memento in your fervent prayers?

I remain, with consideration,

Your respectful child,

Aurelia Burr.

Rev. Mother:

I am only a little Indian boy, and do not know very much of the English language yet, but I wish to write and thank you, Rev. Mother, for your kind visit to the Tulalip Indian Schools, and for

hearing our lessons.

You were very kind to the Indian children. I know you love us very much, and I hope all of us will pray for you when you will go to your own land. You were so gentle, cheerful, kind and loving, Mother, that when you came and during the time you were in our cherished home, all of us were very happy. Of course, you dear Mother, were very glad to visit us. I think you do not remember me; I am eleven years old, and about two years and a half in school. Samuel Charles.

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All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and money orders to be made payable at the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to

(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

KIND WORDS IN BEHALF OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

We return our sincere thanks to the very kind friends who, since the appearance of our first issue, have spoken approving words in behalf of our little undertaking. We only find room for the following extracts:

Please accept a small contribution for your Magazine. Wishing you success, I remain Yours truly in J. C.

† Chas. J. Seghers, Archp. El. of Ogn. City."
"I am very much pleased and satisfied with the appearance and contents of the "Youth's Companion". Once more I wish you success. Enclosed you will find—dollars, which I send you at present—having no more—to assist you in editing it. I hope to be able to send you some more after a while.

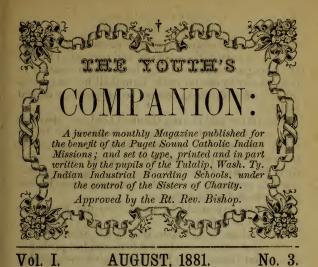
Your devoted servant,

† Ægidius Junger, Bp. of Nesq."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sucrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.



HONESTY REWARDED.

NE evening, a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat together by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in town, and was about to break it, and to give one-half to his boy.

"Not so father," said the boy, "I shall not eat till after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very

hungry. I shall wait till you are done."

"I shall divide the loaf with my son, but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God

for his great goodness in giving us food, and giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies.".

The father and the son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch the money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."

"But father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and——"

"I will not listen to you, my boy, I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who tells us to do to others as we would have others do to us. I am poor indeed, but this is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O, let us share also his goodness and his trust in God! We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to

shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold till he comes. So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and how it had been found.

"Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it

away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and-"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this poor man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold

which lay glittering upon the green turf.

"Thou art indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor, David the flax-dresser, spoke the truth when he said thou wert the most honest man in town. -Now, I shall tell thee of the gold: -A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf and told me to sell it cheap, or give it away to the most honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer, this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure and certain it is not small—is thine; and may God grant thee a blessing with it."

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears ran from his eyes. The boy ran and put his head upon his neck, and said, "I shall always do like you, father; trust God, and do what is right; for I

am sure it will never put me to shame."

N intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy, of ten summers. sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished but pernicious book, calculated to poison the young mind. His father, approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?"

The little fellow promptly gave the name of the author. The father remonstrated, pointing to him the danger of reading such books, and left him.

In a few moments the father discovered a light, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that

the boy had consigned the book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burnt that book, papa. I believed you knew better than I what was for my good. Besides, others might have read and been injured by it."

If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parent, should not we have implicit faith in our heavenly Father, whose word is always to be thoroughly confided in?

BAD Books. I suppose that the greater part of our young friends are fond of books. They should know in time that all books are not good, some being injurious to both soul and body. We read of St. Teresa that once in her youth, while she was reading a novel, an angel appeared to her and told her to put it away; but she did not obey. He came again and again, but she did not heed what he said to her. Whereupon, she was taken is spirit to a place where she saw, as it were, a hot furnace into which, she was told, that she would one day be cast if she did not stop reading that kind of books. That is a warning for us all.

In the month of November, 1579, Aloysius quitted Florence to go to Mantua. As yet he had not completed his twelfth year. It was then that he made up his mind to renounce his right of primogeniture, and to embrace the ecclesiastical state. With this intention, and in order to apply himself more tranquilly to the things of God, he implored his father, without telling him anything of his project, to allow him to quit the court, alleging the feebleness of his health, and his ardent desire to devote himself still more seriously to study. The marquis, being much alarmed for the state of his child's health, caused him to go back to Castiglione, hoping that his native air and the solicitude of his mother would restore health and strength to him. All this, however, he did not dream of effecting, unless Aloysius could be induced to abandon the austere regimen which he observed while at Mantua. But Aloysius was far from changing any of his devotional practices. He prayed for many hours during the night, tasted frequently and now began to love solitude, which enabled him to converse more freely with God and his own heart.

Aloysius detached himself from the world in order to unite himself to God; and the Lord, who magnificently rewards those who love Him, deigned to acknowledge the pious affection with which He was served by a child of twelve years. Up to that moment he had no lessons, and no practice of mental prayer and contemplation: the Lord Himself now became his teacher. Shedding His divine light on a soul so dear to Him, He illuminated his intellect and taught him how to meditate on His greatness in a style far excelling that which human industry could teach. Nor did the young Saint tire of his pious ex-

ercise: in fact the happiness it afforded him caused him to shed torrents of tears, the traces of which were often visible on his chamber-floor. Many persons had the curiosity to watch him unobserved, and they beheld him all absorbed in a sort of exstacy while his blessed lips kissed the cross fervently, and ever and anon pronounced ejaculations of rapturous love.

In 1580, St. Charles Borromeo came to Brescia in his capacity of apostolic visitor, and preached in the city on the festival of St. Mary Magdalen. The marquis of Castiglione, and other distinguished personages earnestly besought him to spend some time in their castles: but they could not even induce him to stay for a single night with them. The Saint lodged with the parish priest whose house was near the church. Aloysius Gonzaga now hastened to Brescia to obtain St. Charles' blessing. The holy Cardinal experienced particular delight on receiving the visit of this pious child. He gave him a long interview and spoke to him of God and of heavenly things.

The Cardinal asked him if he had made his first communion. Gonzaga having replied that as yet he had not had that happiness, the Prelate, who could not but admire the purity of his life, the maturity of his judgment, and the great lights which the Lord had bestowed upon him, exhorted him to prepare himself for the reception of the divine sacrament of the Eucharist, and then with his own hands administered to him the body and blood of Jesus Christ. Oh, what a blessed spectacle is there presented to us in the person of this holy child kneeling for the first time at the table of angels! What an abundance of graces did not the God who loves the clean of heart then pour into that young and sinless soul!

During another interview the noty Cardinal exhorted him to approach the divine table frequently: he dwelt at length on the manner in which he should prepare himself for this grand action, in order to derive greater fruit and more abundant graces from this source of the soul's true life. He also instructed him on many other practices of piety. Young Aloysius impressed the Cardinal's words deeply on his memory, and he never forgot the happiness he derived from his conversations with the sainted Archbishop of Milan.

Ever since the happy day of his first communion, our Saint grew, if possible, still more devout to the adorable Eucharist. In fact God had poured down his graces plenteously on him, so much so, say the historians of his life, that he never communicated without leaving a torrent of tears on the spot where he knelt. These indeed were the blissful tears which the God of the Eucharist causes to spring from pure

and unsullied hearts.

Meanwhile the marquis of Castiglione had fixed his abode at Cassale, the ordinary residence of the governors, and thinking that the air of that place would re-establish Aloysius' health, particularly as he would be under his eyes, he caused him and his brother Rodolfo to come to him. Notwithstanding the marquis' desire to furnish Aloysius with all means of amusement, he could not succeed in his efforts to detach him from his loved practices of mortification and piety. His greatest delight was to go and converse with the Barnabite Fathers, and to pass whole hours before the miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin.

One day while staying with the Barnabites, he began to reflect on the happiness of those religious who, having renounced all temporal considerations in order to devote themselves solely to God, had as it were laid the Lord under obligation to provide for them. "Consider Aloysius," thus the young Saint communed with himself. "how great are the advantages of a religious life! These Fathers have

nothing to do with the world, and are far removed from all occasions of sin: The time devoted by worldlings to the acquirement of wealth, and the enjoyment of remorseful pleasures, is meritoriously spent by them in gaining solid good, and everlasting happiness. They are convinced that their labors shall be amply recompensed. The religious therefore are of all men the happiest, since they are more surely guided by reason, and least tyrannised over by their senses and passions. They care not for honors; they set no value on transitory objects, their whole delight and satisfaction is to serve God. Thinking of all this how can one be surprised at finding them always joyful, fearless of death and hell, and with consciences free from sin? The testimony of a good conscience maintains them in peace, and this interior tranquillity is the source of the serenity we see beaming from their features. The wellfounded hope of one day possessing God, and the sense of God's constant presence at their every act and thought. are their consolation in all afflictions. And you, Aloysius, what are you doing? What are you thinking of? If after renouncing your title in favor of your brother, as you have determined to do, you still remain in the world, how many trials must you not encounter? If you are silent you shall feel the remorses of conscience: if you speak you will be looked on as a troublesome person, and none will listen to you. Supposing that you become a secular priest, shall you obtain all that you desire? You will bind yourself to lead a more perfect life than that of worldlings; but shall you not be exposed to more violent temptations than the worldlings themselves? Will you be freed from the slavery of worldly respect? Shall you not feel its oppressive weight? If you do not frequent the houses of the nobility. your kindred, what will they say to you? If you do frequent there, what becomes of your first resolution? If you consent to accept high ecclesiastical preferments, must you not be more embarrassed than ever? If you refuse them, your parents will look on you as a simpleton: they will say that you are a disgrace to your family. And by becoming a religious, you sweep off all these difficulties in a moment-you rid yourself of human respect, and place yourself in a state of peace and tranquillity in which you can serve God with greater perfection."

There was a little grasshopper Forever on the jump; . And as he never looked ahead He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day
As they were in the stubble,
"If you don't look before you leap,
You'll get yourself into trouble."

The silly little grasshopper
Despised his wise old mother,
And said he knew what best to do,
And told her not to bother.

He hurried off across the fields,
An unknown path he took,
When, oh! he gave a heedless jump,
And landed in a brook.

He struggled hard to reach the bank,
A floating straw he seizes,
When quickly a hungry trout darts out,
And tears him all to pieces.

MORAL. Good little boys and girls, heed well Your mother's wise advice; Before you move, look carefully; Before you speak, think twice.

OVER THE FENCE.

Box. Over the fence is a garden fair,

How I would love to be master there!

All that I lack is a mere pretense,

I could leap over the low white fence.

Conscience. This is the way that crimes commence. Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Boy. Over the fence I can toss my ball.

Then I can get in for it—that is all;
Picking an apple up near a tree,
Would not be really a theft, you see.

Conscience. This is a falsehood—a weak pretense; Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Boy. Whose is the voice that speaks so plain?
Twice have I heard it, and not in vain;
Ne'er will I venture to look that way,
Lest I shall do as I planned to-day.

Conscience. This is the way that crimes commence, Coveting that which is over the fence.

THE LILLY.

My child, my child, never mar that flower; Come, I will tell thee its magical power, It giveth a lesson to thee and to me: That flower is the emblem of purity.

Seest thou its upward unbending stem, With its pure white crown like a diadem? Seest thou that diadem bending low; As if modesty fearing its beauty to show?

Look at those petals of silvery white,
Girt round with a halo of heavenly light!
O pluck not the flow'r—shall I tell thee why?
It recombles the Virgin of purity

It resembles the Virgin of purity.

Then leave it, my darling, to blossom awhile, To cheer the wild with its gentle smile; So that daily that flow'r we may come and se

So that daily that flow'r we may come and see,

And learn its lesson of purity.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED BY CHILDREN. 5

MHE father of the just rejoiceth greatly: he that hath begotten a wise son, shall have joy in him. Let thy father and thy mother be joyful; and let her rejoice that bore thee. Prov. 23—24, 25.

He that stealeth any thing from his father or from his mother, and sayeth: this is no sin, is the partner

of the murderer. Prov. 28-24.

The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth the labor of his mother in bearing him, let the ravens of the brooks pick it out, and the young eagles eat it. Prov. 30—17.

Children, hear the judgment of your father, and so

do that you may be saved. Eccli. 3-2.

He that feareth the Lord honoreth his parents, and will serve them as his masters that brought him into the world. Honor thy father, in work, in word, and all patience, that a blessing may come upon thee from him, and his blessing may remain in the latter end. The father's blessing establisheth the houses of the children: but the mother's curse rooteth up the foundation. Eccli. 3—from 8 to 11.

Son, support the old age of thy father; and grieve him not in his life: and if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in thy strength: for the relieving of the father

shall not be forgotten. Eccli. 3—14, 15.

Of what an evil fame is he that forsaketh his father? and he is cursed of God that angereth his mother. 318.

My son, from thy youth up receive instruction; and even to thy grey hairs thou shalt find wisdom. Ec. 6 18.

Honor thy father, and forget not the groanings of thy mother: remember that thou hadst not been born but through them: and make a return to them as they have done for thee. Eccli. 7—29, 30.

The following rules are worthy of being placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy you must

inculcate the necessity for instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure

you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobey-

ing you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them see that they can vex you or make

you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulence and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently remonstrate with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effective than the threatening of a great punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they

cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the like circumstances at another.

11. Never substitute reproach for reproof nor a jibe for an admonition.

CHARITY. How noiselessly the snow comes down! You may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.

Short pieces, original and selected, correspondences, puzzles &c. from our young friends and others are earnestly solicited and will be thankfully received.

MMA was a flighty and sportive child; but when she attained her twelfth year, as she was preparand recollected. When the happy day arrived, she entered early her mother's apartment, and kneeling before her, said: "My dearest mother, pardon, I implore you, the pangs my faults have caused you in order that I may receive my God with holy hope and a pure conscience." The mother clasped Emma to her bosom, shed tears of tenderness over her and placing her right hand on the young girl's head, gave her her benediction. She then placed on her brow a muslin veil and a garland of white flowers, saying: "May these beautiful flowers be the emblem of the purity of your soul!" When Emma returned from church, she said to her mother, with a heart full of holy joy: "I will preserve this garland all the days of my life, as a souvenir of my happiness; but as those flowers, if exposed, might suffer a stain in their beautiful white, will you let me have them encased in a glass frame?"
"With pleasure," replied the mother; "but on condition that each time you look on your garland, you will re-collect that innocence, like it, is a delicate flower which the least breath may sully."

—∞;;;... IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfure of these poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.

great sinner had done himself violence to make a general confession to St. Francis of Sales. The Saint being pleased with the humility and the courage of his penitent, testified to him his joy and satisfaction. "You wish to comfort me," answered the penitent, "but you cannot have any esteem for one so guilty as I am." "You are mistaken," replied the holy bishop; "I would be a real pharisee, if, after your receiving absolution, I should look upon you as a sinner. You appear to me now whiter than snow. I have a two-fold motive to love you: first, on account of the confidence you have shown me in opening your heart to me so ingenuously; and secondly, because as I have just now regenerated you in Jesus Christ, you are my son. As to the esteem I feel for you, it is equal to my love. From a vessel of dishonor that you were, I see you transformed into a vessel of sanctification. Besides, I should be very insensible, if I did not take part in the joy experienced by the angels at your conversion. O God! how I love your soul which loves this God!" The penitent went away so satisfied, that afterward he never felt so happy as when he made his confession.

* *

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bp. Blanchet. Rev. Frs. Brouillet and Hylebos. Sisters in Ft. Dodge & Portland. J. O'Keane. P. Padden, N. Charron, Mrs. Conner. Clark, McDonough & Barrett, L. Kidd. J. O'Loughlin. S. Allen, J. Callahan & L. Chenvert. Among these kind friends one sends five dollars for one copy only; one pays for four years and another for ten! This latter friend had previously donated two sets of vestments. May God reward him and them a hundred-fold!

JANE RICE

Jane Rice was a very idle girl; she liked to spend all her time at play.

One day, as she went to school, she saw a little bee among the flowers. "Pretty bee," said she, "come

and play with me."
"No," said the bee, "I have no time to play with you, I must haste away to get honey for my hive. Soon the winter will come, and the flowers be gone, so I must work while the sun shines."

Then Jane saw a dog in the field, and tried to get him to play with her; but he only wagged his tail and

ran off, as he had to mind the sheep.

After this, Jane saw some birds in a tree, and tried to get them to play with her, but they had no time to play; they were busy picking up straws to make their nests, so had no time to waste.

"Well, well!" said Jane Rice, "it seems I am the only one idle, so I will hurry on to school, and try to

learn my lessons.

"Now children," said a Sunday-school teacher, who had been talking to her scholars about good and bad people, "when I'm walking in the street I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others, and what's the reason?" She expected the reply would be. "because some are good and others are bad;" but to her disappointment the general shout was, "Because some are rich and others are poor."

THE Moss. A child admired the moss with which the young trees of a forest were covered, and wondered that it should be thicker and greener on one side of each tree than on the other.

"My child," said his father, "as God gives the sheep a fleece to protect it against the cold, so does he surround the trees with a warm covering of moss. And he is so good that he always makes it grow thicker on the side that is exposed to the cold north wind: for as trees and sheep have not, like children, mothers to provide them with warm garments for winter, God takes care to clothe them for all seasons."

* *

RAIN AND FINE WEATHER. "I don't like the rain," said little Charlie; "it keeps me from playing and running in the garden."

"I do," said little Patrick, the gardener's son. "I like it, for it makes my father's flowers and plants grow

and saves him the trouble of watering them.

Children, thus it is in the world. What pleases one may displease another, but whatever God does can not be useless. When the rain comes to interrupt your amusements, think on the poor gardener who is old, perhaps, and sick, and who will be thus saved the trouble of watering his garden, and be contented.

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it is broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

An Apology. "But Freddy, how could you ever think of calling aunty stupid?" Go immediately to her and tell her that you are sorry." Freddy goes to aunty and says: "Aunty, I am sorry that you are stupid."

JANUARY 12. St. MEINRAD.

HE scion of an illustrious house, Meinrad was born at Sulgen, a city in Swabia, and at five years of age placed in the Benedictine monastery of Reichenau, where he was trained in the study of piety and of the liberal arts. At a riper age he applied for admission into the Benedictine Order, and obtaining his request, soon became perfect master of spirituality. After his ordination to the priesthood, he was sent by his superiors to a monastery situated near the lake of Zurich, Bellingen by name, to lead the monks up the hill of spiritual wisdom. The holy man acquitted himself so satisfactorily of this duty as to gain the esteem of all, both superiors and disciples. A burning, unquenchable desire of serving the Lord in the desert induced him to seek a suitable site on the top of the Estelbergen mountains. Finding one, he obtained permission of his superiors to take up his abode there in a little cell, built for him by the charity of a pious widow, where he passed a period of seven years, after which for greater solitude, he removed to a more secluded spot. where he built a chapel, placing in it a picture of Our Lady. Here he lived for many years, instructing and edifying the throngs that visited him. He died by the hands of two robbers, who entered his poor cell for plunder. The Lord soon made known the crime of the two villains, as well as the sanctity of His servant. Two ravens, which Meinrad had kept in his cell, began, on the approach of the murderers, to set up a fearful cry, and flew here and there, as if to call for help or to frighten the murderers. After the murder they flew after them, and pursued them until the arm of justice had seized and condemned to a well-merited punishment the guilty wretches. The place is famous for the numberless cures wrought there. JANUARY 13.

ST. KENTIGERN, BISHOP.

T is to St. Kentigern, by birth a Pict, by education a disciple of St. Serf—by whom he was familiarly called Mungo, or Beloved—and finally bishop of Glasgow, that the western districts of Scotland owe their first knowledge of the faith. He arrived in those parts a persecuted exile, but his personal holiness and invincible zeal won to the faith pagan idolators and Pelagian heretics, and turned an almost heathen wilderness into a faithful vineyard of the Lord. In 543, an usurper of the throne of the North Britons compelled Kentigern to seek refuge with St. David in North Wales. There he built a monastery, and gathered around him nearly a thousand monks, one of whom was St. Asaph, who succeeded him as abbot when he returned to his bishopric. Many of these religious, however, preferred to remain with Kentigern. and formed the nucleus of a band of missionaries whom he sent from Glasgow to the Orkneys, to Norway, and even to Iceland. The austerity of the Saint was such that he has been called a second John the Baptist; yet he never allowed his mortifications to interfere with the duties of his state. Besides the work of the episcopate, he practiced constant labor, that he might not eat the bread of idleness. He died at the age of eighty-five, about the year 600. His tomb at Glasgow was famous for miracles.

JANUARY 14. St. HILARY OF POITIERS.

T. HILARY was a native of Poitiers in Aquitaine. Born and educated a pagan, it was not till near middle age that he embraced Christianity, moved thereto mainly by the idea of God presented to him in the Holy Scriptures. He soon converted his wife and daughter, and separated himself rigidly from all un-catholic company. In the beginning of his conversion, our Saint would not eat with Jews, or heretics, nor salute them by the way; but afterwards, for their sake, he relaxed this severity. He entered Holy Orders, and in 353 was chosen bishop of his native city. Arianism, under the protection of the emperor Constantius, was just then in the height of its power, and St. Hilary found himself called upon to support the orthodox cause in the several Gallic councils, in which Arian bishops formed an overwhelming majority. He was in consequence accused to the emperor, who banished him to Phrygia. He spent his three years and more of exile in composing his great work on the Tri-66

nity. In 359 he attended the council of Seleucia, in which Arians, semi-Arians and Catholies contended for the mastery. With the deputies of the council he proceeded to Constantinople, and there so dismayed the heads of the Arian party that they prevailed upon the emperor to let him return to Gaul. He traversed Gaul, Italy and Illyria, wherever he came discomfiting the heretics, and procuring the triumph of orthodoxy. After seven or eight years of missionary travel he returned to Poitiers, where he died in peace in 368.

JANUARY 15. St. Paul, the First Hermit.

T. PAUL was born in Upper Egypt, about the year

230, and became an orphan at the age of fifteen. being very rich and highly educated. Fearing lest the tortures of a terrible persecution might endanger his perseverance, he retired into a remote village. But his pagan brother-in-law denounced him, and St. Paul, rather than remain where his faith was in danger, entered the barren desert, trusting that God would supply his wants. And his confidence was rewarded; for in the spot to which Providence led him he found the fruit of the palmtree for food, and its leaves for clothing, and the water of the spring for drink. His first design was to return to the world when the persecution was over, but tasting great delights in prayer and penance, he remained the rest of his life in solitude. After many wanderings he found in the depths of the desert a small space enclosed by rocks, where a solitary palm-tree grew, with a spring of water at its foot. Here he spent ninety years in penance, prayer and contemplation. God revealed his existence to St. Antony, who sought him for three days. Seeing a thirsty she-wolf run through an opening in the rocks. Antony followed her to look for water, and found Paul. They knew each other at once, and praised God together. When St. Antony visited him, a raven brought him a loaf, and St. Paul said "See how good God is! For sixty years this bird has brought me half a loaf every day; now thou art come. Christ has doubled the provision for his servants." Having passed the night in prayer, at dawn of day Paul told Antony he was about to die, and asked to be buried in the cloak given to Antony by St. Athanasius. Antony hastened to fetch it, and on his way back, saw Paul rise to heaven in glory. He found his dead body kneeling as if in prayer, and two lions came and dug his grave. Paul died in his one hundred and thirteenth year.

JANUARY 16. St. Isidore, Hermit.

T. ISIDORE shared with two Saints, Macarius and Pambo, the glory of being exiled for the true faith. He was one of the disciples of St. Antony, and he had the spiritual charge of the solitaries of the desert of Nitria, and afterwards of those of Scete, in the fourth century. From his youth he was most careful never to leave his cell without good reason, in order to preserve his heart in union with God. He said he imitated in this the wild beasts, who found their safety in their dens. He was constantly occupied in reciting psalms day and night. This did not prevent his manual labor, but he sanctified his work by joining prayer with it. He continued to work most of the night, even when very aged; and when urged to take some repose, he said, "After what Jesus Christ has done in coming into the world, if Isidore were to be burnt and his ashes scattered to the winds, he would not have repaid the debt of gratitude he owes to so good a Master. He took so great pains to stifle the very first movements of anger, that one day, feeling an angry thought rise in his heart whilst he was selling the baskets he had made, he left them in the market-place and went away. He thus attained such perfect sweetness that the most obstinate were overcome by it, and he was feared even by the very devils, who fled out of those who were possessed when they touched the threshold of his door... On one occasion St. Isidore visited Theophilus, bishop of Alexandria. On his return the solitaries asked for some news of the town; but he told them that he had seen no one but the patriarch himself. "Why. Father." they said, "has that great city been destroyed?" "No." he answered; "but I thought I ought to keep guard over my eyes; so I saw absolutely no one but the prelate!" 68

[This being vacation time, we are obliged to omit our School Bulletin and our little Contributors' Department, substituting the following news items in their place.]

A NEW INDIAN CHURCH.

Our readers will remember that in the Introduction published in our 1st No. we spoke of a subscription of \$37 made among the Indians, located at the Forks of the Green and White Rivers, towards the erection of a church for the Indians of that section. Since then, with the help of their white friends and neighbors, who have shown themselves very generous by contributing about \$150 in money and building material, a neat little frame church, measuring 40 by 20 feet and finished with rustic lumber inside and outside, has been partially erected and will, in all probability, be completed in time so as to allow of its being blessed before the winter season sets in. The manager of the Youth's Companion has engaged himself to procure the necessary furniture, vestments &c. provided its present subscribers and friends exert themselves in swelling its subscription lists, thus enabling him to fulfil his promise.

LUMMI RESERVATION.

By referring to our Introduction our readers will see the great need of a church on this Reservation, the most important on the Sound, both on account of the number of its inhabitants, and of their endeavors to become civilized and their strict adherence to the early teachings of Christianity imparted to them by their devoted missionaries, the Oblate Fathers. During a recent visit of their actual missionary they have, at his suggestion, come to the conclusion to set to work at once and erect a frame church, 60 by 30 feet, to be finished inside and outside with rustic lumber and painted throughout. Over \$200 have already been subscribed and more promised when necessary. It is also their intention to circulate their subscription list among their generous white friends in order to enable them not only to commence but to complete the new building before the old one falls The Youth's Companion, relying on a kind Providence, has already subscribed a nice little sum, with the promise of doubling or trebling the amount if its means allow it to do so; thus showing to its readers and friends that its subscription money will be strictly used for the objects mentioned in its Prospectus and that, in consequence, it has a right to urge its friends to redouble their efforts to extend its circulation to the utmost of their capacity, in order to extend the scope of its benefactions to these poor Indian missions.

The Tulalip Agency consists of five Reservations, viz: Tulalip, Lummi, Swinomish, Port Madison and Muckleshoot, covering an area of 830 square miles and containing a population of 2898 Indians. Their instruction includes the principles of farming and other branches of mechanical labor among the boys as well as cooking, washing, sewing and other useful domestic arts among the girls. The average school attendance during the year was 102 pupils. About 2400 of these Indians are Catholics.

By an order lately received from Washington, all white employees, except the physician and teachers, have been discharged from the Reservation. The schools will re-open on monday the 1st of August.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

"The smallest and in some respects the most interesting of all our Catholic periodical publications, is a little monthly sheet called the Youth's Companion, published in Tulalip, W. T., by Father J. B. Boulet. The pages are not larger than those of a good size prayer book, but the matter is very good. Its object and spirit are still better. ** Father B. has charge of all the Catholic Indian Missions of Puget Sound. To secure aid for his work in building churches for the red men, to instruct their children, and to employ them in some of the arts of civilization, he has started this Magazine. ** Any help sent to Fr. B. will be gratefully received."

N. Y. Catholic Review, July 2nd.

"We are happy to welcome the Youth's Companion, a juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic missions. That publication deserves the support of all."

Le Drapeau National, June 22nd.

"The Youth's Companion is the name of a diminutive publication, perhaps the smallest journal in existence, printed at the Tulalip Indian Agency by Indian schoolboys, under the supervision of Rev. J. B. Boulet, their missioary. * * Knowing Rev. Fr. B. and having had the pleasure to visit the schools there under the management of the Sisters of Charity, we cannot but venture to predict a prosperous future for our little contemporary, which we certainly wish it from all our hearts."

Catholic Sentinel, July 14th.

"A miniature paper of twenty-four pages comes to us, bearing the legend: The Youth's Companion: &c. Surely this little publication deserves encouragement. Its contents throughout are simple and in every way interesting." Ave Maria, July 2nd.

"From the "Catholic Review" we learn that Rev. J. B. Boulet has started a little monthly periodical, called the "Youth's Companion," at Tulalip, W. T., for the instruction of the children of his mission. Fr. B. is the first of Holyoke's sons that received holy orders, and has spent his life in the far West, converting the savage, and earrying the truths of God's church into the wilderness."

[This extract is from the "Catholic Journal" of Holyoke. Mass., our dear old home. What will Holyoke do for us?]

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and money orders to be made payable at the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to (Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation.

Snohomish Co., W. T.

KIND WORDS IN BEHALF OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

We return our sincere thanks to the very kind friends who, since the appearance of our first issue, have spoken approving words in behalf of our little undertaking. We only find room for the following extracts:

"I am at a loss to excuse myself for not acknowledging the reception of your interesting juvenile Journal. May it long live and prosper. * * * As it is edited for the welfare of the Indian missions whom I loved to see prospering, I will contribute my mite at the first opportunity, and do so with great pleasure.

Your devoted servant.

† John B. Brondel, Bp. of V. I."

Rev. Father Brouillet writes: "I send you a draft for the 100 copies of the "YOUTH'S COMPANION" for which I have subscribed. I may call for another 100 copies; I will let you know soon. Meanwhile send me 50 copies of the 1st No. for distribution as samples. I like the little Magazine and pray that it may succeed."

We again send this month several hundred copies of our little Magazine to those who, in our estimation, are in a position to help us most effectually in procuring subscribers, with the request to act as our Agents and help our poor Indian missions.



Vol. I. SEPTEMBER, 1881. No. 4.

DEPLORABLE DEATH

WICKED YOUTH.

YOUNG MAN who belonged to a family more distinguished by their virtues, than by their rank in society, was, for some time, prosecuting his studies at a college where science and virtue walked hand in hand. He was possessed of the most happy disposition, both for piety and for learning. These dispositions cultivated by pious and skilful hands, were developed more and more every day in his youthful soul, in a manner which elicited the joy and admiration of his

parents and instructors. His tender devotion for the Blessed Virgin had induced him to request admittance into a confraternity then established at the college in honor of the august mother of God; this association was composed of the young men at the college who were desirous of insuring their salvation and of advancing in virtue under the protection of the Queen of heaven. He was admitted, and soon became a model of piety for his companions! We are sometimes tempted to believe that there are some privileged souls, who have not participated, if we may so speak, in the curse pronounced against Adam; but let us undeceive ourselves: the kingdom of heaven suffers violence for all men, and as long as we are in this place of probation, we can have no certain assurance, and consequently we should even to the end work out our salvation with fear and trembling. The young man of whom we speak, had the misfortune to tarnish all these good qualities, and even to render useless the powerful protection of the mother of mercy. At this time there resided with his family. a preceptor or tutor, whose duty it was to accompany him daily to the college, but who by his wicked manners and empoisoned conversation corrupted the heart of his youthful charge. The sentiments of piety which he had once imbibed were soon extinguished in his heart. He now found only disgust in his spiritual exercises, and one by one he abandoned all his pious practices in honor of Mary, which had so often and so long been for him the source of unspeakable charms. Oppressed by a long series of infidelities, he abandoned insensibly, yet entirely the path of salvation, and by constantly fatiguing the patience of God, prepared for himself

the fatal blow, which was soon to consummate his ruin. One night when he was composing himself to sleep, the infamous discourse of his guilty preceptor came to his mind; the first movement of expiring grace was to reject with horror the temptation; these shameful thoughts returned to the charge, the devil redoubles his efforts, and the unfortunate victim yields. Eternal justice! thou hast indeed promised pardon to the repentant sinner, but not to-morrow to the delaying sinner. The unfortunate youth was suddenly struck dead, without a moment to recolect himself, or sufficient time even to invoke the names of Jesus and Mary. We can more easily imagine than describe the desolation and sorrow of his virtuous parents on the following morning; with tears and sad forebodings they had long witnessed the decay of his piety, but were ignorant of the cause. They were not however long kept in suspense; a holy priest who had been exceedingly fond of this unfortunate young man, was prepared to offer the holy sacrifice of mass for his soul; but he felt himself repulsed several different times by an invisible hand, and heard a lamentable voice which said: I am he who died last night; offer not for me a sacrifice which will not av ril me, for I am damned forever; after this, having related to him in a few words his deplorable history, he disappeared, leaving the holy man overwhelmed with sorrow and grief.

We again send this month several hundred copies of our little Magazine to those who, in our estimation, are in a position to help us most effectually in procuring subscribers, with the request to act as our Agents and help our poor Indian missions.

poor widow said, one morning, to her five young children: "My dear children, I have nothing to give you for breakfast this morning; I have no bread, or flour, or potatoes; for I have not been able to get any work lately, so you must pray our good God to help us; for He is rich and all-powerful, and tells us to invoke Him in our distress, and He will assist us. Her eldest boy, James, scarcely six years old, went off sad and fasting to his school. He stopped at the church, and going in, fell on his knees at the foot of an altar. Thinking he was alone in the church, he prayed aloud, saying: "O my good Father in heaven, look upon us five little children, who have no food to eat. Our mother has no bread or potatoes to give us, do you give us something that we may not all die of hunger. O, my good God, assist us! you who are so powerful and rich, can easily help us. You promised to do so, and I know you will not refuse us."

Thus prayed little James in the simplicity of his heart, and then he left the church and went cheerfully to school. When he returned home, what was his surprise to find on the table several loaves of bread, and a sack of potatoes on the floor. "Oh! thank God," cried he, transported with joy, "He has heard my prayer. Tell me, mother, was it not an angel who brought these good things through the window?" "No, my child," replied his mother, "God certainly sent them, but not by his angels. When you were praying in the church, a good lady whom you did not see heard your prayer, and immediately sent her servant with these provisions. And now, my dear children, let us all thank our dear good

God, and never forget-

God, our Father, will ever heed Our fervent prayer in time of need."

Such were the reflections that then occupied the soul of Aloysius, as he recorded at a later period of his life. So deeply did they work within him that the people of his father's house perceived it, and concluded that he was full of some grand project; but no one presumed to ask him what he intended. At length, after having long and earnestly besought the Lord to enlighten him, and after having made many communions with this intention, he became convinced that God called him to the religious life. He therefore resolved to guit the world and to enter an Order in which he would have not only to make a vow of chastity, but also of poverty and evangelical obe-dience. Not having as yet completed his thirteenth year, he could not carry out his project immediately, but he did not communicate his intentions to any one. Neither did he decide on the Order which he would embrace.

Nevertheless even in the midst of the world he began to lead a religious life. He fasted three days every week. On Fridays his dinner consisted of vegetables, and at breakfast he took only a little bread. On the other days so scanty were his repasts, that every one wondered how he was able to live. He slept on a plank that he introduced into his bed secretly, and he got up at midnight, even in the most rigorous seasons, to pray and meditate. Corporeal mortifications were his delight, and, although he was born in the bosom of opulence and courtly grandeurs, he took the greatest pleasure in scourging his body and clothing it with sackcloth.

At last after matured deliberations and communions offered to learn the Lord's will—after long and earnest prayers, and frequent conferences with his

confessors, Aloysius made up his mind to enter the Society of Jesus. Four things decided his choice for this holy Company. In the first place the observance of its rules was then in all its vigor, and the original institute had been nowise altered. Secondly, it bound its members not to seek ecclesiastical dignities, nay, and to refuse them unless the contrary was expressly ordered by the Sovereign Pontiff. Thirdly, the Society presented various means for the training of youth, such as schools and congregations, wherein one might be reared up in the fear of God and in innocence. Fourthly, the Company was at that time engaged in bringing back heretics to the Church, and converting heathens in the Indies, Japan and the New World. Aloysius doubtless entertained the hope of being one day sent to these missions to labor for the salvation of souls.

Aloysius after having made his choice, declared his design to his parents. His pious mother was overjoyed. Ever since God had bestowed Aloysius on her, she did not cease to implore this favor of Him. His father, however, thought otherwise; he grew furious and threatened to chastise the child severely. But at length after countless obstacles, and after multiplied obstructions on the part of his family , Aloysius, by perseverance, submission, gentleness, prayers and tears, obtained his father's consent to the sacrifice he was going to make. He then solemnly renounced all the claims he had on his family inheritance, and proceeded to Rome to enter the novitiate of the Jesuits. Before he set out, his father addressed him thus: "My child, you have inflicted a wound on my heart, that shall not be healed for many a day. I love you, and you deserve my love. On you I had 78

built all the hopes of my family; but now, since you are assured that God has called you to a religious life, I will not prevent you. Go then wherever the Lord wills, and heaven grant that you may be happy."

On arriving at Rome his first care was to visit the churches and the principal places of devotion. He then kissed the feet of Pope Sixtus V., and entered the novitiate on the 21st of November, 1585, not having yet completed his eighteenth year. The chamber to which he was conducted seemed to him to be a real terrestrial paradise, for here he could praise his God uninterruptedly. In a transport of joy he exclaimed with the prophet, "This is the place of my repose; here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

As soon as he was alone he knelt, and shedding many tears, thanked God for having brought him out of Egypt to the land of promise—to a land flowing with the milk and honey of consolations. He now made an offering of himself to God, and implored the grace to dwell worthily in the house of the Lord, and

to persevere and die in His service.

Let us now relate a few facts which will give an idea, although imperfect, of the angelic virtues which our young Saint practiced during his novitiate.

On the eve of a festival he asked permission of the master of novices to fast on bread and water: the permission was granted; but when the novice-master saw that he had eaten almost nothing, he called him as they were rising to leave the refectory, and ordered him to go to a second table and to eat whatever was laid before him. This he did to mortify him. Aloysius obeyed punctually. After this second dinner, some one who had noticed the affair said to him in playfulness, "That is right, brother Aloysius! at the

first table you took very little, but you made up for it at the second." To this Aloysius replied in good humor, "What would you have me do? The prophet says, 'I have become like a beast of burden in thy

presence."

Father Jerome Piatti believing that Aloysius applied himself too closely to prayer and to his other devotions, deemed it his duty (to distract him a little from this severe application) to order him to remain during the morning and evening recreations, with those who had dined at the second table, although he had dined at the first. Now another superior who knew nothing of this order, found Aloysius at the second recreation, and condemned him to public penance in the refectory. This superior fancied he had violated the rule which ordained strict silence except at the recreation time assigned to each. Aloysius performed the penance without any attempt to justify himself, never saying a word about the order that he had received from Father Piatti, and continued, as before, to remain during the second recreation. The other superior perceiving this was surprised, and sentenced him to a second penance, which Aloysius performed without saying a word. Then Father Piatti called him and said that he was somewhat scandalized at seeing him undergoing two penances for the same fault. He asked him why he had not told the other superior of the permission he had given him. Aloysius replied that the thought of giving scandal by remaining silent had crossed his mind, but that dreading some working of selflove, which would have prompted him to avoid the penance, he had made up his mind to perform it without saying a word.

SON ill taught is the confusion of the father; and a foolish daughter shall be to his loss. Eccli. 22-3.

My son, do thou nothing without counsel; and thou

shalt not repent when thou hast done. Eccli. 32—24. And he that honoreth his mother is as one that layeth up a treasure. He that honoreth his father shall have joy in his own children: and in the day of his prayer he shall be heard. He that honoreth his father shall enjoy a long life: and he that obeyeth the father shall be a comfort to his mother. Eccli. 3—5 to 7.

Rejoice therefore, O young man, in thy youth: and let thy heart be in that which is good in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thy eyes: and know for all these God will bring thee into judgment. Remove anger from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. For youth and pleasure are vain. Eccles. 11—9, 10.

My son, reject not the correction of the Lord: and do not faint when thou art chastised by him: for whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth: and as a father in the

son he pleaseth himself. Prov. 3—11, 12.

He that loveth father or mother more than me, is

not worthy of me. Matth. 10-37.

Honor thy father and mother. And: he that shall curse father or mother, let him die the death. Mat. 15-4.

Honor thy father and thy mother. Matth. 19-19.

Mark, 10—19. Luke, 18—20.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for it is just. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayst be long-lived upon earth. Ephes. 6—1 to 3.

Children, obey your parents in all things: for it is

pleasing to the Lord. Coloss. 3-20.

Let the person whose name you wish ABDHQ to know tell you in which of the upright CCEIR columns the first letter of his name is F GGG found. If it be found in but one column, K L L it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding KKM MI MNNN the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will 0 0 0 0 W be the number of the letter sought. By RT XX SVZ taking one letter at a time in this way, Y the whole name can be ascertained. UVV For example, take the word Jane. WWW is found in the two columns commenc-

ing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet, their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added give the fourteenth or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

Many people regard religion as they regard small-pox; they desire to have it as light as possible, and are very careful that it does not mark them!

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.

To God above, whose name is love, Our grateful song we raise, And lowly bow before Him now In humble prayer and praise.

All through the night the angels bright
Have stood around our beds,
And while we've slept, their watch they've kept
Above our pillowed heads.

All through this day, in work or play, Lord, lead us in Thy way; And may its close bring sweet repose, With dreams of heavenly day,

**** THE FOX AND THE GOOSE.

Fox.—Good Mistress Goose this charming day,
Pray walk with me a little way;
The sun is up, the air is clear,
A walk will do you good, my dear.
Suppose we just go into town,
To hear and see what's going on;
Folks all admire your snow-white coat,
Bright eyes, and long and slender throat.

Goose.—I thank you kindly, Mister Fox,
But more I thank the bolts and locks,
That make you stand outside the door,
To try elsewhere your lying lore:
Before you came the day was fair,
But since you spoke, I do declare,
The sight of you, good sir, to-day,
Has sent the whole sunshine away!

84 OH! CALL MY BROTHER BACK AGAIN.

CHILD.

Oh! call my brother back again, I cannot play alone; The summer comes with flow'r and bee; Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright Across the sunbeam's track; I care not now to chase its flight—Oh! call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd Around our garden-tree; Our vine is drooping with its load— Oh! call him back to me.

MOTHER.

He could not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see!

A rose's brief bright life of joy, Such unto him was given; You call for him in vain, my boy— Thy brother is in heaven!

CHILD.

And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain;
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!

If HERE was a duke once who disguised himself and placed a great rock in the middle of the road near his palace. Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox-cart. "Oh, these lazy people!" said he; "there is this big stone lying right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, and so he stumbled over it. He began to storm at the country people around there for leaving a huge rock

in the road. Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants. When they came to the stone, the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on the other side. One of them cried out, "Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here the whole of the morning, and not a single person stopping to take it away!"

It lay there for three weeks, and no one tried to remove it. Then the duke sent around word to all the people on his lands to meet where the rock lay, as he had something to tell them. The day came, and a great crowd gathered. Old Hans, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants. A horn was heard, and a splendid calvacade came galloping up. The duke got down from his horse, and began to speak to the people gathered there.

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here, three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way." He stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, and in the hollow lay a small leathern bag. The duke held up

this bag, that all might see what was written on it: "For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag, and turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large bright gold coins. So they all lost the prize because they had not learned a lesson, or formed the habit of diligence.

Reverence for the Aged.

Cultivate a spirit of reverence. It is a great blot upon the character where it is lacking. To revere the aged is to revere a thing almost sacred. In them are stored up rich experiences of joy and suffering, good and evil, that may be of great benefit to us if we will only rightly contemplate them. They are monuments, as it were, upon which are inscribed the lessons for us to learn—teaching us what to cherish and what to avoid—what to love and what to hate. While their virtues should demand our love and veneration, their vices should only excite our pity,—for these too are useful to us,—and the unsightly scars they have left upon the body should act as signals, pointing to the rocks upon which they have been wrecked.

Dull Boys. Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull, as boys; so were Goldsmith and Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon, at school, had so much difficulty in learning Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Gerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read.

THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE.

Once upon a time a mouse, a bird and a sausage took it into their heads to keep house together; and they managed to live for a long time very comfortable and happy; and besides that, added a great deal to their store, so as to become very rich. It was the bird's business to fly every day into the forest and bring wood; the mouse had to carry the water, make the fire and lay the cloth for dinner; but the sausage was cook to the household.

He who is too well off often begins to be lazy and to long for something fresh. Now it happened one day that our bird met with one of his friends, to whom he boasted greatly of his good plight. But the other bird laughed at him as a poor fool, who worked hard, whilst the two at home had an easy job of it; for when the mouse had made her fire and fetched the water, she went and laid down in her own little room till she was called to lay the cloth; and the sausage sat by the pot, and had nothing to do but to see that the food was well cooked, and when it was meal time, had only to butter, salt and get it ready to eat, which it could do in a minute. The bird flew home, and having laid his burden on the ground, they all set down to table, and after they had made their meal slept soundly until the next morning. Could any life be more glorious than this?

The next day the bird, who had been told what to do by his friend, would not go into the forest, saying, he had waited on them, and been made a fool of long enough; they should change about, and take their 88 THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE.

turns at the work. Although the mouse and the sausage begged hard that things might go on as they were, the bird carried the day. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon the sausage to fetch wood, while the mouse was to cook, and the bird to bring the water.

What happened by thus taking people from their proper work? The sausage set out towards the wood, the little bird made a fire, the mouse set on the pot, and only waited for the sausage to come home and bring wood for the next day. But the sausage kept away so long that they both thought something must have happened to him, and the bird flew out a little way to look out for him; but not far off he found a dog on the road, who said he had met with a poor little sausage, and taking him for fair prey, had laid hold of him and knocked him down. The bird made a charge against the dog of open robbery and murder, words were of no use, for the dog said, he found the sausage out of its proper work, and under false colors, and so he was taken for a spy and lost his life. The little bird took up the wood very sorrowfully, and went home and told what he had seen and heard. The mouse and he were very much grieved, but agreed to do their best and keep together. The little bird undertook to set the table, and the mouse got ready the dinner; but when she went to dish it up, she fell into the pot and was drowned. When the bird came into the kitchen and wanted the dinner to put on the table, no cook was to be seen; so he threw the wood about here, there, and everywhere, and called and sought on all sides, but still could not find the cook. Meanwhile the fire fell on the wood and set it on fire; the bird hastened away to get water, but his bucket fell into the well, and he after it; so ends the story of this clever family.

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LIVES OF THE SAINTS. JANUARY 17.

ST. ANTONY, PATRIARCH OF MONKS.

T. ANTONY was born in the year 251, in Upper E-

gypt. Hearing at Mass the words, If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give it to the poor,' he gave away all his vast possessions. He then begged an aged hermit to teach him the spiritual life. He also visited various solitaries, copying in himself the principal virtue of each. To serve God more perfectly, Antony entered the desert, and immured himself in a ruin, building up the door, so that none could enter. Here the devils assailed him most furiously, appearing as various monsters, and wounding him severely; but his courage never failed, and he overcame them all by confidence in God and the sign of the Cross. His only food was bread and water, which he never tasted before sunset, and sometimes only once in two, three or four days. He wore sackcloth and sheepskin, and he often knelt in prayer from sunset to sunrise. Many souls flocked to him for advice, and after twenty years of solitude he consented to guide them in holiness, thus founding the first monastery. His numerous miracles attracted such multitudes that he fled again into solitude, where he lived by manual labor. He expired peacefully at a very advanced age. St. Athanasius, his biographer, says that the mere knowledge of how St. Antony lived is a good guide to virtue.

JANUARY 18. St. Felix of Nola.

PRIEST of Nola. his native town, Felix was already gray-haired when thrown into prison in a persecution, which seems to have been that of Decius, in the middle of the third century. He was loaded with irons, his feet fixed in the stocks, and the floor spread with broken glass, to make sleep impossible. One night a bright light filled his cell, and a glorious angel loosed his chains, opened the prison door, and bade him go to the assistance of Maximus, his bishop, who had fled to the desert. Felix found the bishop at the point of death. He revived his failing strength and carried him back to Nola. Soon the persecutors were again on the track of

Felix; but on one occasion God held their eyes. so that they did not know him; on another, a spider spun its web across a hiding-place which the Saint had just entered; on a third, food was supplied to him by a miracle. On the death of Maximus. Felix was chosen in his place. Everything fitted him for the office: the esteem of Maximus, the veneration of the faithful, his prudence, and the miracles by which God had preserved him to His Church. In his humility he declined the office, as he declined his inheritance, fearing the danger of riches. He died a simple priest in a little garden, which he cultivated with his own hands for himself and for the poor.

JANUARY 19. St. Wulstan, Bishop.

ULSTAN, the last Anglo-Saxon Saint, gave an example of singular perfection in various states of life. Son of a noble thane, his youth was passed in innocence. Once, when flushed with victory in sport, being inclined to succumb to a temptation he had before successfully resisted, he fled into a thicket to spend the night in prayer, and a heavenly dew extinguished the fires of sin. When his parents by mutual consent entered religion, Wulstan became a priest, and afterwards a monk, at Worcester, where he spent twenty-five years in extraordinary fervor. Named bishop of Worcester by St. Edward, he constantly visited his flock, always reciting psalms as he journeyed, ministering himself to the wants of all. Three days in every week he tasted no food. and never failed, by night or day, to say the divine office in church, at the appointed hours, even while traveling, although for this he often walked far in snow and rain. He saw his beloved country laid low under the Norman invasion, which he called the scourge of God. He feared not the proud conquerors, but continued his holy life, and gained their respect at last. He refused to adopt the splenbid dress of the Norman prelates, and would himself cut off the locks of the courtiers. Full of zeal in favor of the oppressed poor, he obtained the abolition of the slavetrade, of which Bristol was the mart. He died, in his eighty-seventh year, in 1095.

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LIVES OF THE SAINTS. JANUARY 20.

ST. SEBASTIAN, MARTYR.

T. SEBASTIAN was an officer in the Roman army, esteemed even by the heathen as a good soldier, and honored by the Church ever since as a champion of Jesus Christ. St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo were specially devout to him; and it was while he watched and prayed in the catacombs of St. Sebastian that St. Philip Neri received the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost. Born at Narbonne, Sebastian came to Rome about the year 284, and entered the lists with the powers of evil. He found the twin brothers, Marcus and Marcellinus, in prison for the faith, and when they were near vielding to the entreaties of their relatives, encouraged them to despise flesh and blood and to die for Christ. God confirmed his words by miracles; he cured the sick by his prayers; and in his divine strength he led multitudes to the faith, and among them the prefect of Rome, with his son Tiburius. He saw his disciples die before him, and one of them came back from heaven to tell him his own end was He was led before Diocletian, and at the emperor's command pierced with arrows and left for dead. But God raised him up again, and of his own accord he went before the emperor, and conjured him to stay the persecution of the Church. Again sentenced, he was at last beaten to death by clubs, and crowned his labors by the merit of a double martyrdom.

January 21 St. Agnes. Virgin, Martyr.

T. AGNES was but twelve years old, when she was led to the altar of Minerva at Rome, and commanded to obey the persecuting laws of Dioeletian by offering incense. In the midst of the idolatrous rites she raised her hands to Christ, her Spouse, and made the sign of the life-giving Cross. She did not shrink when she was bound hand and foot, though the gyves slipped from her young hands, and the heathens who stood around her were moved to tears. The bonds were not needed for her, and she hastened gladly to the place of her torture, like a bride on her wedding day. Next, when the judge

saw that pain had no terrors for her, he inflicted an insult worse than death. Her clothes were stripped off, and she had to stand on the street before a pagan crowd; yet even this did not daunt her. "Christ," she said, "will guard His own." So it was; for the crowd were touched by her innocence, and turned away their eyes. Lastly, her fidelity to Christ was proved by flattery and offers of marriage. But she answered, "Christ is my Spouse: He chose me first, and His I will be." At length the sentence of death was passed. For a moment she stood erect in prayer, and bowed her neck to the sword. At one stroke her head was severed from her body, and the angels bore her pure soul to paradise.

JANUARY 22. St. Vincent, Martyr.

INCENT was archdeacon of the church at Saragos-Valerian, the bishop, had an impediment in his speech; thus Vincent preached in his stead and answered in his name, when both were brought before Dacian, the president, during the persecution of When the bishop was sent into banishment. Vincent remained to suffer and die. First of all, he was stretched on the rack; and when he was almost torn asunder, Dacian, the president, asked him in mockery "how he fared now." Vincent answered, with joy in his face, that he had ever prayed to be as he was then. It was in vain that Dacian struck the executioners and goaded them on in their savage work. The martyr's flesh was torn with hooks; he was bound in a chair of red-hot iron; lard and salt were rubbed into his wounds; and amid all this he kept his eyes raised to heaven and remained unmoved. He was cast into a solitary dungeon, with his feet in the stocks: but the angels of Christ illuminated the darkness and assured Vincent that he was near his triumph. wounds were now tended, to prepare him for fresh torments, and the faithful were permitted to gaze upon his mangled body. They came in troops, kissed the open sores, and carried away as relies cloths dipped in his blood. Before the tortures could recommence the martyr's hour came, and he breathed forth his soul in peace. 92

MAKE A BEGINNING.

Remember in all things that, if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first dime put in the saving bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance, that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolution of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

Although heaven has given very great powers to men to use the brute creation, it dislikes the abuse of our patient and irrational servants. We believe that the publication of the following petitions, supposed to be addressed by a horse to his master, will do some good in calling attention to the needs of horses and their too frequent abuse by their owners, especially how or youths:

And when you are angry, STRIKE ME NOT.

JEULLE TINA

VACATION.

Vacation is the time when scholars pile up their books, bid good bye to school, take their clothes and go to their homes. Their hearts are full of joy, but it is very lonesome for those who remain to see the boys going away, four or five at a time, till all are gone except those who have no home away from the school. These fellows though are quite happy, and have all the pleasure to themselves. I spent my time playing and working a little, and picking berries. The best fun I had was working in the fields cutting and gathering hay. When I got tired I used to turn summersaults on the hay till I was rested,

then I went to work again.

During this vacation one of our teachers and our Superior have been removed from us. Sister Pacific, who has been here six years taking care of the girls, has gone to Vancouver. Then we have lost our kind Superior, Rev. Sister Benedict, who bade good bye to her little Indian girls and boys Aug. 10th to go to Olympia, the capital of Wash. Ter. to open a school there. We all loved Sister Benedict very dearly, for she was always kind to us and took great care of us especially when we were sick. I do not think she will like the nice little white children, where she is going, any better than she did the little Indian boys and girls, for she loved us very much. Rev. Sister Blandina is our Superioress now. She founded the school for the Indian girls in 1868, and also likes the Indians. William Lear.

DEPARTURE OF REV. SISTERS BENEDICT AND PACIFIC.

When we were told that Rev. Sister Benedict was going to leave us we were very sorry, because she was here so long—about twelve years—and she was just like a mother to us. She was so kind to us and also to the Indians.

Dear Sister Pacific is also gone: our kind Teacher who was here only six years. We were wishing for them to stay one more year, but kind Providence knows what is best, so they have sent another kind Superior, Sister Blandine, who has been here before. She was the first to open this mission and she is not a stranger here.

Many thanks to our good Mother and Teacher for all they have done for the poor Indian children of Tulalip. I will not only thank them, but I will always pray for them during the days they are absent. May God grant them a happy life. L. Frinkbunner.

- —Our Tulalip schools reopened on the 1st of August with 15 boys and 15 girls. At present they number 25 and 20 respectively. The ordinary full attendance will not however be reached before the closing of the hop-picking season, which will be towards the end of the present month or the beginning of October.
- —We forgot to mention in our last issue that five of our former pupils, viz: Charley Hilaire, Fred Allen, Henry Wilson, Mary E. Boulan and Mary L. Serwalh were married on the 4th of July; and that our first apprentice printer, J. B. Ladebauche, has entered the novitiate of the Rev. Oblate Fathers of New Westminster, B. C. We wish them one and all a long and a happy life, but especially to the latter, who, having chosen the best part, it is hoped, will so act that it may never be taken from him.

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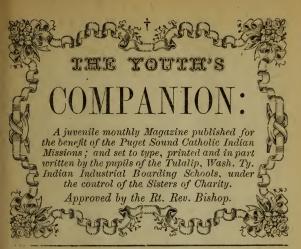
WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the first number of The Youth's Companion, a juvenile monthly Magazine, published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions. * * It is a 12mo. of 24 pages, and contains good, wholesome reading upon a variety of subjects adapted to children. It will, we believe, be a welcome and timely visitor to our parochial and Sunday Schools, and as such we cordially recommend it to these Schools and all friends of our Indian Missions. with the hope that they will extend a helping hand to this new offspring of the Press. * * * Annals of the Cath. Ind. Missions.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Fr. Brouillet. (2nd draft) Sisters in Sth. St. Louis & Columbus, Drs. Wall & Healy, Sergt. O'Connell. Misses I. Thomas, T. Forsythe, T. J. McCabe, M. A. Denver, M. Hayes & I. Stranz, G. A. Goerig. H. Spithill, N. Portman & T. Connolly, to all of whom we tender our thanks.

Short pieces, original and selected, correspondences, puzzles &c., from our young friends and others, are earnestly solicited and will be thankfully received.



Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 5.

RENÉ PLACIDE BONNET,

PUPIL OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS OF POITIERS.



OU will, no doubt, my dear young friends, read with pleasure the few details which we are about to give of this interesting lad.

René had scarcely attained the use of reason when he gave marks of virtue and piety. To cultivate this happy disposition, his good

parents placed him at the Brothers' Boarding School at Poitiers. His teachers soon recognized in him one of those privileged souls, worthy of being proposed as a model to all the others.

What especially characterized little René was an admirable candor, frankness and goodness of heart; these qualities won him the love of all his little schoolmates. His whole happiness consisted in praying to God and the Blessed Virgin, his good mother, as he called her.

Sometime before the last illness which tore this amiable child from the embraces of his pious parents, he said to his dear mother: "Mamma, when I die, I shall not go to hell, because I love God and the Blessed Virgin." Then his tender mother, embracing him, replied: "You are right, dear René, God condemns only the wicked to hell, but He takes good children like you to heaven." Another time he said: "Mamma, I should like to make my first communion." "You are too young yet, my dear René." "I know," he replied, "how they do." Then he joined his little hands, bent his head reverently, showing how he would receive his Savior hidden in the Sacrament of his love.

But nothing is more touching or more affecting, than the last farewells which he addressed a few moments before his death to his parents and relatives, afflicted as they were, at his certain death; he first called his aunt, and embracing her, said: "Dear aunt, I wish to bid you good bye before I die." He then asked for his little sister and kissing her said: "Good bye dear little sister, I am going to heaven, to pray to God for you." He then addressed his father, and as he was afraid he had displeased him by hesitating to take the medicines prescribed by the doctor: Dear papa, I beg your pardon for any displeasure I have given you since I have been sick; but in heaven I will pray for you." Then he asked for his dear mann-

PUPIL OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS OF POITIERS. 99

ma, and showed her his affection and love by clasping his little arms around her neck. "Be comforted, dear mamma," said he, "I am going to die and then I shall go to heaven to prepare a beautiful place for you: you have been so good to me. I promise not to forget you, dear mamma. God loves little children. He will hear my prayer." With such thoughts and such words this pious and amiable child surrendered his soul to his Maker.

His father gives us these details, and adds: "our dear boy died in perfect calm and with a perfect

confidence of his going to heaven."

These sentiments will perhaps appear above the capacity of a child of six years; but will not to those who ever saw him; still less for us who knew him intimately during the ten months that he remained in our Academy. His respectful attention in listening to the instructions and moral reflections, made every day at morning and evening prayer; his piety at prayers, in class and in chapel showed that there was in this child of benediction something supernatural, something beyond his years. By his eyes, by his whole deportment, you could see that he understood and enjoyed interiorly the unspeakable gifts of which the Holy Ghost is the author.

Moreover, adds the narrator of this, he is not the only child who in tender infancy has excited our admiration by his precocious virtue: how many others have edified us from their earliest years by their tender piety. May you, my young friends, imitate them in their faith and religious sentiments, in order to share the happiness which God has laid up in heaven

for virtuous children.

MOW many pleasant things we can see and hear every day, if we but watch and listen!

I was walking towards home late one afternoon in winter. The country all around was covered with a deep snow, that seemed of a purer white than ever in the light of departing day. I heard the voices of children behind me; and their little feet stepped fast over the hard-crisped snow. They passed along beside me, and I saw that one was a little girl of about eight years, and her companion was a boy somewhat older. The girl wore a pretty crimson hood, which was quite becoming to her cheeks, made rosy by the fine winter air. She was drawing a sled. The boy drew a sled too.

"Come Annie," he said, "let's go to Pine Hill, now; its splendid coasting there, and we shall be in time for

some first rate slides before dark."

"I must go and ask mother first, Henry," said Ann. She did not draw out the words dolefully, as if she did not like to have to ask her mother; but she spoke in a very pleasant and cheerful tone. She hurried along with her sled, and Henry after her. I soon lost sight of them; but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself how safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule-"I must ask mother first."

I know children who have sometimes got into a great deal of trouble because they did not "ask mother first." Remember that it is unsafe to do anything you think it possible your mother would not like to have you to do.

Children, I mean girls as well as boys, you will be saved a great deal of unhappiness if, at all times, you

make it a rule to "ask your mother first."

Who will be the first to detect an error in this page and send us its correction on a postal card? [Editor.]

The novices were sent at certain periods of the year to a country house for recreation; and of course Aloysius had been there frequently. It happened on one occasion that they were sent to another house appointed for the same purpose. On their returning to the novitiate, Gonzaga was asked which of the two houses he liked most. This question astonished him, for he fancied that he had been at the ordinary house, although the road to it and the very furniture were

totally different.

After having dined for three months in the refectory of the novitiate, he did not know the order of the tables, so much so, that when he was ordered to carry a book to the rector's place, he was obliged to ask some one to inform him where that place was. On another occasion, after having passed many months in the same place, he reported to the novice-master, that he scrupled having inadvertently fixed his eyes on one of his companions who sat beside him. He scrupled this, fearing that it might have been an act of curiosity, and what was more astonishing, he added that this was the first scruple that had ever disquieted him in relation to his eyes or looks.

It was a rule of the Order that each person, every sixth month, should render an account of his conscience to the superior, and report to him not only his faults, but also the gifts, the graces, and all the virtues that each might possess. The rule prescribed this, in order that the superior, being perfectly acquainted with all his subjects, might prudently guard them against the illusions to be encountered on the road to spiritual life, and guide them to greater perfection. It was by this means that many of Aloysius' virtues became known, for in order to obey the rule,

and to be safely led, he revealed to the superiors, with admirable simplicity, all that God had operated in his soul. Now one day while rendering an account of his conscience, he was asked by the superior if he had had distractions in prayer. To this he replied ingenuously—"Were all the distractions that I have had for the last six months put together, they would not occupy the time of a Hail Mary." And yet we may safely say, that the whole religious life of Aloysius was a continual prayer. In fact his habitual prayer and absence from all sensible objects were such, that no matter what he did, or where he was, he gave more attention to what was passing in his soul than to what was going on outside of him.

The very sight of this predestined creature filled

The very sight of this predestined creature filled every one who knew him with admiration. The novices regarded him as a saint, and devoutly kissed every thing that he had touched. Every one sought to have something that had belonged to him, in order

to keep it as a relic.

Aloysius received the adorable Eucharist every Sunday, and his devotion then was almost seraphic. He devoted Saturday to preparing for the reception of the holy Sacrament. On the three first days he made acts of thanksgiving for the favor received, and on the three following days he prepared himself by aspirations and inflamed desires to receive his Savior again. His words were swords of fire when he spoke of the Eucharist, wherein the divine love has been manifested to us so wonderfully; and he caused the sentiments with which he was penetrated, to strike root in the heart of those who heard him. In fact the Fathers of the Society of Jesus avowed that they never celebrated Mass more fervently than after hav-

ing passed the evening listening to Aloysius speaking of the holy communion. Such was Gonzaga's tender affection for the Sacrament of the Eucharist, that a person desiring to have his portrait, entertained the idea of having him painted prostrate in adoration before the most holy Sacrament.

Six months after he had taken the habit, Gonzaga was informed of his father's death. He bore this stroke with immovable constancy. He avowed to one of his friends, that if he were to regard the marquis' decease as a fact independent of God, he would naturally be greatly afflicted, but reflecting that it came from the hand of God, he could not repine, since such was the will of the Supreme Master. On that day he was induced to write to the marchioness, his mother, in order to console her. His letter commences thus—"I thank the Lord for enabling me to say with greater liberty, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

The sentiments of piety shown by his father in his latest moments contributed to console him. Ever since the day that his son was enrolled amongst the Jesuits, the marquis of Castiglione led a most edifying life, and at the moment when his soul was hovering on the brink of eternity, he shed torrents of tears for the sins of his life. To those who stood by his death-bed he remarked: "I know well whence these tears come; they are the effect of Aloysius' prayers; it is Aloysius who has obtained them for me from the Lord."

Meanwhile the health of our young Saint, far from ameliorating, was every day growing worse. He was now forbidden to say other prayers, or to perform other acts of devotion, than those prescribed by the

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rule. This prohibition he felt most sensitively, so much did it cost him, not to be allowed to follow the yearnings of his heart, which would have kept him perpetually united to God by constant prayer and profoundest meditation. The superiors now sent him to Naples. Having finished his novitiate, he made his vows at Rome, on the 20th of November, 1587. On the 25th of February, of the following year, he received the clerical tonsure, along with many other young Jesuits, in the church of St. John of Lateran.

Having completed his philosophical course, he devoted himself to the study of theology; but on account of a contest amongst members of his own family, he was obliged to interrupt his studies. The superiors made him undertake a journey to Mantua, in the hope of reconciling the litigant parties. Aloysius appeared among his kinsmen, like an angel come down from heaven. He established peace between the contending parties, and by prudence and gentleness he brought about a good understanding not only in the bosom of his own family, but also in many other houses that had been divided by conflicting interests and ambitious rivalries.

Aloysius' presence being no longer necessary at Mantua, he took leave of his kinsmen, and repaired to Milan, March 22nd; 1590. In this city he continued to study theology conformably to an order

given to him by his superiors.

While at Milan he received a revelation informing him of his approaching dissolution. This knowledge, communicated from on High, produced marvellous effects in his soul. All his thoughts were now given to that heaven in which he was soon to enjoy Him, whom he had served and loved so well on earth.

The prayer of the humble and the meek hath always pleased thee, O'Lord. Judith. 9—16.

He that hath been humbled shall be in glory: and he that shall bow down his eyes, shall be saved. Job 22-29.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart; and he shall save the humble of spirit. Ps. 33-19.

Where pride is, there also shall be reproach: but where humility is, there also is wisdom. Prov. 11—2.

It is better to be humbled with the meek, than to

divide spoils with the proud. Prov. 16-19.

Before destruction, the heart of man is exalted: and before he be glorified, it is humbled. Prov. 18—12.

Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart: and you shall find rest to your souls. Mat. 11-29.

Whoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Matth. 18—4.

He that is greatest among you shall be your servant. Matth. 23—11.

If any man desire to be first, he shall be the last

of all, and the servant of all. Mark. 9-34.

Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Luke. 1—48.

The publican, standing afar off, would not so much as lift his eyes towards heaven: but struck his breast, saying: O God, be merciful to me a sinner. Luk. 18-13.

Let nothing be done through contention, nor by vain-glory: but in humility, let each esteem others

better than themselves. Philip. 2-3.

In like manner, ye young men, be subject to the ancients. And do you all insinuate humility one to another, for God resisteth the proud, but to the humble he giveth grace. 1 Peter. 5—5

MIHE fear of the Lord hateth evil: I hate arrogance, and pride, and every wicked way, and a mouth with a double tongue. Prov. 8-13.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud; and will strengthen the borders of the widow. Prov. 15-25.

Every proud man is an abomination to the Lord: ** Pride goeth before destruction: and the spirit is lifted before a fall. Prov. 16-5 and 18.

Humiliation followeth the proud: and glory shall

uphold the humble of spirit. Prov. 29—23.

Scatter the proud in thy indignation, and behold every arrogant man, and humble him. Job 40-6.

For thou wilt save the humble people; but wilt bring down the eyes of the proud. Psalm 17-28. Pride is hateful before God and men: and all ini-

quity of nations is execrable. Eccli. 10-7.

Thus saith the Lord: After this manner will I make the pride of Juda and the great pride of Jerusalem to rot. Jerem. 13-9.

And the proud one shall fall, he shall fall down, and there shall be none to lift him up. Jerem. 50-32.

And thou Capharnaum, shalt thou be exalted up to heaven? thou shalt go down even unto hell. Mat. 11-23.

He hath showed might in his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. Luke. 1-51 and 52.

Because every one that exalteth himself, shall be humbled: and he that humbleth himself, shall be ex-

alted. Luke 14-11.

The Pharisee standing prayed thus with himself: O God, I give thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, nor such as this publican. Luke 18-11.

CHILD'S HYMNS TO ITS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

MORNING HYMN.

Guardian Angel! thou hast kept
Watch around me while I slept:
Free from harm and peril, now
With the cross I sign my brow.
Risen with the rising sun,
Forth I go, but not alone:
For my keeper and my guide,
Thou art ever by my side.
Pour then ever in my ear
Words which angels joy to hear;
Curb my tongue and thoughts within,
And keep my wandering eye from sin:
And rule my steps along the road
Which brings me nearer to my God.

Glory to the Father be:
Glory, Jesus, unto thee,
And Holy Spirit, eternal three. Amen.

* *

EVENING HYMN.

Holy Guardian Angel, keep

Watch around me while I sleep:
'Neath the shelter of thy wings,
Save me from all hurtful things;
Pour the light of love divine
In this cold, dull heart of mine.
Evil spirits drive away,
That I may rise at break of day,
Again to praise my God and pray.
Glory to the Father be:
Glory, Jesus, unto thee,
And Holy Spirit, eternal three. Amen.

Up in this world, and down in this world, And over this world and through, Though drifted about, and tossed about,

Why, "paddle your own canoe."

What though the sky is heavy with clouds, Or shining a field of blue;

If the bleak wind blows, or the sunshine glows, Still "paddle your own canoe."

What if breakers rise up ahead,
With dark waves rushing through,
More steadily try, with steadfast eye,
To "paddle your own canoe."

If a hurricane rise in the midnight sky, And the stars are lost to view, Glide safely along, with smile and song, And paddle your own canoe."

Never give up when trials come— Never grow sad and blue; Never sit down, with a tear or frown, But "paddle your own canoe."

*** THE CONTENTED BLIND BOY.

Oh say, what is that thing called light. Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell a poor blind boy.

My day or night myself I make, Whene'er I sleep or play; And could I always keep awake, With me 'twere always day.

Then let not what I cannot have My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

On your right as you enter the beautiful little bay of Tulalip, a number of small tents and huts attract the attention of the traveler and many are the conjectures as to what they represent. They are the monuments which mark the resting place of Indians, buried according to their primitive customs. When an Indian felt that his life was drawing to a close, he invited all his friends to pay him a last visit, and they always, unless something unusual occurred to prevent them, complied with his request. As soon as the sick man had breathed his last, crying and wailing in the most deafening and ungovernable manner possible, became general.

All the worldly effects of the deceased were then divided among the Indians present, while the wife and children of the dead man were, in many instances, left entirely destitute. After the expiration of a few days, the corpse was wrapped in blankets and incased in a box made of four boards, which was carried to the graveyard and placed on the surface of the ground

beneath a small hut or tent.

RIDDLE.

What is that which has one voice, and at first four feet, then two feet, and at last three feet, and when it has most feet is weakest?

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian missions.

J. B. Boulet.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bp. Junger (2nd favor); Very Rev. Father Cataldo, S. J., Rev. Fathers M. Alig, St. Onge, Milette & Maniouloux; Sisters in Kankakee; Major Mallet; Messrs. E. Leblane, J. B. Blanchet, W. Farrell, P. O'Meara, J. Comford, J. Richman, P. G. McDonald, J. Sweeny, M. Retlepson, J. L. Sherer, G. Brownfield, E. P. Bailer, B. Terrel, P. Madden, A. Ross & C. H. Morath; to all of whom we tender our thanks.

Among the earnest, hard-working friends of the YOUTH'S COMPANION, we are pleased to mention in a particular manner Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, who sends in 150 subscriptions; Rev. M. Alig, 50; Dr. Healy, 14; and Master J. B. Archambault, one of our former pupils, who sends in 11, with promises of sending more soon. Many other kind triends are at work in our behalf, whose names will be published when we hear from them. In the mean time we

tender them all our most sincere thanks.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. L. Chenvert, our agricultural teacher for the last four months, having enjoyed but very poor health since he came here, has concluded to return to his old home in Vancouver. He is replaced by Mr. Daniel Carney one of our former teachers, whom we are pleased once more to welcome amongst us.

By the recent arrival of Rev. Sister Aurelia, the personel of the Institution for the current year is now complete, as follows: Sister Blandine, Superioress; Sisters Damian and Florence over the boys' department; Sisters Aurelia and Albert over the girls'; and Sister August over the kitchen.

The organ recently purchased for our Schools by the Indian Commissioner has just arrived, and seems to give general satisfaction especially to the children.

The Reservation has been quite deserted during the last month, the Indians having nearly all gone hop picking. They are however commencing to return slowly.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 22 boys and 20 girls. The actual number now is 23 and 19 respectively.

MCORNER.

THE POOR LITTLE FISH.

There once lived in a creek a young trout with his mother, who told him never to stop at a certain place, whilst on his way to school. As he was one day going to school, he saw a nice piece of worm at the end of a string. His mother had cautioned him not to touch it. He, however, forgot his mother's advice, and greedily snapped up the worm. He soon found himself in an other part of the world. Luck, however, saved him this time, and he dropped from the fisherman's hook into the water. On returning home, he received a severe scolding from his mother, who repeated her warning to him, never to touch anything of the kind again. The fisherman, not meeting with much success in that part of the stream, removed further up the creek; and our foolish little trout happened to be passing at that same moment. Disregarding the advice of his prudent mother, he again snapped up the worm, and was again hooked up, and thrown into a basket amongst a number of his unfortunate comrades. In his last moments he exclaimed in great agony: "O dear mother, had I obeyed you. I would not be here now!" and with these words, he expired.

MORAL. If the little trout had not been disobedient, he might have had a long life and a happy death instead of the untimely end which we have just related. So, therefore, let you, dear little children, be always obedient to your dear mammas, that the blessing of God may attend you every day of your lives.

112 THE FARMER AND THE PARROT.

There once lived, in a small village, a farmer who kept a parrot, which was in the habit of keeping bad company. One day, after the farmer had finished planting his corn, the crows, together with the parrot, soon occupied themselves in feasting upon it. The farmer, seeing this, resolved to punish the black robbers. Seizing his gun, he crept slyly along the fence until he came within a few yards of them, and then fired. Walking over to the corn to see what effect the shot produced, to his great surprise, he found that he had wounded his parrot. Poor Polly was taken home and kindly cared for. The children asked their father how the parrot came to be shot. "Bad company," answered the father; "bad company," repeated Poll.

Afterwards, whenever the parrot would see the children quarreling and wrangling among themselves, Poll would cry out, "Bad company! Bad company!"

Thus, dear young readers, when you are tempted to associate with bad companions, remember the story

of the parrot and its punishment,

—Little Jimmie, for once, could not have his own way. "Mamma, I am going to leave 'oo; going to take the tain an' never tum back." Mamma said: "Very well; I too shall get on the train and go away for ever." This terrible scheme had never entered little Jimmie's head. Running up to her, and throwing his arm about her, he said, "Mamma, me and you'll go on the same tain, won't we, mamma?"

—A little girl once said to her papa: "You have two fathers in heaven. God and grandpa, but you have no mother there. May be you think the mother of God is your mother, but she is not; she is only your grandmother for God is her son, and he is your father."

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. JANUARY 23.

ST. RAYMUND OF PENNAFORT.

ORN in 1175, of a Spanish noble family, Raymund, at the age of twenty, taught philosophy at Barcelona with marvelous success. Ten years later, his rare abilities won for him the degree of Doctor in the University of Bologna, and many high dignities. A tender devotion to our Blessed Lady, which had grown up with him from childhood, determined him, in middle life, to renounce all his honors, and to enter the Order of St. Dominic. There again a vision of the Mother of Mercy instructed him to co-operate with his penitent St. Peter Nolasco, and with James, king of Aragon, in founding the Order of Our Lady of Ransom for the Redemption of Captives. He began this great work by preaching a crusade against the Moors, and rousing to penance the Christians, enslaved in both soul and body by the infidel. In 1230 Gregory 1X. summoned him to Rome, and made him his confessor and grand penitentiary, and directed him to compile "The Decretals," a collection of the scattered decisions of the Popes and Councils. Having refused the archbishopric of Tarragona, Raymund found himself in 1238 chosen third general of his Order, which post he again succeeded in resigning, on the score of his advanced age. His first act, when set free, was to resume his labors among the infidels, and in 1256, Raymund, then eighty-one, was able to say that ten thousand Saracens had received baptism. He died in 1275.

JANUARY 24.

ST. TIMOTHY, BISHOP, MARTYR.

MOTHY was a convert of St. Paul. He was born at Lystra, in Asia Minor. His mother was a Jewess, but his father was a pagan; and though Timothy had read the Scriptures from his childhood, he had not been circumcised as a Jew. On the arrival of St. Paul at Lystra, the youthful Timothy, with his mother and grandmother, eagerly embraced the faith. Seven years later, when the Apostle again visited the country, the boy had grown into manhood, while his good heart, his austerities, and zeal had won the esteem of all around him; and holy men were prophesying great things of the fervent

youth. St. Paul at once saw his fitness for the work of an Evangelist. Timothy was forthwith ordained, and from that time became the constant and much-beloved fellow-worker of the Apostle. In company with St. Paul, he visited the cities of 'Asia Minor and Greece, at one time hastening on in front as a trusted messenger, at another lingering behind to confirm in the faith some recently founded church. Finally, he was made first bishop of Ephesus; and here he received the two Epistles which bear his name, the first written from Macedonia and the second from Rome, in which St. Paul from his prison gives vent to his longing desire to see his "dearly beloved son," if possible, once more before his death. St. Timothy himself, not many years later, won his martyr's crown at Ephesus.

JANUARY 25.

ST. PAULA, WIDOW.

T. PAULA was a Roman lady of the highest rank. She led a holy life, and her only fault was her in-ordinate love for her family. God, who wished to draw her to Himself, deprived her of her husband when she was only thirty-two years of age. Her grief was as immoderate as her love had been, until St. Marcella showed her the imperfection of her conduct. She then generously resolved to be all for God; and renouncing fine dress and worldly considerations, began a life of retirement, penance and almsgiving. After five years of widowhood she determined to leave her family, and serve God in religion. She bade farewell to her children, except her daughter Eustochium, who accompanied her, and sailed to the Holy Land, to make her home in the spot consecrated by the birth of her Lord. At Jerusalem she found a stately palace prepared for her reception, but chose instead a humble cell. She built a refuge for pilgrims near the holy city, a monastery for St. Jerome and his monks, and another, at Bethlehem for virgins and widows, which she governed, making herself the servant of all. Their rule of life was extremely austere, and they recited the whole Psalter every day. During her last illness she constantly repeated the Psalms, which express desire of the heavenly Jerusalem, and expired in profound peace, in the fiftyseventh year of her age, in 404. 114

ST. POLYCARP, BISHOP, MARTYR.

T. POLYCARP, Bishop of Smyrna, was a disciple

of St. John. He wrote to the Philippians, exhorting them to mutual love and to hatred of heresy. In 167, persecution broke out in Smyrna. When Polycarp heard that his pursuers were at the door, he said. "The will of God be done;" and meeting them, he begged to be left alone for a little time, which he spent in prayer for "the Catholic Church throughout the world." He was brought to Smyrna early on Holy Saturday; and as he entered, a voice was heard from heaven, "Polycarp, be strong." When the proconsul besought him to curse Christ and go free, Polycarp answered, "Eighty-six years I have served Him, and He never did me wrong, how can I blaspheme my King and Savior?" When he threatened him with fire, Polycarp told him that this fire of his lasted but a little, while the fire prepared for the wicked lasted forever. At the stake he thanked God aloud for letting him drink of Christ's chalice. The fire was lighted, but it did him no hurt. "Then," say the writers of the Acts. "we took up the bones, more precious than the richest jewels or gold, and deposited them in a fitting place, at which may God grant us to assemble with joy to celebrate the birth-day of the martyr to his life in heaven!"

JANUARY 27.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

T. JOHN was born at Antioch in 354. In order to break with a world which admired and courted him, he in 374 retired for six years to a neighboring mountain. Having thus acquired the art of Christian silence, he returned to Antioch, and there labored as priest until he was consecrated bishop of Constantinople in 398. The effect of his sermons was everywhere marvellous. He was very urgent that his people should frequent the holy Sacrifice, and in order to remove all excuse he abbreviated the long Liturgy until then in use. Beloved as he was in Constantinople, his denunciations of vice made him numerous enemies. In 403 these

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procured his banishment; and although he was almost immediately recalled, it was not more than a reprieve. In 404 he was banished to Cucusus, in the deserts of Taurus. In 407 he was wearing out, but his enemies were impatient. They hurried him off to Pytius on the Euxine, a rough journey of nigh four hundred miles. He was assiduously exposed to every hardship, cold, wet, and half-starvation, but nothing could overcome his cheerfulness and his consideration for others. On the journey his sickness increased upon him, and he was warned that his end was nigh. Thereupon exchanging his travel-stained clothes for white garments, he received the Viaticum, and with his customary words. "Glory be to God for all things, amen," passed to Christ.

JANUARY 28.

St. CYRIL OF ALEXANDRIA.

N 412 St. Cyril became Patriarch of Alexandria. At first, having thrown himself with ardor into the party-politics of the place. God called him to a nobler conflict. In 428, Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, began to deny the unity of Person in Christ, and to refuse to the Blessed Virgin the title of "Mother of God." He was strongly supported by disciples and friends through out the East. St. Cyril, after expostulating in vain, accused Nestorius to Pope Celestine. The Pope commanded retractation, under pain of separation from the Church, and intrusted St. Cyril with the conduct of the proceedings. The appointed day. June 7, 431, found Nestorius and Cyril at Ephesus, with over 200 bishops. After waiting twelve days in vain for the Syrian bishops, the Council with Cyril tried Nestorius, and deposed him from his see. Upon this the Syrians and Nestorius excommunicated St. Cyril, and complained of him to the emperor as a peace-breaker. Imprisoned and threatened with chanishment, the Saint rejoiced to confess Christ by suffering. In time it was recognized that St. Cyril was right, and with him the Church triumphed. Forgetting his wrongs, and careless of controversial punctilio, Cyril then reconciled himself with all who would consent to hold the doctrine of the Incarnation intact. He died in 444.

TIBULLETINE.

VISIT OF RT. REV. BISHOP JUNGER.

We have had the privilege of receiving the visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop Junger, with Rev. Father Maniouloux. He came Monday afternoon. As soon as he arrived at the mission he gave Benediction, and after this was over, his Lordship came to see the girls followed by the other Rev. Fathers and our Agent, Mr. O'Keane. The first thing we did as his Lordship went into the school-room was to kneel down to receive his blessing, and then we had conversations. The next following day he had the kindness to come and examine us in our lessons.

Many thanks to him for the trouble he has taken to come and see us, poor Indians, and may God grant him a happy journey on his way back. Oh, how we all wish we could only keep him here all the time. I am sure he would be glad to stay with us, for he makes us feel so happy when he is here.

Mary Girard, Child of Mary.

September is a very pleasant month and one which we all enjoy. On the first day of it was our Rt. Rev. Bishop's feast, so that we had a grand holiday. We went to Mukiteo with Rev. Sisters Blandine and Damian. Rt. Rev. Bishop Junger came on the 5th of Sept., and went back on the 7th. Little Eugene asked his Lordship to grant us another holiday, and he said yes, and we all thanked him very much for his kindness, for we like to play. We took it on the 8th. In the morning we had a great game of base ball, and we played soldiers too. In the afternoon we picked plenty of muscles and went to the other side of the Reservation to have a picnic with the Sisters, and we came home about six o'clock in the evening.

The month of September is nearly gone, but we hope yet to have another play day, for on the 27th of this month will be the feast of our dear Sister Damian, who is always so kind to us and has had charge of the boys' school for the last three years. I wish her a very happy feast, and hope that she will take care of the boys for many vears to come.

Though I am but a very small Indian girl, yet I am very proud to have also a little word for our little paper, the Youth's Companion. It is that we have been sorry to lose our kind teacher Sister Pacific, but I wish to say that Sister Aurelia, who lately took her place, is also very good and kind to us, and we love her already very much and hope to have her with us many years. We feel bad for our little Colville friends for losing her, but their loss is our gain.

Ellen Achille.

What's the use of composition? Here I am in trouble. I spent the whole morning playing, while the boys were busy writing their letters and compositions, and now, at recreation hour, I have to write mine. When our teacher gives the boys letters or compositions to write, there I am in a fix. It is true what I said in my old composition, I don't like them at all. I would rather have fifty vacations than one single composition. Walter Wale.

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Now that all our Catholic Indian Schools are in a fair working order, it is our intention to publish a ROLL OF HONOR.

in each succeeding issue of our little Magazine. We need not dwell upon the utility of such a publication, both as a promoter of discipline and as an effectual means of exciting and keeping up emulation among children. We therefore call upon all our teachers of Indian Schools for a monthly list showing the standing in study and good conduct of their most meritorious pupils for publication. We also request them to send us at the same time one or two of their pupils' best compositions, which we will gladly insert in our pages. The success of the Youth's Companion depends in a great measure on the co-operation of our Indian Schools, whose first and only organ it is, and if that help is given to it through their teachers, its life and prosperity will be amply secured.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Rev. J. B. Boulet of Tulalip, Snohomish County, W. T., sends us the first three numbers of his little monthly, the Youth's Companion. A good work for any of our readers would be to assist the Indian missions by sending fifty cents to the above address, for which the monthly will be sent for one year. Western Home Journal, Detroit, Mich.

The following is from the Holyoke, Mass. Catholic Journal.

"We have received from Rev. J. B. Boulet the three first numbers of his little monthly publication called the Youth's Companion. It is probably the smallest publication in the country, and from this fact and that it is printed by the Indian boys in charge of Father Boulet, and the pages are folded and stitched by the little girls, this little publication is quite a curiosity. Father Boulet was once a Sunday school teacher in St. Jerome's church in this city. Any person who would like to see the little publication can do so by calling at this office, or what would be better would be to send fifty cents in postage stamps to Rev. J. B. Boulet, Tulalip Indian Reservation. Snohomish County, Wash. Ty. and have the paper sent one year."

Thanks, dear Journal, for your kind words and particularly for your final, admirably practical suggestion! We are sorry, however, to have to state that up to the present writing this suggestion, together with another of our own to the same effect in our third issue, has been altogether unheeded. For the last seventeen years that we left the land of civilization and "culchaw" par excellence, -our old Massachusetts home-to bury ourself alive in this Indian country, we were under the consoling impression that we had left, and still had, many warm friends at home. Was it all an illusion? We hope not. And to prove it we call upon all our old-time friends, in general, both in Holyoke and the neighboring towns and cities, and in particular on those of St. Jerome's congregation, if they are not all dead, to come forward and organize the "boss" club of the country for the Youth's Companion, and the works of which it is the humble organ. Remember that the object is one of the most worthy, and that the investment, though but trivial, will be amply rewarded by God.

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and money orders to be made payable at the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to (Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

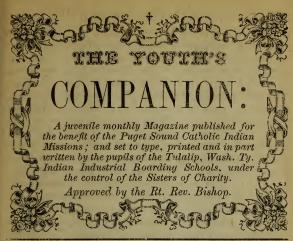
Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

KIND WORDS FROM A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

I have just received the 3rd No. of the Youth's Companion. ** Allow me to say how pleased I am to see and read it every time it comes, and I always anticipate the time of its coming. ** I wish the Companion every success possible. God bless you and your good work! * *

This short but, to us, most valuable extract is from our dear life's friend and former companion in the Yakama Indian missions, from 1868 to 1871, Rev. L. N. St. Onge, now of Glen's Falls, N. Y., and for the last ten years an invalid in health from the hardships he had to endure during his short but most zealously spent missionary life. We earnestly request our readers to entreat the Sacred Heart of Jesus for his restoration to robust health, and his speedy return to his heart's choice, the Indian missions.

—We sadly miss for the last three months, the continuation of the series of Indian Historical Sketches commenced in our second issue, and which promised to be full of interest and edification to all classes of our readers. We hope that our revered correspondent will soon be enabled to resume his task, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.



Vol. I. NOVEMBER, 1881. No. 6.

THE TEACHING OF FLOWERS.



ECILIA, a charming young girl of twelve years, took a walk in the garden one beautiful morning in Spring. Her mother viewed with complacency the lovely creature as she sometimes bent her elegant form over the fragrant flowers, and again raised to heaven her

eyes, as beautifully blue as the azure of the firmament. And the mother thought with herself: Of all the flowers that bloom in the garden, my Cecilia is assuredly the fairest and purest, and none of them can com-

pare with her in sweetness and beauty. Cecilia having perceived her mother, ran to her, and embracing her affectionately, said: "Dear mamma, do you see those pretty flowers which the good God bade to bloom for us during the night? How beautiful the coloring, how delicious the perfume! But my cousin Amanda has assured me that flowers have a language, and that she has a little book which teaches it to her; would that I also knew their language!" Her mother then took Cecilia by the hand, led her to the centre of the garden, and pointing to a beautiful lily that rose in graceful majesty, said: "That white flower is the emblem of innocence, which should be the principal or-nament of a young girl. That crimson rose, whose opening chalice exhales so sweet an odor, is the image of beauty, which becomes perfectly radiant only when breathed on by the fragrance of virtue. This flower which blooms among thorns, represents the pleasures of life which are ever drugged with bitterness. pretty violet which hides beneath the grass, is the emblem of modesty, and the daisy of the fields, that of simplicity. God teaches us to prefer the imperishable goods of the next world to the passing advantages of this, which, like the rose, fade in an instant. The sensitive plant, which contracts at the slightest touch, is the image of timid modesty; and the sunflower, which perpetually turns toward the ruling planet of the world, admonishes us that we should incessantly raise our hearts to the great Creator of the universe. It is thus, my dear child, that a Christian virgin may learn the language of flowers."

St. Ignatius used to say: Pray as if you had no faith in work, and work as if you had no faith in prayer.

duke walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to take it back.

"It belongs to me," said the gardener's son, step-

ping up.

more about it.

"Yours," cried the duke, "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the sciences, began to
talk with the young student, and was astonished at the

clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad; "one does not need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house; I noticed the architect used a rule and compass, and made great many calculations. What was the meaning and use of that? I asked; and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the book and learned geometry. Then I found there were better books about the sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are contented to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, with not pluck or perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world.

And if you are a poor boy and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found it afterwards in the duke of Argyle, under whose patronage he pursued his studies and became a great mathematician.

Stone's Mathematical Dictionary—for Stone was the young gardener's name—was a celebrated book pub-

lished in London, some years ago.

KEEP YOUNG. Don't grow old, rusty, and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hair and whiskers you can not escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And so long as your age is only on the outside you will win in confidence and find your life all the brighter from contact with theirs. But you have too many grave thoughts, too many weighty anxieties and duties, too much to do to make this trifling thing possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart—because you need them so much, because you are "weary with thinking." Then do try to be young, even if you have to be foolish in so doing. One can not afford to be wise all the time.

Death's but a path that must be trod
If ever man would pass to God.

Aloysius was recalled to Rome, in the month of November of the same year, to finish his course of theology. He begged as a special favor, that the superiors would give him a little dark chamber, low and narrow, the window of which looked out on the roof. This chamber was hardly large enough to contain his bed, a wooden chair and a kneeling stool which served him at study instead of a table. The place where he chose to dwell resembled a convict cell, more than a student's chamber.

During an epidemic malady that committed great ravages at Rome, in 1591, the Jesuits erected a new hospital. There they received the sick poor, and there they ministered to them with the greatest charity. They stripped them, laid them in bed, washed their feet, brought them food, prepared them for confession, and exhorted them to patience and resignation.

The contagion had already attacked many of the Jesuits, and Aloysius, so zealous in tending the most revolting of the dying, was soon stricken by the terrible scourge. He took to his bed, March 3rd, 1591.

His illness grew so alarming that he received the holy Viaticum, and Extreme Unction. He rallied nevertheless, but was seized with a slow fever, which in three months reduced him to the most extreme weakness. The seriousness of this malady did not hinder him from practicing various mortifications, and rising at midnight to pray before his crucifix.

One day when he saw Father Camarita, the Provincial, entering the infirmary, he asked his permission to take the discipline. The Father told him that he was too weak to handle the instrument. "Let some one then," said the Saint, "do me this service, and give me the discipline from head to foot."

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To those who, standing round his bed, urgedining to beg of God to prolong his life, either to acquire additional merits, or to be serviceable to his fellowmen, he always replied, with eyes raised heavenwards, "Oh no, it is far better for me to die."

Having conversed for some time with his director, on the happiness of heaven, he fell into an ecstasy, that lasted almost a whole night. It is thought he learnt, while in this state, that he was to die on the

octave of Corpus Christi.

Aloysius' malady grew more threatening, so much so, that the Prefect of the infirmary told him that he had but a few days to live. Gonzaga who knew the day, availed himself of this information, and said to one of his fellow-novices, "You do not know the good news I have had; I will die within the space of eight days," and he then invited those who were near him, to join in chanting a *Te Deum* by way of thanksgiving. "My brother," said he to another of his school-fellows who came to see him, "My brother, I am going joyfully." At that moment the Provincial entered and asked him, "How fares it with thee, brother Aloysius?" He replied: "My Father, I am beginning my journey." "Where to!" "To Paradise," answered Aloysius. "To Paradise!" resumed the Provincial. "Yes, my Father, to Paradise, if my sins do not prevent me."

About midnight his forehead was covered with a light sweat—it was his agony; at two o'clock after midnight, June 21st, 1591, this terrestrial angel spread his wings and soared to the eternal hills. The name of Jesus was the last word on these pure lips, and the last action of his hands was to press the crucifix to his heart. Thus did Aloysius go to heaven,

at the age of twenty-three years and three months. He was buried in the church of the Annunciation, belonging to the Jesuit Fathers of the Roman College. He was beatified by Pope Gregory XV., in 1621, and canonized by Benedict XIII., in 1726.

St. Aloysius, on account of his youth, and the angelic purity of his life, has always been presented as a model for the young. May his life be the study of the readers of the Youth's Companion; may his bright example shine before them, and lead them from virtue to virtue until they meet the amiable Gonzaga in the blessed mansions of eternal happiness.

For nearly three hundred years St. Aloysius has received, in the Catholic Church, the greatest veneration, as an example of innocence and purity, and innumerable are the graces obtained by those who have endeavored, with perseverance, to follow him. But particularly does holy Church desire that the young should take this Saint for their pattern; for experience has shown, that already many who have done this have been preserved from the corruption of the world, and kept their crown of virginal purity before the face of God. To this end young people of both sexes ought, every day, to recommend themselves to this holy youth; like him, should cherish a child-like veneration for the most pure Virgin Mary; like him, should imprint into their hearts a holy fear of God; like him, should distrust themselves, fly all occasions of sin, control their senses, especially their eyes, receive often the sacraments, and be persevering in prayer. At the same time they should not neglect to perform, every year, the six Sundays' devotion in honor of St. Aloysius. Pope Clement XII.,

in the years 1739 and 1740, approved this devotion, and granted to all who performed it a plenary indulgence on each of the six Sundays. This devotion, which is intended both for single and for married persons, consists in this: that on each of six Sundays, in succession, they should approach with contrition the holy sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, and should employ themselves in pious meditations or vocal prayers, or other works of christian piety, in honor of the Saint. Six times the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father, in commemoration of the six years which St. Aloysius spent in religion, are recommended to be said on such occasion. This indulgence can only be gained once a year.

PRAYER TO ST. ALOYSIUS FOR HOLY PURITY.

O blessed Aloysius, adorned with angelic graces, I thy most unworthy suppliant recommend specially to thee the chastity of my soul and body, praying thee by thy angelic purity to plead for me with Jesus Christ the Immaculate Lamb, and His most holy Mother, Virgin of virgins, that they would vouchsafe to keep me from all grievous sin. O never let me be defiled by any sin of impurity; but when thou seest me in temptation, or in danger of falling, then far from my heart remove all bad thoughts and unclean desires, and awaken in me the memory of eternity to come, and of Jesus crucified: impress deeply in my heart a sense of the holy fear of God; and thus kindling in me the fire of divine love, enable me so to follow thy footsteps here on earth, that in heaven with thee I may be made worthy to enjoy the vision of our God for ever. Amen. One Our Father and Hail Mary.

100 days' indulgence, once a day, for the above prayer.

If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor, that dwelleth with thee, thou shalt not be hard upon them as an extortioner, nor oppress them with usuries. Exod. 22—25.

There will not be wanting poor in the land of thy habitation: therefore I command thee to open thy hand to thy needy and poor brother, that liveth in

the land. Deut. 15-11.

According to thy ability be merciful. If thou have much, give abundantly: if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little. Tob. 4—7, 8, 9.

Eat thy bread with the hungry and the needy, and with thy garment cover the naked. Tobias, 4—17.

For alms deliver from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting. Tobias, 12—9.

Some distribute their own goods, and grow richer: others take away what is not their own, and are always

in want. Prov. 11-24.

He that hath mercy on the poor, lendeth to the

Lord: and he will repay him. Prov. 19-17.

He that giveth to the poor, shall not want: he that despiseth his entreaty, shall suffer indigence. 28-27.

Cast thy bread upon the running waters: for after a long time thou shalt find it again. Eccles. 11—1.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain

mercy. Matth. 5-7-

Jesus said to him: If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor. Matth. 19—21.

But love ye your enemies: do good and lend, hoping for nothing thereby: and your reward shall be great, and you shall be the sons of the Highest. Luke, 6-35.

It is a more blessed thing to give, rather than to

receive. Acts, 20-35.

COVETOUSNESS-ITS CONTRARY VICE.

the ways of every covetous man destroy the souls of the possessors. Prov. 1—19.

He that trusteth in his riches shall fall: but the just

shall spring up as a green leaf. Prov. 11-28.

Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great riches without content. He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house: but he that hateth bribes shall live. Prov. 15—16 and 27.

A man, that maketh haste to be rich, and envieth others, is ignorant that want shall come upon him.

Prov. 18-22.

The horse-leech has two daughters that say: Bring,

bring. Prov. 30-15.

A covetous man shall not be satisfied with money: and he that loveth riches shall reap no fruit from them: so this also is vanity. Sleep is sweet to the laboring man, whether he eat little or much: but the fulness of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. Eccl. 5-9, 11.

Lay not up to yourself treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves break

through and steal. Matth. 6—19.

For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul? Mark, 8-36.

Take heed and beware of all covetousness: for a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of things

which he possesseth. Luke, 12—15.

For they that will become rich fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men into destruction and perdition. For the desire of money is the root of all evils. 1 Tim. 6—9 and 10.

Let your manners be without covetousness, contented with such things as you have: for he hath said: I will not leave thee, neither will I forsake thee. Heb. 13.

MORNING.

Hail, Mary! now the sun is up:
All things around look glad and bright,
And heather-bell and buttercup
Shake off the dew drops of the night.
The lambs are frisking in the fields,
The lark is singing in the sky;

And man his waking tribute yields To thee and thy sweet Son on high.

NOON.

Hail, Mary! midway in the sky
The noontide sun its lustre sheds;
The field-flowers almost seem to die,
So low they hang their dropping hards

So low they hang their drooping heads.

The lambs have sought the woodland shade,
The lark has ceased her note of glee;

And pausing in the furrowed glade, The ploughman lifts his heart to thee.

EVENING.

Hail, Mary! now the sun is far
Adown his western path of light,
The flowers, beneath the evening star,
Drink up the dew drops of the night.
The lambs are by their mothers laid,
The lark is brooding o'er her nest,

And when the evening prayer is made, Then weary man shall sink to rest.

PRAYER.

Prayer needeth not the use of skill and art In forming words, but a devoted heart: If thou art truly in the heart to pray,

God knows thy heart and all that it would say.

Bright summer has departed,
With all her smiles and flowers;

While autumn's blasts again lay bare. The green and shady bowers.

The gentle zephyrs cease to blow

The fragrant air along,

But autumn's winds come whistling The leafless trees among.

The flowers have bowed their heads in death.

And drooped to mother earth;

The playful children of the school Seem now devoid of mirth.

The songsters of the grove have fled, To some more genial clime, To warble forth their melodies

'o warble forth their melodies Beneath the warm sunshine.

Fair nature's face has lost its smile,
And wears a saddened look;

Regretting some dear friend the while, Whom time can not bring back.

And all things that surround us Bear the semblance of decay; Reminding us the day will come

We too shall pass away.

Unlike the leaves and flowers,
We shall not come again;
But in a world more bright and fair,
We may expect to reign.

No more to air like mortal things, And lie beneath the sod; But, like the angels, with new life,

To live always with God.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Fathers Orth, Bronsgeest, Capelle, Poaps & Claessen; Sisters of Baker City; Mrs. Chapman; Misses L Heisner & M Workman; Messrs. B Lynch, P O'Donneli. T Kane, D O'Brien, D Deselle, N Charron. E Arimond, & A Akers; to all of whom we tender our cordial thanks.

Periodicals received: Le Drapeau National, Catholic Journal, Ave Maria, Archangel and L'Abeille. Thanks.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this No. of the Youth's Companion the life of St. Aloysius, which was continued through five consecutive Nos., is brought to a close. By a little observation it will be easily seen that the five different sheets on which it is printed can be detached from the Magazine and, if so desired, stitched together for preservation and use in a much more convenient form. Subscribers whose file is incomplete can obtain the missing Nos. by applying to us at once.

We have printed a limited number of this short life of St. Aloysius on good white paper, with heavy paper covers, and which we will sell for the benefit of our Indian missions at six cents each, or sixty cents per dozen, free by mail. Apply sponifyou do not wish to be disappointed.

We will commence next month the publication of a very interesting biographical sketch of a pious young student, who died the death of the just at the age of sixteen. This sketch, which will be continued for many months is translated for the first time from the original French expressly for the Youth's Companion. We hope our young readers will hasten to communicate this good bit of news to their little comrades and induce them to subscribe at once in order to secure the first chapters of the new serial.

Another good bit of news we take pleasure in publishing is that the present issue completely exhausts our old lot of printing paper. We hope next month to appear in a neater dress to the great satisfaction, we believe, of all concerned.

We have so far with but one or two exceptions sent all back Nos. from the beginning to new subscribers; in the future we shall continue to do so until the supply becomes exhausted, unless advised to the contrary.

— OF THE— TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, polite deportment, obedience and general application to study.

WILLIAM LEAR, FRANCIS LECLAIR, JUSTIN SHELTON.

E. FRINKBUNNER, Mary Girard, Agatha Bagley.

Order and Neatness.

JAMES LONG, THOMAS EWYE, David Tobey. E. FRINKBUNNER, Emma Dawson, Agatha Bagley.

Composition and application to writing.

W. LEAR, HENRY CHARLES, Thomas Ewye.

Application to manual labor and farming.

JOHN ALEXIS, ATHANASIUS SHELTON, FRANCIS LECLAIR.

Baking. JUSTIN SHELTON. L. FRINKBUNNER, Celina St. Louis.

Application to sewing and cutting out.

JULIANNA KWINA, SARAH LAKE, Ellen Frinkbunner.

House-work and cooking.
LOUISA LING,
ELLEN FRINKBUNNER.

As announced last month, we commence in this issue the publication of our Roll of Honor. To distinguish the different degrees of merit we print the names of those pupils whose record is excellent in LARGE CAPITALS, those whose standing is very good in SMALL CAPITALS, and those who stand good in common or "lower-case" roman type.

We have been also greatly tempted to commence the publication of a short BLACK LIST, and came within a hair-breadth of yielding to the temptation, but finally we concluded to spare the culprit this time. Warning to all.

MCORNER.

THADDY'S MITTEN.

It was nearly nine o'clock, quite time for Thaddy to be starting for school, and yet he didn't go, because he could not find his mitten. Up stairs and down stairs he ran, pulled open drawers, hunted in pockets, looked in closets, and yet there was no mitten.

He knew he had it on when he came in yesterday, and grandma, too, remembered to have seen it on his hand when he ran in after school, so it must be some-

where in the house, but where was it?

Now some one wished once that clothes were made with ears, so they could come when they were called. And I dare say Thaddy wished so very much that day, but mittens have only thumbs, not ears, and thumbs are of no use to help, when one is hunting

about to find something.

So the end of it was that Thaddy had to go to school with only one mitten, and the other hand was stuck into his pocket to keep it warm. In the course of the morning, Thaddy's mother thought she would make some cookies for tea, so she measured out her flour, and then took a cup to get the sugar, and there in the sugar bucket, she saw when she lifted up the cover, a little red mitten! Can our little readers guess how it could have got there, and let us know?

—"Some more cheese, please," said a small boy of

—"Some more cheese, please," said a small boy of eight to his papa at dinner. "No, my child," was the reply of the prudent parent; "you have already had enough. When I was a child I had to eat my bread and smell my cheese." "Well," said sonny, "please give me a piece to smell."

"My son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten. You'll get a black mark if you don't study," said Mrs. Mason.

"I don't care," replied the boy.

"You ought to care, my dear," replied the lady with a smile.

"I don't care," said James.

"'Don't care' will ruin that child," said Mrs. Mason to herself. "I will teach him a lesson that he will not forget."

When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the

house shouting: "Mother, I want my dinner."

"I don't care," replied Mrs. Mason.

James was puzzled. His mother had never treated him so before. He was silent awhile, then he spoke again: "Mother, I want something to eat."
"I don't care," was the cool reply.
"But recess will be over, mother, and I shall starve

if I don't get some dinner," urged James.

"I don't care," was all he got for an answer.

This was too much for the poor boy to endure, and he burst into tears.

His mother said: "My son, I want to make you feel the folly and sin of the habit you have of saying 'I don't care.' Suppose I did not really care for you, what would you do for dinner, for clothing, for a nice home, for an education? I hope, therefore, you will cease saying, 'I don't care.' "

James had never looked on the evil habit in this light before. He promised to do better, and after receiving a piece of pie, went to school, a wiser and,

I hope, a better boy also.

Wicked children have no resting place either in this world or the next.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

RANCIS was born of noble and pious parents, near Annecy, A. D. 1567, and studied with brilliant success at Paris and at Padua. On his return from Italy he gave up the grand career which his father had marked out for him in the service of the State, and became a priest. When the duke of Savoy had resolved to restore the Church in the Chablais, Francis offered himself for the work, and set out on foot with his Bible and breviary and one companion, his cousin, Louis de Sales. It was a work of toil, privation and danger. Every door and every heart were closed against him. He was rejected with insult and threatened with death; but nothing could daunt or resist him, and ere long the Church burst forth into a second spring. It is stated that he converted 72,000 Calvinists. He was then compelled by the Pope to become coadjutor bishop of Geneva, and succeeded to the see A. D. As bishop he was universal in his care, and his gentleness and sweetness won all hearts. In union with St. Frances de Chantal, he founded at Annecy the Order of the Visitation, which soon spread over Europe. Though poor, he refused provisions and dignities, and even the great see of Paris. His numerous writings are at once profound and simple, marked by a tender unction and sweet quaintness of illustration. He died at Lyons, December 28th, 1622. His body was borne to his daughters at Annecy, where it still rests.

January 30. St. Bathildes, Queen.

ATHILDES was an Englishwoman, who was carried over whilst yet young into France, and there sold for a slave, at a very low price, to Erkenwald, mayor of the palace under king Clovis II. When the present when her master was so much taken with her present.

she grew up, her master was so much taken with her prudence and virtue, that he placed her in charge of his household. The renown of her virtues spread through all France and king Clovis took her for his wife. This unexpected elevation produced no alteration in a heart so perfectly grounded in humility and the other virtues; she seemed

to become even more humble than before. Her new station furnished her the means of being truly a mother to the poor; the king gave her the sanction of his royal authority for the protection of the Church, the care of the poor, and the furtherance of all religious undertakings. The death of her husband left her regent of the kingdom. She at once forbade the enslavement of Christians, did all in her power to promote piety, and filled France with hospitals and religious houses. As soon as her son Clotaire was of an age to govern, she withdrew from the world and entered the convent of Chelles. Here she seemed entirely to forget her worldly dignity, and was to be distinguished from the rest of the community only by her extreme humility, her obedience to her spiritual superiors, and her devotion to the sick, whom she comforted and served with wonderful charity. As she neared her end, God visited her with a severe illness, which she bore with Christian patience until. on the 30th of January, 680, she yielded up her soul in devout prayer.

JANUARY 31. St. Peter Nolasco.

T. PETER of the noble family of Nolasco, was born in Languedoc, about 1189. At the age of twentyfive he was strongly urged to marry, but his heart from childhood had been given to the poor and the suffering, and after a night spent in prayer, Peter took a vow of chastity, and made over his vast estates to the He now followed Simon de Montfort in his crusade against the Albigenses, was appointed tutor to the son of the conquered king of Arragon, and sent into Spain with his charge. The sight of the Spanish Christian slaves. groaning under the tyranny of the Moors, inflamed Peter with indignation, and he longed to set them free. The Divine Will was soon manifested. The Blessed Virgin appeared on the same night to Peter, to Raymond of Pennafort, his confessor, and to James, king of Arragon, his ward, and bid them prosecute without fear their holy designs. After great opposition, the Order for the Redemption of Captives was solemnly established, and Peter was made the first general, and one of the first two ransomers. 138

For twenty-five years he toiled for the afflicted slaves, releasing them from bondage and from sin, and often by the example of his charity converting their Mohammedan masters. Worn out by his labors Peter died on Christmas-day 1256.

FEBRUARY 1. St. IGNATIUS, BISHOP, MARTYR.

T. IGNATIUS, bishop of Autioch, was the disciple of St. John. When Domitian persecuted the Church, St. Ignatius obtained peace for his own flock by fasting and prayer. But for his part he desired to suffer with Christ, and to prove himself a perfect disciple. In the year 107, Trajan came to Antioch, and forced the Christians to choose between apostacy and death. "Who art thou, poor devil," the emperor said, when Ignatius was brought before him, "who settest our commands at naught?" "Call not him 'poor devil,' "Ignatius answered, "who bears God with him." And when the emperor questioned him about his meaning, Ignatius explained that he bore in his heart Christ crucified for his sake. Thereupon the emperor condemned him to be torn to pieces by wild beasts at Rome. St. Ignatius thanked God, who had so honored him, "binding him in the chains of Paul, His Apostle."

He journeyed to Rome, guarded by soldiers, and with no fear, except of losing the martyr's crown. He was devoured by lions in the Roman amphitheatre. The wild beasts left nothing of his body, except a few bones, which were reverently treasured at Antioch, until their removal to the church of St. Clement at Rome, in 637. After the martyr's death, several Christiaus saw him in vision stand-

ing before Christ, and interceding for them.

FEBRUARY 2. THE PURIFICATION OF CANDLEMAS-DAY.

O-DAY the Church commemorates the Purification of the Blessed Virgin and the offering of the child Jesus in the temple. The Jewish law required that a woman, forty days after the birth of a boy, should present herself with her child in the temple, and

offering a lamb or a dove, be purified of her uncleanness. A second law required that the first-born son should be offered to God in the temple. Mary complied with these, as she did with all the exactions of the law, and although, by the conception and birth of our Lord, she was sanctified above all angels and men, rather than defiled, still she chose, as an example of humility, to obey a law from which she was exempt. The other remarkable event commemorated by the Church to-day is the prophecy of holy Simeon. It was promised to him by God that he should see the Messias before his departure from this world. Seeing the Child in Mary's arms, he beheld in Him, by divine inspiration, the long-promised Messias. He took the Divine Child reverently into his arms, embraced it tenderly, and cried with a loud voice: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace. Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: a light to the revelation of the gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." After this, he turned to the Virgin Mother, blessed her and said: "Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed." By these words holy Simeon not only foretold what would happen to the Virgin Mother, but also to her Divine Child. While Simeon spoke to the Blessed Virgin, Anna, a widow, eighty-four years of age, entered the temple. She was renowned, not only on account of the holy life she led, but also because of her gift of prophecy. No sooner did she behold the holy Child than her heart, like Simeon's overflowed with joy, because, by divine revelation, she recognized in Him the Savior of the world. She gave thanks and praises to the Most High, and spoke to those present of all that the Holy Spirit had foretold her of this Child. Mary and Joseph marveled at all they heard, pondered silently over it, and after having given thanks to God and performed all things according to the law, they returned to Nazareth.

This feast is called CANDLEMAS, because the Church blesses the candles to be borne in the procession of the day. 140

We introduce in this issue of the Youth's Companion a new Department under the title of Nuts to Crack, to which we intend to assign about one page a month, provided our young readers show some interest in it by sending answers to the puzzles, riddles &c., and writing new ones for publication. We propose giving a nice premium after a while to the most successful of our readers in writing and cracking "Nuts" for the Youth's Companion. Let all go to work.

ACROSTIC.

Sweet memories crowd upon my mind. I think how good you've been and kind: So slow to chide, so quick to cheer, To all you lent a patient car. Each woe consoled, proud mind repressed, Reproved, restrained, but ne'er oppressed; Men say that nought so good can last, And when I look upon the past, Recall I'd fain such years as those, Years whose vision brighter glows: For distance, with majestic mien, Lends more enchantment to the scene. Oft shall I 'fore memory's shrine Revere that gentle face of thine. E'en though this ode thy name doth praise, No yulgar eyes on it shall gaze: Concealed it lies securely here, Each letter still is plain and clear

New Westminster, B. C.

B. P.

ENIGMA.

Two words and twelve letters my name compose,
In this enigma the same I enclose:
My 10, 11 and 12 is a model of thrift,
My 5, 6, 7 and 3 you would like for a gift,
My 12, 2 and 4 is the French for style,
My 1, 8, 9 and 10 is a tropical isle.

Arrange these letters and you'll descry
The writer's name, so now good bye.

New Westminster, B, C.

* *

Answers to the above will be published as soon as received. Thanks to our New Westminster friends for the above original 'nuts' and also for others which will appear soon.

TIBULLETINE:

Tulalip, W. T. Oct. 13th, 1881.

To the Pupils of St. Ignatius' School.

My dear Friends.

As I have heard so much about the girls of St. Ignatius, I thought I would write a few lines to them. Though I never had the happiness of seeing you, yet I thought I would try to get acquainted with you by means of a letter. As we vere often told by the inspectors that you were the most advanced of the Indian schools, and being under the charge of the Sisters of

the same Order, it makes us more free to write.

I am glad to inform you that we have a paper that is printed every month by our parish priest. Rev. Father Boulet, and we would be very glad to have some of your letters or compositions to be printed on the paper, so as to give us a rest now and then. I am only four years in school, so you don't need to expect much from me, and besides. I have a poor head for composing. Hoping that I may become smart as some of you later on.

Here we are only twenty girls, but I think we will have some more girls soon. Please remember us ic your fervent prayers, and rest assured that you have the best wishes of

Your affectionate friend.

Lucy Frinkbunuer, Child of Mary.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

Although we are sorry to leave the beautiful month of October, the month of the holy Angels, yet we are happy to think at the same time that the month of November, dedicated to the souls in Purgatory, is approaching.

If we were very careful to offer all the little actions we do during the day for the poor souls that are burning, surely we would deliver many of them from there, then we would be sure that there is some body that is praying for us in heaven; for when it will be our turn to go and atone for our sins, we will be very glad that we did some little penances for those who will be praying for us when we will be suffering in the fire of Purgatory.

God being infinitely just, He does not want anything soiled in heaven. So if we don't suffer in this world, we will suffer in the next world. We will therefore try to do something for the souls in Purgatory, so they will pray for us, and when we die they will beg of God to have mercy on us, and take us where God, the Blessed Virgin and all the holy Saints are.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Spring is a very lovely season. Everybody delights to be out doors, to enjoy the pure air. In the fields some of the farmers are plowing, others are sowing their crops or preparing the ground for their vegetables. We see the birds in the trees flying about. They seem very happy, and are singing their sweetest songs. In the woods spring up beautiful wild flowers which we pick, some for our church, and others for our little oratory of St. Aloysius in our schoolroom.

Then summer comes; it is the hottest of all the seasons. The berries are ripe and people, old and young, are picking them for their use. When it is very hot, no one likes to work outside in the sun, but the hay and grain must be cut and stored away. This is a very busy season for farmers.

After this we have autumn. The heat of the summer isgone, and we must now provide wood and fill up our sheds as much as we can, to keep us warm in the cold winter days, for already we feel the cold a little in the morning. Besides this we gather our vegetables and fruits, and keep them in a safe place, but sometimes the rats and mice have a good time with them

Now comes the terrible and dreaded winter. How we like to have warm clothes, and fire is a precious thing. But there are many poor people who have no homes, and no fire to keep them warm. On the western coast of North America the winters are milder than on the eastern coast. We have snow in December and January. It does not stay long, but people make good use of it while it lasts.

William Lear.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 23 boys and 20 girls. The actual number now is 23 and 20 respectively. Is published monthly at the following rates:
From 1 to 9 copies, 50 cents per yearly subscription.

" 100 and upwards, 25 " " "

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and money orders to be made payable at the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to

(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.
Tulalip Indian Reservation.

Snohomish Co., W. T.

ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM KIND FRIENDS.

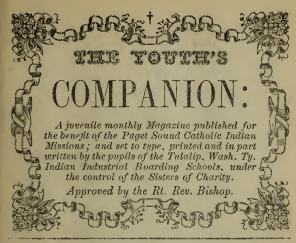
The Rev. Superioress of the Baker City Academy writes: As a slight aid in your zealous endeavors you will find enclosed—for the Y. C. for one year. Assuring you of our prayers for the success of your missions, I remain &c.

Rev. B. Orth writes:—Pardon for my long, indeed, too long delay in contributing my little mite (he should have said large mite, Ed. Y. C.) towards the good work you are accomplishing in the vineyard of our Blessed Lord. Enclosed you will find a Money Order &c.

Rev. A. Bronsgeest writes:—I enclose——sent by Mrs. Chapman and myself. It is my ardent wish that you may be successful in your editorial career and still more in your strenuous efforts to christianize Indians, to make of them moral men and women, fit members of the civil and of the celestial society.

Rev. L. Schram writes:—Excuse me for not writing sooner, or rather subscribing sooner; of course you know that Father Schram is always late anyhow. Please send ten copies of your "Youth's Companion" with all the back Nos. If I don't forget I'll get an eagle, perhaps a double eagle for you. (We will see that you "don't forget." as we are quite fond of this kind of "wild poultry." Ed. Y. C.)

Rev. P. Poaps sends good wishes and pays for 10 copies.



Vol. I. DECEMBER, 1881. No. 7.

WHAT A YAKAMA INDIAN THOUGHT OF WRITING AND PAPER.



EARS ago, my dear young friends, Indians had not the happiness of going to school and learning to read, and they had a very queer idea of paper. They called paper all kinds of writing and books, and they thought it was a kind of spirit that could hear and see

the actions of men, but it could speak only to the eyes.

To give an exact idea of their notions on this matter, I will relate to you what an old Indian told me two or three years ago. I was one day writing letters, when he came in to ask me to help him out of his troubles. He said he wanted to go to holy communion the next day, and of course he must go to confession first, "but," said he, "I have not been able to find one sin, although I have searched my heart through and through. What am I to do?"

What do you think of that, boys and girls? I hope you are always in the good old man's fix. This is

not the story, though. Here it is:

After I had settled his difficulty, Ignatius (that was his name) asked me what I was marking paper for. I answered that I was sending news to my father. "Now," said he, "ain't it astonishing how intelligent paper is? You just tell him this and that, send him away, no matter where, and sure enough, he will get to the place, and do what you tell him. I will tell you, Black Robe, (name by which priests are called by different Indian tribes) what happened to me some

time ago, to show you how smart paper is.

I was asked to guide some Soeahpoos (Americans) to the California mines. When we arrived there, they gave me several nice blankets and some money. I had only one horse, so I put the blankets in a box, and gave it to some Indians to take to the Great Village (San Francisco), and leave it to a Canadian friend of mine until I should go for it. I started back for Oregon, but my heart felt very bad. I was afraid those Indians would steal those blankets, or that I would never be able to get my box from the Big Village; so my heart was turning around, my mind was heavy, and I felt bad. But it was too late and I kept on.

Arrived in Oregon, I went right off to the Black Robe, and I told him how my heart was sick on ac-

count of my box. 'Never mind,' said he, 'I will send a paper after your box, and it will come, if you only know the name of the Canadian who is taking care of it.' He then took a paper, marked it all over, then folded it, then he put it in a little yellow sack; he also marked the sack a little, and told me it was all right.

That made my heart laugh, and I was consoled for a little while. But after a while I thought to myself, How can the paper find my box? He has never seen it; he don't know the Canadian either. So I supposed the Black Robe only wanted to give me a good heart. Still, how could the Black Robe lie? Impossible!

And my heart kept on feeling bad and heavy.

Before leaving, the Black Robe told me to wait two Sundays, and then go to the wharf and look for the box. Two Sundays passed, and then I heard the big musket speak, and knew the fire canoe (steamer) had come from the Big Village. I ran down to the wharf, and saw the big canoe. It was opened on the side, and oh, if you had seen all the boxes sliding down from it! They were sliding, sliding, sliding, and my heart was turning and beating hard. Perhaps my box is there, I thought, perhaps not. Did the Black Robe say that only for fun, or did he speak from the heart? I continued to watch the boxes, when all at oncewould you believe it?-out slides my own box! the very one, tied with the same horse-hair rope, and in the same condition as I had left it". Here, to mark his astonishment, the old Indian put his hand on his mouth, and made a long exclamation "A-a-a-a-m!" and then he said: "Attei! attei! wapsoh hesh e wah teemash! (oh! oh! how intelligent paper is!)"

Old Ignatius could not get over his surprise at the proofs of intelligence paper gave him. How much he would have given, he said, to understand the language paper speaks, in order to send and receive news. "Paper," said he, "knows more than white men even; because a white man who knows nothing, takes paper, looks at it a long time, and paper tells him things that honever knew before. Then paper knows more than people do. Paper has the best kind of memory, and never forgets, although people do."

You can easily see, dear young friends, the lameness of the old Indian's logic, because you have the happiness to know the principles by which writing carries ideas to our minds. How thankful you must be to the good God for such a favor bestowed on you. In order to show Him your gratefulness, be studious and obedient, and do all you can to be in Ignatius' fix every time you go to confession. L. N. Sr. O.

CHILDREN—Swearing is abominable and a most heinous crime in the sight of God. It is the language of devils and not of Christians, it injures none but the one who practices it; vulgar language is disgusting; loud laughing is impolite; inquisitiveness is offensive; tattling is mean; telling lies is contemptible; slandering is devilish; ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable,-walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor,-pride is a curse-a hateful vice. Never act the part of a hypocrite; keep good company; speak the truth at all times, and remember that a good conscience is more to be desired than all the richess of the world. How sweet are the slumbers of the child who can lie down on his pillow and review the actions of the day without condemning himself. Try and see.

EUGENE DROLET:

-OR THE

MODEL SCHOLAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

REV. SAUL GENDRON.



TULALIP, W. T.
St. Ann's Indian Mission Press.
1881.

PREFACE.

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E commence in this issue of the Youth's Companion the publication of a somewhat extended biographical sketch of a student of St. Hyacinth College, in Canada, who died a holy death twenty-two years ago, but whose memory, kept fresh from year to year, is a constant subject of edification. The name of Eugene Drolet is, to this day, never pronounced but with a certain degree of veneration, on account of the fame, we might say, of sanctity which he has left in that Institution.

The rapid progress which Eugene Drolet made in the road of perfection is due in a great measure to the enlightened zeal, goodness of heart, and ardent love of God and of souls of his pious Director, Rev. Saul Gendron, who, after the untimely death of his youthful penitent, became likewise his Biographer. Alas! it is from the tomb that the voice, whose echo we will hear throughout these pages, reaches us, for the Rev. Father, who was also the Director of the translator of this biography during his college life, went to his reward some ten years ago.

With this short preface we enter at once upon our labor of love, begging of our young readers a careful perusal of the following pages, exhibiting, in simple and unpretending language, the many virtues of one of their own class and age. Hoping that they will not only read, but religiously treasure up and put to practice the shining lessons therein contained, this will amply reward us for this labor undertaken for

their sake and spiritual profit.

EUGENE DROLET:

OR THE

MODEL SCHOLAR.

CHAPTER I.

EUGENE'S EARLY CHILDHOOD.



JGENE DROLET was born in St. Elizabeth, Diocese of Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada, on the 1st of September, 1842. He descended from a very respectable family; his father, Oliver Drolet, was twin brother of the late Rev. Hector Drolet, who died

parish priest of St. Jude; and his mother, Eulalia Pelletier, belonged to one of the most honorable families of Montreal.

This pious mother, knowing that virtue is the most beautiful ornament of a Christian, ever applied herself with the greatest care to implant it early in the hearts of her children, whom she most tenderly loved. Eugene, nevertheless, seemed to hold a place of predilection in the heart of this good mother on account of the happy dispositions, which already clearly indicated the high degree of perfection to which he was to attain in the near future.

His precocious intelligence from his tenderest infancy caused him to derive much benefit from the early religious instruction imparted to him. The first words he learned to pronounce, along with the names of his parents, were the holy names of Jesus and Mary. He delighted everyone by his ready answers to the questions made to him on Christian doctrine, and he soon learned to recite with facility the daily prayers which other children often take years to master.

Gifted with a lively and inquisitive mind, and a happy memory, to which were due the rapid progress he made in the little religious science acquired at his mother's knee, Eugene had moreover received from heaven a warm heart, capable of the greatest sacrifices and ever ready to all the promptings of grace. God had also prevented him with blessings of sweetness, which prepared his soul to receive the impress of all the virtues.

From his earliest childhood he manifested an extraordinary devotion towards the Blessed Virgin; a devotion which, as it is well known, is one of the surest signs of predestination. He himself declares, in his after life, that his tender mother had inspired him with various kinds of pious practices towards Mary, and that one of the first prayers taught him after the Our Father and Hail Mary, was the Memorare of St. Bernard. On this account the Blessed Virgin never forsook her little servant already so devoted to her. Eugene acknowledges having been the object of her special protection on one occasion in which he was in great danger. One day he had been left alone in the woods by his father who was working at some distance: all at once he heard the growling of a bear a few steps from him. Although quite frightened, Eugene had recourse to Mary, as he said afterwards, with more fervor than ever in his life. The ferocious animal soon went away; and the pious child, full of gratitude towards his protectress, thanked her with his whole heart, and from this to the last day of his life he ever firmly believed that the Blessed Virgin was watching over him in a most special manner.

Another practice of devotion peculiar to all the saints was also noticed in Eugene at a very early age; it was his love of the cross which was destined, later on, to inundate his soul with consolations in prayer, and to almost entirely occupy his mind during the last days of his life. Whilst yet but a child it was his delight to make little crosses which he would hang

about his room and at the head of his bed.

Already he had adopted the useful practice of examining his conscience at the end of each day. This pious habit, which, as he himself tells us, he had contracted in his infancy, was a means by which he daily purified his delicate conscience from the stains it might have incurred, at an age when heedlessness is the ordinary motive of our actions. This practice was for him a preservative against the dangers to which he was exposed at a later period of his life, and he faithfully persevered in it until the end.

It was in these dispositions that he commenced to attend the schools of his native parish, where his splendid talents and a great application caused him

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to make rapid progress in his first studies. He generally held the first place in his class, and always drew the well merited applause of those who visited his school. His teacher did not cease to praise him on all occasions, and to show him repeated proofs of his good-will and affection. Obliging with his young companions, agreeable by his cheerfulness and wit, his friendship and society was sought by all. The good example which he gave in all circumstances, and above all his fervent piety, earned for him the esteem and respect of all.

Often after school, instead of going home immediately, he would be seen entering the church, and there satisfy his relish for prayer and his rising fervor towards the adorable Sacrament of the altar.

Everything connected with the divine worship. decorating churches, religious ceremonies, &c., singularly attracted his attention. He always considered it a great honor for him to have a place in the sanctuary, and especially to be allowed to serve at mass. This occupation, which is often distasteful to boys of a less lively faith, was always fulfilled by Eugene with the greatest pleasure. He would willingly sacrifice his rest and recreations in order to perform this holy function coveted by, and highly honorable to the angels themselves. He would serve several masses in succession when the rule or the circumstances allowed him to do so. He acquitted himself of this task with such gravity, modesty and piety, as to greatly edify the assistants. Several priests, at whose mass he served, assure that their devotion during the holy sacrifice was increased at the sight of his profound recollection and fervor.

Eugene made his first communion at the age of

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ten years. Attentive to the early lessons of his pious mother and to the teachings of a zealous pastor, he readily adopted the different practices of piety suggested to him for a due preparation to this great action. It is generally at this period of life that one lays the foundation of solid virtue and ardent piety: that one reaps those abundant graces, the effects of which are felt until death, and by which salvation is often secured. Eugene well understood these truths, and he applied himself diligently to uproot all his defects, even the most trivial: to purify his heart and to adorn it with the brightest virtues in order to place no obstacle to the work of God.

As a new vase preserves for a long time the odor of the first liquid with which it was filled, in like manner the soul of this pious child always retained the impression which the reception of the body and blood of Jesus Christ had made in his heart, and it is from this date especially that he commenced to grow in wisdom and grace before God and man. He experienced a continual hunger for this celestial food, which, as we shall see later on, was for him a source of unutterable happiness. Eugene always remembered with emotion the day on which Jesus Christ had, for the first time, entered into his heart. It was for him the beginning of a new life, of a life in God by the close union which he, from this time, always endeavored to maintain between his sentiments and actions and those of Jesus, thus putting in practice, even before having been explicitly made aware of it, the recommendation which St. Paul makes to the Christians of his day in these words: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." (Philip. 2-5.)

CHAPTER II.

EUGENE'S ENTRANCE IN COLLEGE.

HE year of 1854 was one of painful trials for Eugene's family. A contagious disease, then prevailing, made great ravages in Canada, claiming some victims in almost every parish. But St. Elizabeth's parish was perhaps one of the most afflicted by that terrible scourge—the cholera. The death of Mr. Oliver Drolet, after only a few hours of sickness, caused great consternation throughout the whole neighborhood, and plunged his family in extreme desolation. Eugene was then old enough to realize his loss, so that this death produced in his soul a deep and lasting impression. The remembrance of his father very often came to his mind, during his stay in the college as well as when at home. He would relate to his professors and fellow-students the most minute circumstances of this sorrowful event with such earnestness and emotion, as to cause every one to sympathize with him at the misfortune of his family. Every day he prayed for his father, and offered all the indulgences he could gain, in order to obtain his speedy entrance into heaven. It seems that his prayer was heard. A few months before his deads, Eugene told his sister, that being one day in the chapel praying for his father, he believed he hear a voice saying to him: "Cease to pray, thy father is in heaven;" and he added: "I was not dreaming, I almost sure to have heard that; you know that I have never forgotten our papa. 156

how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory: for the memory thereof is immortal: because it is known both with God and with men. Wis. 4—1.

Do not defile your souls, lest you be unclean. Lev.11.

The innocent shall be saved; and he shall be saved

by the cleanness of his hands. Job, 22-30.

Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord: or who shall stand in his holy place? The innocent in hands, and clean of heart, who hath not taken his soul in vain, nor sworn deceitfully to his neighbor. Ps. 23-3.

The Lord knoweth the days of the undefiled; and their inheritance shall be for ever. Psalm 36—18.

Create a clean heart in me, O God: and renew a right spirit within my bowels. Psalm 50—12.

He will not deprive of good things them that walk

in innocence. Psalm 83-13.

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Let my heart be undefiled in thy justifications, that I may not be confounded. Ps. 118-1.

The perverse way of a man is strange: but as for him that is pure, his work is right. Prov. 21—8.

He that loveth cleanliness of heart, for the grace of his lips shall have the king for his friend. Prov. 22-11.

No price is worthy a continent soul. Eccli. 26—20. Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God. Matth. 5—8.

Dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of the flesh and of the spirit, perfecting sanctification in the fear of God. 2 Cor. 7—1.

But the fruit of the Spirit is, charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, chastity. Galat. 5-22, 23.

For God hath not called us to uncleanness, but to

holiness. 1 Thess. 4-7.

ND when God had seen that the earth was corrupted (for all flesh had corrupted its way upon earth,) he said to Noe: The end of all flesh is come before me, the earth is filled with iniquity through them, and I will destroy them with the earth. Gen. 6-12, 13.

Thon shalt not commit adultery. Exod. 20—14. Remove anger from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. For youth and pleasure are vain.

Eccles. 11—10.

Go not after thy lusts: but turn away from thy own will. If thou give to thy soul her desires, she will make thee a joy to thy enemies. Eccli. 18—30, 31.

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, so as to obey the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of iniquity unto sin. Rom. 5-12, 13.

And they who are in the flesh cannot please God. Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live according to the flesh. For if you live according to the flesh, you shall die. But if by the spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live. Rom. 8–8, 12, 13.

I say then, walk in the Spirit, and you shall not

fulfil the lusts of the flesh. Galat. 5—16.

But fornication and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not so much as be named among you, as becometh saints: for know ye this and understand that no fornicator, nor unclean, nor covetous person hath inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God. Ephes. 5—3, 5.

But flee thou youthful desires; and follow justice, faith, charity, and peace, with those who call on the

Lord from a pure heart. 2 Tim. 2-22.

Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, to refrain yourselves from carnal desires, which war against the soul. 1 Peter, 2—11.

Jesus, my God, my Savior, my all,
Have mercy on me, when I do fall.
Raise me again, by thy almighty power,
I promise amendment from this very hour.

The ways of the Lord are true and just,
In His sweet name I put my trust,
For my soul His precious blood did flow,
'Twas by Him made as white as snow.

Come, little children, let us praise our dear Lord, His numerous blessings we cannot record; If we be faithful to His holy law, Our bliss will be such as no eye ever saw.

KIND WORDS.

Whate'er may be your lot on earth, In youth or age, of state or birth, Though noble lord, or guard of herds, On all occasions use KIND WORDS.

The aged father's hoary hairs, And form bent low with toilsome cares, The mother's care-worn tender heart, Demand that peace KIND WORDS impart.

A sister's weak and tender youth, A brother's loving aim for truth, A friend's respect, all from thee claim The bonds of love, KIND WORDS inflame.

Hast thou a foe, yet once a friend, And fain would bring this strife to end? Thy weapon need not be the sword, But simply lend one gentle word.

Then poisoned hearts, eject your spleen, And smiling faces will be seen; Thus peace and joy will fill your soul: What harsh can't do, KIND WORDS control.

So young or old, if you would bless Your days on earth with happiness, Employ KIND WORDS; while in your youth, WORDS you will ne'er regret in truth.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited with a piece of cheese; It tickled so a little mouse, it almost made him sneeze. An old rat said: "there's danger; be careful where you go!" Nonsense!" said the other; "I don't think you know!" So he walked in boldly, nobody in sight; First he took a nibble, then he took a bite; Close the trap together snapped, as quick as wink. Catching mousey fast there, 'cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey, fond of her own way, Wouldn't ask the old ones where to go or stay. She said: "I'm not a baby; here I am half-grown; Surely I am big enough to run about alone!" Off she went; but somebody, hiding, saw her pass; Soon, like snow, her feathers covered all the grass. So she made a supper for a sly young mink. 'Cause she was so headstrong that she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin lived outside the door, Who wanted to go inside and hop upon the floor. "No, no," said the mother, "you must stay with me; Little birds are safest sitting in a tree." 'I don't care," said robin. and gave his tail a fling—"I don't think the old folks know quite everything." Down he flew, and Kitty seized him before he'd time to blink. "Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry, but I didn't think."

Now, my little children, you who read this song, Don't you see what trouble comes of thinking wrong? And can't you take a warning from their dreadful fate. Who began their thinking when it was too late? Don't think there's always safety where no danger shows: Don't suppose you know more than anybody knows: But, when you're warned of ruin, pause upon the brink; And don't go under headlong, 'cause you didn't think.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty; Rev. Fathers F X Bouvier, J Pinasco, A J Croquet & P M Ponziglione; Mrs. M J Harper, C Freeze W Clarke & A Padden; Messrs. G Hartness, P B Sinnott, Q Payne, C Jules, M J Sweeney & J J Moroney; to all of whom we tender our cordial thanks.

Periodicals received: the Catholic Journal of Holyoke, l'Abeille of Lowell, Mass., & the Archangel of Portland. Also several bundles of reading matter for our schools from the Carroll Institute, Washington, D. C., through the kindness of Major E. Mallet, Many thanks for the same.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We are indebted to the kindness of a very warm friend of our little Magazine for a copy of a letter which we gladly publish elsewhere. It was written by an Indian boy on his way from Standing Rock Agency, D. T., to St. Meinrad's Benedictine Monastery, where he is to follow a regular course of studies. We take this occasion to request our other Rev. co-laborers in this arduous portion of the Lord's vineyard, both regular and secular, to be so kind as to send us for publication, from time to time, letters from their present or former pupils, interesting anecdotes, such as the one which appears on the first pages of this issue, or any edifying conversions, deaths, incidents or occurrences that may come under their observation in the exercise of their holy ministry among the Indians. We wish to be plainly understood by our Rev. missionary brethren that our little Magazine is not intended to be the organ of one or two only, but of all the Catholic Indian missions throughout the whole extent of our common country. Small and unpretending as our little Monthly now is, we have full confidence in its future usefulness. Having been called into existence, it means to live and stay, and become a power for good in the land of its nativity and in the sphere it has marked out for itself. We beg, moreover, to assure our friends and patrons that the Youth's Companion will grow in size and comprehensiveness of aims with the patronage and wants that shall necessitate its growth. Our readers will, no doubt, have noticed that we give them in this No. 28 pages of interesting reading matter instead of 24 as here-

tofore. It is our intention to give them as much, and even more, in each subsequent issue, provided that the time we can spare from our missionary duties will allow it, and the exertions of our readers, young and old, in extending our circulation, will warrant the increased amount of labor and expense. Now then, for a pull all around, and for a pull altogether! We wish to commence the new year with a list of a thousand bona-fide subscribers. The Youth's Companion asks for an additional subscriber (a greater number of course would not be refused) from each of its readers as its Christmas Box. It is not at all bashful in making this request as it thinks that, besides the laudable object it has in view—the support of these destitute Indian Missions-its increasing number of pages and departments, its new and more expensive dress, and its fair and sincere promises of still greater improvements in the near future—all this, it thinks, fully entitles it to the favorable hearing of its kind and indulgent patrons and real friends.

The following tells its own tale; but more anon.

APPEAL!

I am a poor orphan boy, fifteen or sixteen years of age. with a very sad prospect before me. Just two ago this month, a terrible accident happened to me; I fell from a wagon and was run over, the joint of one of my knees being so fractured that my limb had to be amputated seven or eight inches above the knee. Since my mishap I have been obliged to use crutches and consequently unable to provide for myself; but the kind Sisters of Charity in Portland, Vancouver and Tulalip have, in turn, given me a good home, for which I hope God will reward them. Since the starting of the Youth's Companion I have tried to make myself useful about the printing office, both distributing and setting up type, being the only work I can do in my infirm state. Having lately seen a catalogue of artificial limbs, I was induced by Rev. Father Boulet, who kindly granted me the use of the pages of his little Magazine, to appeal to the christian generosity of its young readers, and through them, to that of their charitably-disposed pare, is and friends to come to my relief in my great misfortune. by affording me the means of purchasing an artificial limb. Your unfortunate suppliant, A. E. Simmons.

TICOBNEE.

THE FATHER AND HIS SONS.

FATHER had seven sons, who often quarreled with each other. Engrossed by their quarrels and contentions, they neglected their work. Nay, it went so far, that some evil-minded people thought to turn this difference to their own advantage, in order to deprive the children of their inheritance on the death of their father.

The venerable old man had all his seven sons assembled together one day, and laid before them seven sticks, which were firmly bound together.

"Whichever of you," said he, "can break this bundle of sticks asunder, I will give him a hundred

crowns upon the spot."

One after the other, each of them strained every nerve, and each of them said, after a long and vain attempt: "It is utterly impossible."

"And yet," said the father, "nothing is easier."
He loosened the bundle, and broke one stick after

the other by a slight effort.

"Ah!" said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it in that way—in that way any little boy could do it."

"Yes," said the father; "and as it is with these sticks, so it is with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together, you will stand, and no man will be able to overpower you. But if the bond of union which ought to bind you together be loosened, your fate will be that of the sticks, which lie here broken on the ground around us."

Little children, love one another.

ID you ever see a gutta percha (*) face? And did you ever amuse yourself with pinching it one way, and pulling it another, and seeing what different ex-

pressions it will put on?

Now, dear young friends, your little faces are softer than gutta percha, and they are full of the little strings called muscles, and the little muscles pull them one way and another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face in a very doleful expression, and we know. by looking at you, how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry, and the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples. But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and oh. what a disagreeable look the face gets on in a minute! Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or deceit, and each brings its own expression over the face. The worst of it is, that when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before; but the muscles harden and retain their ugly expression.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, has had the passion of anger pulling at it so often, that it always wear a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to lie and steal, he can not

make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces that everybody will love to look at? "Then do not let the ugly passions get hold of the strings." Put them into the hands of love, charity, good will, truth and honesty; and then you will have beautiful faces.

^(*) Pronouced pertsha, a substance similar to india-rubber. Malayan words meaning the juice of the percha tree.

ins, who had been used to calumniste and persecute the 'hristians, asked her, in mockery, to send him 'apples or roses from the garden of her Spouse.' The Saint promised to grant his request, and just before she died, a little child stood by her side bearing three apples and three roses. She bade him take them to 'Theophilus, and the ganden of him this was the present which he sought from the ganden of her spouse. St. Dorothy had gone to heaven, and Theophilus was still making merry over his challenge to the Saint, when the child entered his room. He saw that the child was an angel in disguise, and the fruit and flowers of no garthly growth. He was converted to the faith, and then warehing the martyrdom of St. Dorothy.

FEBRUARY 7. ST. ROMUALD, ABBOT.

N 976, Sergius, a nobleman of Ravenna, quarrelled with a relation about an estate, and slew him in duel.

Castro, on the 19th of June, 1027. told twenty years before, alone, in his monastery of Val in solitude and complete silence. He died, as he had foremany great men of his time. He once passed seven years martyrs for the Faith. He was an intimate friend of the emperor St. Henry, and was reverenced and consulted by apostles of Russia, and Sts. John and Benedict of Poland. Among his first disciples were Sts. Adalbert and Boniface. and his white-clothed monks ascending by it to heaven. He is said to have seen here a vision of a mystic ladder. der his rule. His disciples were hence called Camaldolese. a number of separate cells for the solitaries who lived unplace, where he built a church, which he surrounded with the chief of which was that at Camaldoli, a wild desert the evil spirits. St. Romuald founded many monasteries. they led a most austere life in the midst of assaults from joined by Peter Urseolus, duke of Venice, and together forty days' penance for him. This penance ended in his own vocation to religion. After three years at Classe, Romusid went to live as a hermit near Venice, where he was tered the Benedictine monastery at Classe, to do a His son Romuald, horrified at his father's crime, en-

Ghost. sweet fragrance which issued from this temple of the Holy resurrection, they beheld the skin still entire, and felt the on opening the tomb in which her body lies waiting for the tion, and found safety by this means; and in modern times, people of Catania have exposed her veil for public venera-Again and again, during the eruption of Mount Etna, the shown His tender regard for the very body of St. Agatha. Him for protection. And down to this day Christ has she followed Him in virginal purity, and then looked to St. Agatha gave herself without reserve to Jesus Christ;

FEBRUARY 6.

Зт. Dокотит, Vівсіи, Мактти.

ernor Sapricius came to Cæsarea, he called her before him, in the Diocletian persecution, and when the gov-Her parents seem to have been martyred before her Cæsarea, where she lived, for her angelie virtue. T. DOROTHY was a young virgin, celebrated at

"aiting for her. and sent this child of martyrs to the home where they were

me to Thy nuptial chamber." Lover of souls! who dost call me to Paradise, and invitest was sentenced to be beheaded. "blessed be Thon, O Thon hot iron plates. "Blessed be Thon," she cried, when she she was buffeted in the face, and her sides burnt with redbe in heaven rejoicing with the angels." Her joy grew as brought back two souls to Christ, and because I shall soon her the cause of her joy. "Because," she said, "I have self was amazed at the heavenly look she wore, and asked When she was set once more on the rack, Sapricius himrekindled the flame in theirs, and led them back to Christ. that they might pervert her; but the fire of her own heart women who had tallen away from the Paith, in the hope death her desire." She was then placed in charge of two But she replied, that "Christ was her only Spouse, and if she would consent to sacrifice, or death if she refused. She was stretched upon the rack, and offered marriage

that on the road to her passion a lawyer called Theophi-St. Dorothy suffered in the dead of winter, and it is said

49 I

.8781 erate feuds. He died amidst the tears of his flock, A. D. ened the most violent, and enabled him to reconcile invet-In a time of turbulence the peace within his own soul softall love for sinners, and moved even the hardest hearts. of vine-twigs. But if he was unsparing to himself he was and took the discipline: every night he lay on a hard bed wasted in sin. Every day he recited the Penitential Psums alted by God, Andrew could never forget the years he had convent and then bishop of Fiesole. Although thus exlength, after herole perseverance, he became prior of his of Mount Carmel. Mary shielded him through the dark the world and sin, and to enter there and then the Order secrated so long before, obtained the grace to break with

ST. AGATHA, VIRGIX, MARTYR, KEBRUARY 5.

he was at the time. "O Jesus Chirist," she cried, as she ext for summoning her from Palermo to Catania, where wealth, and he made the laws against the Christians a preperor Decius, had heard the rumor of her beauty and chastity. Quintanus, who governed Sieily under the em-In the midst of dangers and temptations she served Christ in purity of body and soul, and she died for the love of and consecrated to God from her earliest infancy. T. AGATHA was born in Sicily of rich and noble parents—a child of benediction from the first, for she was promised to her parents before her birth,

He sent the Prince of His Apostles to heal her. And mus turned from passion to ernelty, and cut off her breasts, "Ohrist alone is my life and my salvation." When Quintaoffer of her life and safety, if she would but consent to sin: of an evil woman. He gave her strength to reply to the herself so utterly to Him. He kept her pure and undefiled, while she was imprisoned for a whole month in charge And our Lord did indeed preserve one who had given Freserve me against the tyrant." set out on this dreaded journey, "all that I am is Thine;

her prayer and took her to Himself. asked that her torments might be ended, her Spouse heard when, after she had been rolled naked upon potsherds, she

PEBRUARY 3.

ST. BLASE, BISHOP, MARTYR.

nuch of the miseries of life and the hollowness of sician. In the practice of his profession he saw so study of philosophy, and afterwards became a phy-T. BLASE devoted the earlier years of his life to the

nally he was beheaded in the year 316. first scourged; his body was then torn with hooks, and fito worship the false gods of the heathens, St. Blase was fectually solicited in cases of a similar disease. Refusing was cured; and since that time his aid has often been efat her grief, the Saint offered up his prayers, and the child feet of St. Blase and implored his intercession. Touched child was dying of a throat disease, threw herself at the Whilst on his way there, a distracted mother, whose only Licinius, our Saint was seized and hurried off to prison. nia, having degun a persecution by order of the emperor Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia and the lesser Armedocking to him for the cure of bodily and spiritual ills. tested by many miracles. From all parts the people came great virtues and sanctity of this servant of God was atpeople as much by his example as by his words, and the to succeed him. St. Blase at once began to instruct his gratification of the inhabitants of that city, was appointed baste, in Armenia, having died, our Saint, much to the ments to become a physician of souls. The bishop of Sedays in the service of God, and from a healer of bodily ailworldly pleasures, that he resolved to spend the rest of his

ЕЕВИСУИЛ 🕂

ST. ANDREW CORSINI, BISHOP.

prayer, and his mother never ceased to implore kind of sin. Yet he had been born in answer to families of Florence, in his youth fell into every ADREW, who belonged to one of the noblest

691 church, and, kneeling before her to whom he had been conwords smote Andrew's heart. He went to the Carmelite his birth, and had vowed him to God and our Lady. Her he had caused her, and told him how she had longed for her unusual insolence, she reproached him with the sorrow God's merey on his soul. One day when he had shown

TIBULLE TINE

ROLL OF HONOR

— OF THE — TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Order and Neatness.

THOMAS EWYE, EDWARD PRESTON, Norbert Hilaire. E. I'RINKBUNNER, Lucy Frinkbunner, Theresa Debahad, Agatha Bagley.

Composition and application to writing.

WILLIAM LEAR, JUSTIN SHELTON, THOMAS EWYE. L. FRINKBUNNER, CELINA ST. LOUIS, Agatha Bagley, Mary Girard.

Good conduct, polite deportment, obedience and general application to study.

W. "LEAR,
FRANCIS LECLAIR
A. E. SIMMONS,
JOHN ALEXIS,
JUSTIN SHELTON.
DAVID TOBEY.

Application to manual labor and farming.

JOHN ALEXIS,

JUSTIN SHELTON,

ATHAN. SHELTON,

HENRY CHARLES.

ALICE HOWARD, Emma Dawson, Louisa Ling.

Application to sewing and cutting out.

E. FRINKBUNNER, JULIANNA KWINA, Sarah Lake.

House-work and cooking.

THERESA DEBAHAD, Louisa Ling. Conception, Mo., Sept. 12th 1881.

Dear Father Chrysostem, Standing Rock.

seen n any things on the road. I would like to tell you every thing, but would have to write day and night. It took us from standing Rock to Bismark one day. There I saw the Rail Road for the first time. I never could imagine what a lail Road was, but now I know it. I always thought borses pull some kind of wagon, which is called Rail Road. The horses, as you know, yourself, eat nothing but wood and water, and want neither hav. corn or oats, fire wood and water make them run. It goes nice and swift. In a day and a night I come to St. Paul. There I stay 7 hours, and walk most all through the town. saw many fine houses, stores and stables, saw many things which I never saw before. We bought a nice big water melon there for 10 cents, all four of us could not eat it at once, also mush melons for 5 cents a piece, they were very good. We also were by a man, I don't know how it comes. he was so friendly and so good to us like if he know us long ago. Every body looked at us; but we are getting used to it now. In one day and night we come to Sioux City. We staved there 8 hours. In a half day we came to Council Blufts, many nice buildings, then we came to Maryville. I saw there two Fathers and many Sisters, they were friendly and were very glad to see Indians. We come to Conception: the Fathers and Brothers were looking for us. Father Abbot Frowin gave us wine and bread and a plate full of grapes, it was very good. We are now nine days here, we all feel good and happy and we get plenty to eat. The grapes are very near as big as the plums in Dakota are, they taste very good. We will stay here 2 or 3 days yet, then we will see brother Giles' father and then we go to St. Meiorad, then I will write for the boys. Tell mother not to be atraid, I will be a good boy, and pray for her and for you, God will bless her. I wish all Indians would see and know what I now know. I wish all would know God, love him and do his holy will. All Indians should love the Catholic priests and be baptized. I will pray every day for them. I am your dear and loving Fintan Mantohna.

The "Nut Cracking Department" crowded out this month.

Rev. Sister Pacific.

As I have written to you about a mouth ago, but did not receive any answer, I shall not fail to write another letter to let you know that I did not forget you. I was always expecting a letter from you every Monday and Friday, but to my great disappointment I saw that I had none. I suppose you have received it, and perhaps you have no time to reply to each letter. O how I miss you, dear Sister! Whenever I think of you I always feel so sad. It seems that you are gone only for a while and that you are coming back again, for I am always looking for you. The girls are always thinking of you; I don't believe they pass a day without speaking of you. Even little Rebecca never forgets to say, Sweet little Jesus, make Sister 'Cific good girl I in her morning and evening prayers.

I shall try to be a good girl to please you and the good Sisters, but above all our good Lord; I know that it will

be the best news you wish to hear from us.

O Sister, you were just like a mother to us, and I shall never forget you for all you have done for us. I never forget to say the beads of the Sacred Heart for you during the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and whenever I go to communion. I remain, as ever, your affectionate pupil.

Lucy Frinkbunner.

OUR LITTLE INDIAN DWARF.

One of our new scholars is a little man; at least he looks like one. He is three feet three inches in height, and is just ten years old this mouth. He has a coarse voice like a man and a head as large as any of the boys, and he plays as well as any of them; it makes no difference to him whether they are large or small. He is very happy and good-natured except when he is called to give his lessons, for then he looks so cross that I don't think he likes books very much, but it is hard to tell because he does not know much English yet. His name is Moses Scattle, but we call him little Samson because he is so strong. A. E. Simmons.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 234 boys and 22 girls. The actual number now is 25 and 24 respectively. Is published monthly at the following rates: From 1 to 9 copies, 50 cents per yearly subscription.

100 and upwards, 25 " "

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and money orders to be made payable at the Scattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to (Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

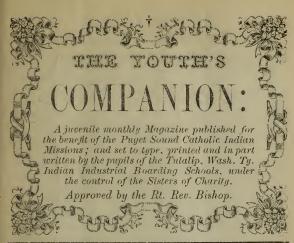
ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM KIND FRIENDS.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty of Dakota writes:—Your Aug. No. of the Youth's Companion has come to hand and I am happy to see your activity and success in the great cause, which is foremost also in my prayers and in my heart. Would to God that I could co-operate with you &c.

The New York Freeman's Journal of September 24th says:—Some of the Catholic Indian boys at Tulalip, W. T., set in type and print a little monthly magazine called the Youth's Companion, which is edited by Rev. J. B. Boalet, and has among its contributors some of the Indian boys and girls in the Industrial Boarding-Schools under the control of the Sisters of Charity at the place of its publication. It is sent to any address for fifty cents a year, a trifle over four cents a copy, and is issued for the benefit of the Puget Sound Cath. Ind. Missions. It is a curiosity, and contains many interesting articles in prose and verse.

The Archangel, Portland, Ogn., says: We have received five Nos. of the Youth's Companion, a juvenile monthly published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions. It is a neat little paper and deserves patronage. Send 50 cents to Rev. J. B. Boulet, Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T., for your yearly subscription.

(Please accept our most cordial thanks. Ed. Y. C.)



Vol. I. JANUARY, 1882. No. 8.

a merry christmas!

Such are the words which we address to our young readers, hoping that each and every one of them will enjoy "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." It was on a Christmas-day that our Savior came into the world, and for that reason we have a great cause for being happy, not only temporally but also in a spiritual manner. If He had not come into the world to redeem us, the gates of heaven would be closed against us, and we would not be able to win that heavenly crown which we know is in store for us, if we are faithful to His divine commands. Therefore, dear readers, we wish you all, once more, a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

CHRISTMAS:

ITS CUSTOMS AND ASSOCIATIONS.



HE Feast of the Nativity of our Divine Savior is pre-eminently one of joy and gladness. Its advent is hailed with feelings of delight by the young and the old, and by all conditions of life. On this great festival, the mind reverts to the sacred scenes of other

days. We stand in spirit on the plains of Judea, and hear the joyous anthem of the angelic host, rending the midnight air, proclaiming the glory of God, and announcing peace to fallen man. We are invited on this solemnity by the Church, as the shepherds were invited by the angelic choirs, to approach the manger, and contemplate the humility and the poverty of the Divine Infant.

"No gold nor purple swaddling bands,

Nor royal shining things— A manger for his cradle stands, And holds the King of kings."

At Midnight Mass, which is celebrated on the eve of this festival, we are invited to draw nearer, and with his virginal mother and St. Joseph, to mingle our adorations of the infant Son of God. This Mass is usually followed by two others, every priest being compelled by the rubrics to say three masses in commemoration of the three births of our Divine Savior. First, his birth from all eternity; second, his natural birth in the stable of Bethlehem; and thirdly, his spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful.

Apart, however, from the religious reminiscences connected with this sacred festival, its return brings with it many pleasing associations. It is the season devoted in a special manner by our Catholic ancestors to hilarity and innocent amusement; a season during which sorrow and care were banished from the household, and joy beamed in every countenance. When

"Christmas came, the time of gladness,
Which our fathers gave to mirth,
Then no room had they for sadness—
Joyous at the Savior's birth.
Then kind looks with pleasure beaming,
Blazing hearth, and festive fare;
Hearts with social feeling teeming,
Welcome joy and banish care.

Many of the customs practised in olden times during this holy season, were not only interesting, but exceedingly instructive. They are striking evidence of the lively faith and the fervent piety of our Catholic forefathers with whom they originated. The custom of decorating the houses, and more particularly the churches and chapels with evergreen, was prevalent—a custom that prevails to a certain extent to the present time. The plants used for these decorations are various, but there are a few which seem more especially appropriate to this joyous season, such as the laurel, holly, ivy, mistletoe, bay, fir, box, cypress and rosemary, and these, from remote antiquity, have had symbolical meanings. The laurel speaks of victory; the holly of vigor, and its glowing red berries, of affection and good works; the ivy, which clings with such tenacity to whatever affords it support, suggests a close adherance to our Christian duties; the mistletoe, having medicinal qualities, reminds us of the birth of Him, who was to heal the wounds of our souls, and its white berries, emblems of purity, remind us that our thoughts and affections should not be of earth.

But among the many peculiar modes of rejoicing which distinguished the celebration of this sacred festival in olden times, there was one that deserves not only to be remembered, but also to be practised namely, the boundless hospitality with which the rich at this season were accustomed to supply the wants of their poorer brethren. In former times whole districts met together to celebrate Christmas; the homes of the wealthy were thrown open to their friends, tenants and retainers, and the opulent proprietors delighted to stand and distribute their bounty to the humble members of their immediate neighborhood. This festival was a feast of joy to all, and care and sorrow, as far as possible, were banished from the Even the servants partook of the general festivity, for such was the influence of this festival, that for twelve days during this season the master and the servant were almost on terms of equality. Such indeed was the hospitality of the wealthy in Catholic times, while celebrating the nativity of the Infant of Bethlehem, that they seemed not to enjoy the viands that loaded their own tables, unless the poor were made partakers of their abundance. Beautiful and Christian-like charity! Let us imitate it. Let the poor be remembered on this sacred day; let their hearts be rejoiced by the free offering of a tithe of our abundance. But above all let not the friendless orphan be forgotten. Youthful reader, touch not the Christmas feast until the nearest abode of the fatherless be honored by an offering from your table; until the Christmas dinner be blessed by the orphans' prayer.

Providence, which sometimes seems to make use of harsh means to attain its merciful designs upon families or individuals, did not permit Eugene long to remain a helpless orphan after having deprived him of his father. His parents were in rather poor circumstances and unable to provide for the liberal education of their children, so that Eugene would probably never have had the advantage of following a regular course of studies in the college, where he was destined, subsequently, to meet with such facilities to advance himself both in virtue and science. God at the same time highly favored St. Hyacinth College in drawing within its walls, from quite a distance, such a pupil to be its edification and glory. Eugene found a protector and second father in the person of his uncle, the Rev. H. Drolet, then in charge of a parish in the diocese of St. Hyacinth. Touched at the misfortune of his brother's family, this good Priest defrayed the expense of the education of the orphans.

How great was Eugene's joy at the news of his entrance in college! This had long been his desire; for he aspired to the priesthood, and all his thoughts

tended towards that hely state.

Eugene's entrance being decided upon, this consolation was tempered with sorrow at the thought that he must part from his tender mother who had watched over him with so much solicitude, and who loved him with the most sincere affection. The sorrow of Mrs. Drolet seemed still greater than that of her son; it was a painful sacrifice for her to separate herself from one whom she cherished above the rest of her children on account of the many virtues which shone brightly in him. Generally speaking it often becomes necessary for mothers to console their children at the mo-

ment of separation; but on this occasion the case was reversed, the child having to console his afflicted mother: "We must make this sacrifice," he would say to her, "in order to secure my education." He encouraged her still more by the hope that she would, one day, have the happiness of seeing him enter the ecclesiastical state. This was more than sufficient to console this sincerely christian mother, who saw so much strength and courage to accomplish the will of God, in a child of hardly twelve years of age.

Eugene left for the first time the paternal roof with the thought that he would not see it again for a whole year. His Rev. uncle, who took great interest in the welfare of this child in whom he already discovered such bright promises, wrote to the Rector of the college, recommending Eugene to his most attentive care, saying that he sent him a little angel, with the hope that he would watch to his pre-

servation.

CHAPTER III.

EUGENE'S COLLEGE LIFE.

E have no other details about Eugene's entrance in college. From the very day of his arrival, his superiors, already well-disposed in his favor, were struck at the angelic simplicity, nodesty and candor of the young student who had just been confided to their care. Still they did not know the full value of the acquisition they had made; 178

they were far from thinking that this little pupil was to outstrip in virtue all his predecessors, and be the first to open and hallow with his mortal remains the spot destined to be the future common resting place of both professors and pupils of the institution. It was not long however before it was noticed that he was no ordinary child; for virtue, when solid and steadfast, no matter how deeply hidden by humility, is sure to make itself known and fully appreciated. It was also soon discovered that he had received a most careful religious home training, which, in a very short time, won for him the high esteem and respect of his teachers and fellow-students. His class-mates above all, who stood in a better position to appreciate his good qualities, often gave him such testimonies of considerate attention and deference as to sensibly wound his humility and put him to confusion. Everyone loved to share his society and amusements.

His conversation was charming: gifted with a gentle and affable character, he knew how to make himself agreeable to those who came in contact with him, whilst at the same time he edified every one by his words and modest demeanor. No one dared do or say any thing in the least unbecoming in his presence, as every one was aware that his feelings would be greatly hurt thereat. Several have remarked that when he found himself with students with whom he was not thoroughly requainted, he appeared very diffident and seemed very anxious to shorten the interview, for fear, as it was surmised, of accidentally meeting with unsuitable companions. During several months after his entrance in college, Eugene did not generally take much part in the amusements of

his comrades; his recreations were mostly spent in thinking of God and of his cherished, absent family. Very often he thought of his mother, whom he had left in desolation caused by his departure, and gratefully remembered the sentiments of maternal love she had so often manifested towards him. He now understood better than ever the greatness of the sacrifice she had made in consenting to part from him. How happy he felt in receiving news from his good mother! Her letters made him shed tears of joy and increased still more his affection for her to whom he owed his life.

Eugene's letters furnish unmistakable evidence of his persevering love towards his absent mother. We

gladly copy one of these letters:

"My dearest Mamma.

Yesterday, whilst the other scholars were taking their recreation, I sat alone in a corner of our large play-room, and was also taking my recreation, but in a very different way from theirs. Indeed, they only thought of their games....but my mind was wholly taken up thinking of my very dear mother. Oh! how agreeable was this recreation which seemed to have been give me to think only of you in particular!

What sweet and tender recollections came to my imagination! I thought of the many pleasant evenings I spent with you and father, as well as with my brothers and sisters; and I would say to myself: 'Will I ever again have the happiness of spending such evenings at home?' And a voice seemed to tell me: 'Oh! the first evenings of vacation will be pleasant, indeed, 180

because you will find yourself at your dear mother's side; but, alas! you will miss your father!' And all this, as you may suppose, was very affecting, but a thought still more touching came to my mind. It seemed you were saying to me: 'My little Eugene does not think any more of his poor mother, he does not write to me any more: Oh! if he knew how this grieves me!' You can not imagine how bad I felt, and I could not prevent myself from shedding tears. It is true that I should have written to you sooner, but, dear Mamma, you will forgive your poor little Eugene, I hope.

I conclude, my dear mother, by embracing you and all the family with all my heart; and calling myself

for life

Your most loving son

Eugene."

New year's day which is generally hailed with excessive joy by children, caused Eugene, on the contrary, to become more serious. His filial piety was becoming more lively, and he would have been happy to profit of this favorable occasion to manifest it to his beloved family. But God who had called him from home refused him this favor in order to draw him more and more closely to Himself. Eugene submitted generously to the views of Providence; and the thought that he was in the house of God, the best of fathers, and of Mary, the most tender of mothers, dispelled all sorrow from his heart.

The following which was his last new year's letter to his mother will, no doubt, be perused with in-

terest.

January 1st, 1858.

"My dearest Mamma.

You must think that it is a very great sacrifice for me to spend new year's day far from you; and I assure you that my heart has been aching since I woke up this morning. I am walking up and down the recreation-room, and many recollections crowd upon my mind. I think on all the new year's days I spent at home, and I say to myself: Oh! how beautiful were those days to me; for then I had the happiness of being near a father and mother, but to-day it is not the same: not only have I lost my father, but I find myself also deprived of the presence of my dearest mother.' You see then, dear Mamma, that these thoughts are more than sufficient to make my heart sad; yet, notwithstanding all this, I can assure you that I experience much consolation when I think at the good fortune we have had in finding an uncle, who kindly took the place of our father. Where would I be now, if we had not thus been favored? In all probability I would not be in college, where I am instructed in virtue and science. It is then a bounden duty for us all to pray for this good uncle, who has for us all the affection of a true father. It is what I have been doing to-day at the manger of the Infant Jesus; but whilst I pray for my uncle, I also remember my dear mother and all the family.

I now conclude by requesting you to give me your blessing. I hope that you will not refuse it to that

son who loves you with his whole heart."

On the same day he also wrote the following letter to his uncle, Rev. H. Drolet, conveying to him the expressions of his deepest gratitude.

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"My dearest Uncle.

How happy should I be were it given me to spend new year's day with you. It is true I would not enjoy the happiness of my mother's presence, but at least I would be able to converse with an uncle who has for me all the affection of a father.......God did not allow me long to remain an orphan. He has chosen you to replace my father, and for this great favor I am at a loss how to express my gratitude. But I believe I can best acquit myself of this debt, by being always obedient to my teachers and being faithful to my religious duties. This is what I promised to-day at the manger of the Infant Jesus. I begged also of the Divine Child to grant you a long and happy life....."

CHAPTER IV.

EUGENE'S GRATITUDE TOWARDS GOD.

UGENE was very grateful to all those who rendered him any service, but his gratitude towards God, the sovereign benefactor and the author of all perfect gift, he kept deeply engraved into his heart. It is proper that we should now say a word of this and also of the union of his heart with God, because this union was as the fruit of his gratitude.

Fully understanding the excellence of the blessing of a christian education, he daily thanked divine Providence for having withdrawn him from a world so full of scandals, and placed him in a house which afforded him so many facilities to labor at his sanctification. Therefore he was animated with the same sentiments

as the prophet when he said: "The Lord ruleth me: and I shall want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasture." (Ps. 22—1 and 2.)

The gratitude with which he was animated towards God made him often consider the means which God had used to accomplish His merciful designs upon him.

"If my father had not died," he said one day to one of his teachers, "I would not likely be in college. Ah! if God has permitted this for my good, for my salvation, what should be my gratitude to Him? Alas! had I been deprived of the happiness of coming here, I would no doubt be like others in the world, and perhaps even worse; I would not know my religion as well as I know it now; I would commit many sins, and finally be lost."

Thus spoke a child of thirteen years; and his words, coming from a heart moved at such marks of the divine goodness in his regard, and accompanied by abundant tears, filled with emotion the friend to whom the pious child thus opened his heart; while at the same time they indicated how well, at such a tender age, Eugene

already realized his providential position.

One day he thus expressed the same thoughts to one of his comrades: "We, students, have much more reason to thank God than those we have left in the world. Why has He chosen us among thousands? We did not deserve this any better than many others who, were they in our places, would serve God more faithfully than we do. Therefore, it is not on account of our own merit, but through His love of us that we have been preferred to them. And what return do we make to Him for this? Ah! this is a question which ought to make us reflect, and fill us with confusion. Yet, we never think of it."

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Thou shalt love thy friend as thyself. Levit. 19-18. A brother that is helped by his brother, is like a strong city. Prov. 18—19.

Every beast loveth its like: so also every man him

that is nearest to himself. Eccli. 13-19.

With three things my spirit is pleased, which are approved before God and men: The concord of brethren, and the love of neighbors, and man and wife that agree well together. Eccli. 25—1 and 2.

But I say to you, Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that perse-

cute and calumniate you. Matth. 5-14.

For if you will forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences. Matth. 6—14.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Mat. 19-19.

A new command I give unto you: That you love one another, as I have loved you, that you also love one another. John 13—34.

Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay

down his life for his friends. John 15—13.

Owe no man anything, but to love one another. For he that loveth his neighbor, hath fulfilled the law. Rom. 13—8.

Let the charity of the brotherhood abide in you. With a brotherly love, from a sincere heart love one another earnestly. 1 Peter 1—22.

But before all things have a constant mutual charity among yourselves: for charity covereth a multitude of sins. 1 Peter 4—8.

He that loveth his brother, abideth in light, and there is no scandal in him. 1 John 2—10.

Moundness of heart is the life of the flesh: but envy \mathfrak{N} is the rottenness of the bones. Prov. 14—30.

Eat not with an envious man, and desire not his

meats. Prov. 25—6.

He that rejoiceth at another man's ruin, shall not

be unpunished. Prov. 17-5.

A man, that maketh haste to be rich, and envieth others, is ignorant that want shall come upon him. Prov. 18-22.

But by the envy of the devil, death came into the

world. Wisdom 2-24.

Instead of a friend become not an enemy to thy neighbor: for an evil man shall inherit reproach and shame, so shall every sinner that is envious and double-tongued. Eccli. 6-1.

The eye of the envious is wicked: and he turneth away his face and despiseth his own soul. Eccli. 14-8.

Stretch not out thy hand first, lest being disgraced with envy thou be put to confusion. Eccli. 31-16.

Let us walk honestly as in the day: not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy. Rom. 13—13.

For, whereas there is among you envying and contention, are you not carnal, and walk according to

man? 1 Cor. 3-3.

Let us not be made desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another. Gal. 5-26.

You covet, and have not; you kill, and envy, and cannot obtain. You contend and war, and you have not, because you ask not. James 4-2.

For where envying and contention is, there is inconstancy and every evil work. James 3-16.

If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother: he is a liar. 1 John 4-20.

Heart of the holy Child,
Hide me in Thee;
Purest and undefiled,
Purify me:
Joy of my infant life,
Far from evil passions rife,
Troubling this world of strife,
Keep me with Thee.

Sweet child of Bethlehem,
Open Thine Heart;
Lessons from Nazareth
Deign to impart:
Mary and Joseph dear,
Let us be to Jesus near;
With you we shall not fear
From Him to part.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

"There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own."

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild; At thirty, strong, if ever; At forty, wise; at fifty, rich; At sixty, good, or never.

THE INFANT JESUS SERVING AT MASS.

Come, dear children, all whose joy it is To serve at holy Mass,

And hear what once, in days of faith, In England came to pass!

It chanced a priest was journeying
Through dark and gloomy wood,

And there, where few came passing by, A lonely chapel stood.

He stayed his feet, that pilgrim priest. His morning Mass to say,

And put the sacred vestments on Which near the altar lay.

But who shall serve the holy Mass, For all is silent here?

He kneels, and there in patience waits The peasant's hour of prayer.

When lo! a child of wondrous grace, Before the altar steals,

And down beside the lowly priest, The infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass; his voice is sweet.
Like distant music low,

With downcast eye and ready hand, And foot-fall hushed and slow.

"Et Verbum caro factum est," He lingers till he hears,

Then turning he to Mary's shrine, In glory disappears.

So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name,
For once to serve at holy Mass,
The Infant Jesus came.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from St. Mary's Hospital; Misses M Daley, E Cuthbert & M Connolly; Mrs. Dwyer; Messrs. J Cavanaugh & B N McDonough, to all of whom we tender our cordial thanks.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

-We would very gladly make room for our many friends whose names we have, for some time, been anxious to publish in this department of our little Magazine. the outstart we have been sending mouthly hundreds of copies of the "Youth's Companion" throughout the land as the only way within our reach to make our little paper known, not having the means at our command to advertise in the public Press. We are happy to be able to say that this our silent appeal has been heeded by quite a good number of our friends, and in some instances in a most liberal manner. Others, and it is the greater number, have, for the past seven months, been receiving our little periodical without, as yet, showing any sign of life. will this time view this seeming neglect in the most charitable light possible, and ascribe it rather to forgetfulness than to any other cause. Every one knows the object we had in view in undertaking the publication of this little Magazine. It was not as a mere pecuniary speculation. nor was it ever intended to be a cultus potlatch or free gift to those to whom it was sent. We therefore hope that these few remarks will be more than sufficient to induce our friends to send us at once, in postage stamps in a letter directed to our address and in our risk, the amount of their subscription to our first Volume. Those of our readers who do not feel inclined or justified in helping on our undertaking, (we think there are few such) let them say so, pay for the copies received, as it would be too cruel to cheat the poor Indian missionary of the few hard earned pennies he is endeavoring to gather together to help him christianizing and civilizing those confided to his charge. We do not wish to erase anyone's name from our books, on the contrary we would wish to insert a few hundred more paying ones, especially at this time when we are engaged in preparing to build a large church for our Lummi Indians; but, as every one knows, one hundred paying subscribers are more profitable than thousands of nonpaying ones, so on that account our friends will not blame us, if their want of compliance with our just request, forces us, after a while, to drop their familiar names from our lists. We hope to be spared this humiliation, and that not only will they pay their own subscription, but also forward one or two more along with it.

-Periodicals received: the Catholic Journal of Holyoke, l'Abeille of Lowell, Mass., & the Archangel of Portland. We also welcome to our sanctum the first number of a new semi-weekly French paper, Le Guide du Peuple, published in Glen's Falls, N. Y., by Messrs, de Bondy and Lenthier, at \$2.50 per annum. It is a neat and newsy seven-column sheet, and we hope it will prove, as its name implies, a true "Guide of the People." Wishing it all possible success, we reserve further comments until better acquaintance.

-We enclose this month on a small slip a copy of E. A. Simmons' Appeal to our charitably disposed readers and others whose sympathy may be enlisted to come to his assistance. This slip is intended to be pasted on a sheet of paper to serve as a subscription List and to be circulated among friends and neighbors. We intrust this good work in a special manner to our little readers, with the earnest hope and request that they will not soon grow tired nor desist until every one of their acquaintances has been induced to contribute liberally to this Fund. If the first sheet proves too small, others may be added and, when filled, they may be sent us, together with the amount thus raised, in the manner found most convenient to the sender. Postage and other expenses for money order or registering letter may be deducted from the money before it is sent. Subscriptions will be acknowledged in the Y. Companion.

Who would at this joyous season refuse to gladden the poor unfortunate orphan's heart? Echo answers—no one! The following amounts have already been received:

E. A. Simmons, (his all !) \$1.00 B. N. McDonough, \$1.00 The Youth's Companion, \$5.00 Total, \$7.00

-On account of pressing missionary duties, this No. will be late in reaching some of our distant subscribers.

The "Nut Cracking Department" is again crowded out.

TICORNER.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

. A few years ago, there lived a poor widow with an only son, named George. One beautiful day in June, George asked his mother's permission to go with one ofhis schoolmates named Joe, after bird's nests in the woods, but his mother replied that as it was a schoolday, he would have to go to school. However, our hero was bound to go; and so he and his companion made it up between themselves, to play hookey that day, and so they started off for the woods. No sooner had they arrived there than they espied a robin's nest, with several young ones in it, and Joe, who was a cruel boy, killed them. A little farther on, in a large oak, they saw an eagle's nest, and George resolved to climb the tree and secure the coveted prize; but he had no sooner placed his hands on the young eagles than the mother, attracted by their cries, attacked George and compelled him to relinquish his hold upon the tree. Down he fell, breaking his arm, and injuring other parts of his body.

He was taken home by a wood-cutter who lived near the spot, and for a long time he lay on his bed hovering between life and death. When he began to recover and was able to speak, he turned his tearful eyes towards his mother, and feebly said: "Mother, I hope you will forgive me." "Yes, darling; for although you have caused us both a great deal of pain by your disobedi-

ence, I am but too happy to forgive you."

George made many promises never to be disobedient again, and he remained faithful to them; for, whenever afterwards he was tempted to disobey his mother, he would remember the fruits of his former disobedience.

192 THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

Once upon a time, there lived in the hollow trunk of a tree, a squirrel who was neither contented with his food, nor his abode. One day, while sitting on the limb of a tree, he heard the report of a rifle. Looking around, he saw a man near by who had shot at him. He hurried home, thinking that discontentment was a bad business after all. This warning, however, did not serve him. He set out next day on an excursion to another forest, where he found plenty While cracking one, he suddenly found himself between the jaws of a large dog who cut him fearfully, and would have killed him, had not a boy rescued him. The lad was kind to the little sufferer. He took care of him, giving him food and lodging, until he was as well as ever. One day, the good boy took him out for a run. No sooner did little Friskey's feet touch the ground than away he ran, the boy pursuing him at the same time to a tree that stood near by. He escaped and went home, where he stayed for a few days, but as before he could not content himself. He got tired of home again. So away he started, scarcely knowing or caring whither he went, till he came to a high tree, which he resolved to mount and take a view of the surrounding country. Just as he got to the first limb, and was resting himself, he was shut down by a sportsman.

MORAL.—My dear readers, if little Friskey, had not been of so discontented a humor, he would, no doubt, have fared much better, than he did. Let us be contented with our lot, remembering that all things have been ordained by an all-wise Providence for our

greater good.

FEBRUARY 8.

ST. JOHN OF MATHA.

HE life of St. John of Matha was one long course of self-sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of his neighbor. As a child his chief delight was serving the poor; and he often told them he had come into the world for no other end but to wash their feet. He studied at Paris with such distinction that his professors advised him to become a priest, in order that his talents might render great service to others; and for this end John gladly sacrificed his high rank and other worldly advantages. At his first Mass an angel appeared, clad in white, with a red and blue cross on his breast, and his hands reposing on the heads of a Christian and a Moorish captive. To ascertain what this signified, John repaired to St. Felix of Valois, a holy hermit living near Meaux, under whose direction he led a life of extreme penance. The angel again appeared; and they then set out for Rome, to learn the will of God from the lips of the sovereign Pontiff, who told them to devote themselves to the redemption of captives. For this purpose they founded the Order of the Holy The religious fasted every day, and gathering alms throughout Europe took them to Barbary to redeem the Christian slaves. They devoted themselves also to the sick and prisoners in all countries. The charity of St. John in devoting his life to the redemption of captives was visibly blessed by God. On his second return from Tunis he brought back one hundred and twenty liberated slaves; but the Moors attacked him at sea, overpowered his vessel, and doomed it to destruction with all on board, by taking away the rudder and sails, and leaving it to the mercy of the winds. St. John fied his cloak to the mast and prayed, saying: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered. O Lord, Thou wilt save the humble, and wilt bring down the eyes of the proud." Suddenly the wind filled the small sail and, without guidance, carried the ship safely in a few days to Ostia, the port of Rome, three hundred leagues from Tunis. Worn out by his heroic labors, John died in 1213, at the age of fitty-three. 193

FEBRUARY 9.

ST. APOLLONIA AND THE MARTYRS

OF ALEXANDRIA.

T Alexandria, in 242, the mob rose in savage fury against the Christians. Metras, an old man, perished first. His eyes were pierced with reeds, and he was stoned to death. A woman named Quinta was the next victim. She was led to a heathen temple and bidden to worship. She replied by cursing the false god again and again, and she too was stoned to death. After this the houses of the Christians were sacked and plundered.

They took the spoiling of their goods with all joy.

St. Apollonia, an aged virgin, was the most famous among the martyrs. Her teeth were beaten out; she was led outside the city; a huge fire was kindled, and she was told she must deny Christ, or else be burned alive. She was silent for a while, and then, moved by a special inspiration of the Holy Ghost, she leapt into the fire and died in its flames. The same courage showed itself the next year, when Decius became emperor, and the persecution grew till it seemed as if the very elect must fall away. The story of Dioscorus illustrates the courage of the Alexandrian Christians, and the esteem they had for martyrdom. He was a boy of fifteen. To the arguments of the judge he returned wise answers; he was proof against torture. His older companions were executed but Dioscorus was spared on account of his tender years; yet the Christians could not bear to think that he had been deprived of the martyr's crown, except to receive it afterward more gloriously. "Dioscorus," writes Dionysius, bishop of Alexandria at this time, "remains with us, reserved for some longer and greater combat." There were indeed many Christians who came, pale and trembling, to offer the heathen sacrifices. but the judges themselves were struck with horror at the multitudes who rushed to martyrdom. Women triumphed over torture, till at last the judges were glad to execute them at once and put an end to the ignominy of their own defeat.

FEBRUARY 10.

ST. SCHOLASTICA, ABBESS.

F this Saint but little is known on earth, save that she was the sister of the great patriarch St. Benedict, and that under his direction, she founded and governed a numerous community near Monte Cassino. St. Gregory sums up her life by saying that she devoted her life to God from her childhood, and that her pure soul went to God in the likeness of a dove, as if to show that her life had been enriched with the fullest gifts of the Holy Spirit. Her brother was accustomed to visit her every year, for "she could not be sated or wearied with the words of grace which flowed from his lips." On his last visit, after a day passed in spiritual converse, the Saint, knowing that her end was near, said: "My brother, leave me not I pray you, this night, but discourse with me till dawn on the bliss of those who see God in heaven." St. Benedict would not break his rule at the bidding of natural affection; and then the Saint bowed her head on her hands and prayed; and there arose a storm so violent that St. Benedict could not return to his monastery, and they passed the night in heavenly conversation. Three days later St. Benedict saw in a vision the soul of his sister going up in the likeness of a dove into heaven. Then he gave thanks to God for the graces He had given her, and for the glory which had crowned them. When she died, St. Benedict, her spiritual daughters, and the monks sent by St. Benedict, mingled their tears and prayed: "Alas, alas, dearest mother, to whom dost thou leave us now? Pray for us to Jesus, to whom thou art gone." They then devoutly celebrated holy Mass, "commending her soul to God;" and her body was borne to Monte Cassino, and laid by her brother in the tomb he had prepared for himself. "And they bewailed her many days;" and St. Benedict said: Weep not sisters and brothers; for assuredly Jesus has taken her before us to be our aid and defense against all our enemies, that we may stand in the evil day, and be in all things perfect." She died about the year 543. 395

FEBRUARY 11.

THE MARTYRS OF JAPAN.

BOUT forty years after St. Francis Xavier's death, a persecution broke out in Japan, and all Christian rites were forbidden under pain of death. A confraternity of martyrs was at once formed, the object of which was to die for Christ. Even the little children joined it. Peter, a Christian child six years old, was awakened early, and told that he was to be beheaded, together with his father. Strong in grace, he expressed his joy at the news, dressed himself in his gayest clothing, and took the hand of the soldier who was to lead him to death. The headless trunk of his father first met his view; calmly kneeling down, he prayed beside the corpse, and loosening his collar, prepared his neck for the stroke. Moved by this touching scene, the executioner drew down his sabre and fled. None but a brutal slave could be found for the murderous task; with unskilled and trembling hand he hacked the child to pieces, who at last died without uttering a single cry. Christians were branded with the cross, or all but buried alive, while the head and arms were slowly sawn off with blunt weapons. The last shudder under their anguish was interpreted into apostasy. The obstinate were put to the most cruel deaths, but the survivors only envied them. Five noblemen were escorted to the stake by 40,000 Christians with flowers and lights, singing the Litanies of our Lady as they went. In the great martyrdom, at which thousands also assisted, the martyrs sent up a flood of melody from the fire, which only died away as one after another went to sing the new song in heaven. Later on, a more awful doom was invented. The victims were lowered into a sulphurous chasm, called the "mouth of hell," near which no bird or beast could live. The chief of these, Paul Wiborg, whose family had been already massacred for the Faith, was thrice let down; thrice he cried with a loud voice, "Eternal praise be to the ever-adorable Sacrament of the Altar." The third time he went to his reward.

OUR SCHOOLS'

TIBULLETINAS

ROLL OF HONOR

- OF THE -

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, polite deportment, obedience and general application to study.

WILLIAM LEAR, FRANCIS LECLAIR, JUSTIN SHELTON, A. E. SIMMONS, WALTER WALE, EUGENE DAMIAN.

Order and Neatness.

F. LECLAIR, EDWARD PRESTON, ATHANASIUS SHELTON, DAVID TOBEY.

Composition and application to writing.

THOMAS EWYE, F. Leclair, A. E. Simmons, Justin Shelton.

JUSTIN SHELTON.

Application to manual labor and farming.

A. SHELTON,
JOHN ALEXIS,
J. SHELTON,
ROBERT CINDY,
JAMES SEATTLE,
T. EWYE.

E. FRINKBUNNER,
JULIANNA KWINA,
THERESA DEBAHAD,
AGATHA BAGLEY.

MARY GIRARD.

E. FRINKBUNNER, LOUISA LING,

L. FRINKBUNNER.

JULIANNA KWINA, CELINA ST. LOUIS,

C. ST. LOUIS,
A. BAGLEY,
L. FRINKBUNNER,
ELLEN ACHILLE,
J. KWINA.
Application to sewing

and cutting out.

E. FRINKBUNNER,
J. KWINA.
House-work and cooking

L. LING, Lucy Frinkbunner. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

How happy are we all to see New Year approaching with sweet smiles and kind wishes for every one, even the peorest. No doubt, not only children are glad, but also grown people who understand what it is to have another year to prepare themselves well for death, so that they may go and live with that dear One who has blessed us

with a happy New Year.

A happy New Year then to you, kind readers, and pray that all your friends and neighbors may begin this happy day, as I hope you will not fail to do, with the grace and love of our blessed Lord, who so profusely bestows His choicest blessings upon His dear children on earth, and receives no thanks from them but from a few faithful souls who show their love and gratitude to a Father who is so kind and merciful. Then I am sure nobody is sorry to have another year before them to prepare for their hard journey to eternity. Many persons, who were living last year and are now in the grave, thought that they would see the end of last year, and you, dear friends, who are so happy to-day, may not see the end of this year, but will be cold and stiff in the grave.

I will try, with the grace of my dear Father in heaven, to begin and end this year by being faithful to all my duties while on earth, so that when I die I may go and enjoy my self in that happy land where no tears flow nor sorrow

comes.

Celina St. Louis, Child of Mary. Colville, Nov. 12th, 1881.

Kind Father. We are very much obliged to you for the little hymn-books you sent to us, also for the "Youth's Companion" which you are so kind as to send to us every month. We come to-day to fell you how glad we are each time that Sister gives it to us, for we like very much to read the nice little stories that are in it. We have never seen you but we know that you are as good to the little Indians as all the Reverend Fathers are, so we will not forget to pray for you.

Our teacher said that we will send you a letter once in a while to be published in your little "Youth's Companion." Yours gratefully, The School-girls.

Thanks dear little friends, and try to keep both promises.

Mission School, Tulalip, Dec. 4th, 1881.

Rev. Brother de Vries, O. M. I.

l am truly sorry now because I did not write to you for a long long time, but on next monday I will leave Tulalip to go to Lummi to stay with my mother, and before I go I must write to you. I am sorry to leave the school, for it has been a home to me as well as a school, and I have spent many happy years here, first with you and Rev. Father Chirouse, and since you left, with the Sisters; but now my mother needs me and I can not refuse her. I am the last of all your school boys, the others are gone. I return my sincere thanks to you for all you have done for me, especially for teaching me how to say my morning and evening prayers and my catechism, also how to read and write. I received a letter from Johnny Ladebauche last week stating that you were at St. Mary's teaching and that they were all well at New Westminster except Brother MacStay. I might go there and see you as some of the other boys have done. Please pray for the that I may not neglect my religion, but practice it faithfully all my lifetime after I leave school. In return I will often pray for you, our good Brother Harry. This letter probably will not reach you before the holidays, so I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

I remain your sincerely grateful pupil, Wm. Lear.

OUR LITTLE INDIAN "TOM THUMB."

The exact measurement of our "Tom Thumb" is as follows ; height, 39 in.; breadth from tip to tip, arms extended, $36\,1/2$ in.; length of arms, 14 in.; of legs, $13\,1/2$ in.; circumference of head, $22\,1/2$ in. Weight, $56\,$ lbs. Age, $10\,$ yrs.

Our printer, John Alexis, was lately the victim of a most painful accident. As he was one day riding for recreation, his pony became unmanageable, and he fell on the ground so violently as to dislocate one of his lower limbs at the hip. He was on the following day sent to the Sisters' Hospital in Seattle where the limb was set, and at last account he was doing as well as could be expected.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 26 boys and 24 girls. The actual number now is 24 and 27 respectively.

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and money orders to be made payable at the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to (Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

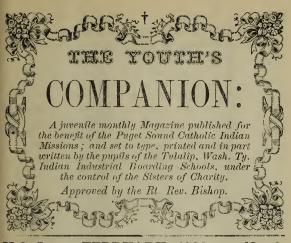
THE "LORD'S PRAYER" IN YAK'AMA.

Neemi Pshet im'nam wamsh roemichnik, shir nam-'manak patmaknanitarnei wanicht; shir i wianawitarnei eminik miawarwit; shir nam emanak pa twanenitarnei ichinak tichampa tinma prui, amakushrim-'manak pa twanenishamsh sielpama tinma. Nemanak nim tkwatat kwalesim maisrmaisr; ku nemanak laknanim chilwitit aateshkushri namak laknanisha tenormaman chilwitit anakunkink pa chilwitia neemiao; ku rto anianim temna tkraokrinal; ku tekenika nemanak eikenkem shnwaikenik. Ikush i wa neemi temna.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general welfare of these poor Indian miss ons.

J. B. Boulet.



Vol. I. FEBRUARY, 1882. No. 9.

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANN OF BEAUPRE.

[For the Youth's Companion.]



ANY of the young readers of the "Youth's Companion" have probably heard of the noted Pilgrimage of St. Ann of Beaupré in Canada. At all seasons of the year, but especially in the summer time, thousands go to this holy shrine, to beg for graces, both spiritual and tem-

poral. I will tell you of a Pilgrimage the writer made there last summer, and what she saw.

As we had twenty-one miles to ride, our party started at two o'clock in the morning, so as to reach St. Ann's in time to go to confession before the first Mass. My young readers may exclaim: "What! Ride twenty-one miles in the night, and over a lonely country road!" But the road was not lonely, for we were constantly meeting carriages containing pilgrims who, like ourselves, were desirous to reach the Church in time for Mass.

We were greatly edified by a person driving one of these conveyances. He stopped us and asked if that was the road to the "Good St. Ann." When we answered in the affirmative, he said: "Oh! I am so glad, for we have been driving since yesterday." Upon inquiry we learned he came from St. Basil, which is about seventy miles from the Pilgrimage.

Our drive was made in silence, speaking only when necessary, and we occupied ourselves saying the beads or other prayers. We arrived at the hotel about five A. M., then repaired to the Sanctuary of the Good St. Ann, which we found filled with pious souls, some hearing Mass, others at the Confessional, whilst others were venerating the holy relics. The ex-votoes were so numerous that we did not even try to estimate how many there were, and we afterward learned from the Rev. Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers, who have charge of the shrine, that not half of them were in the Church.

Oh! my dear young readers, it is there we can appreciate true faith and real Christian piety. There we saw parents begging St. Ann to intercede for their sick children, and children soliciting help for their infirm parents. Thousands are annually cured and receive spiritual graces.

Our devotions finished, and after venerating the holy relics, we returned to the hotel, where we met two young lady converts. One of the young girls had been miraculously cured through the intercession of St. Ann. By a serious fall she was hurt in such a way as to be obliged to keep the bed for months. During this time she was under the care of her father, who is a well-known physician of one of the principal cities of Canada. After having done everything for her that science could suggest, he finally declared her incurable and lame for life. But the young girl had faith, and when able to do so, left her home on crutches, and traveled a distance of about a hundred and seventeen miles, to reach St. Ann's Pilgrimage. Her faith was rewarded, for she left her crutches at the Church, and when I met her there she was making a novena of Thanksgiving, and praying for the conversion of her father, which she hoped to obtain through the Good St. Ann.

On our return home, we met two girls making their Pilgrimage on foot from Quebec, a distance of twenty-one miles, and the next day we saw them re-

turning to the city.

It is nothing unusual for pilgrims to go this distance on foot, and the members of the Catholic Circle of Quebec city, which is composed of the highest class of society, visit the shrine every year on foot, taking refreshments only when they reach the village. I have seen pilgrims walking bare-footed, their shoes being tied together and thrown over their shoulders.

Christmas is coming, (*) my dear young readers, and as St. Ann has been very prettily called the "Grandmother of the Holy Infant Jesus," you should pray to her under this title, for it is very pleasing to her, and she will never fail to reward those who have confidence in her.

^(*) This communication came too late for our Xmas No.

ATILDA had a very hasty and passionate temper. Her mother endeavored in vain to correct this disposition, which seemed rather to increase in

impetuosity.

One day she was sitting at her work, when her little brother came running in, and accidentally upset her work-box. At the sight of its contents rolling over the floor, Matilda rose from her seat, transported with anger; her eyes sparkling with fury, the veins in her forehead became swollen, and her whole countenance seemed on fire. At this moment, her mother, who had seen her anger rise, stepped behind her and held a looking-glass before her face. Matilda started with fright at the sight of her distorted countenance; her anger ceased, and she burst out crying. "Do you now see," said her mother: "how frightful a thing anger is, and how hideous it makes the human figure? If you continue to indulge this passion, that terrible expression which frightened you so, just now, will scon become fixed on your face, which will lose every good feature."

Matilda took this lesson to heart, and when she was tempted to be angry, thought of the looking-glass. In time she became quite mild and gentle. Her excellent mother often said to her, "It is the same with other vices and virtues, besides those of anger and

meekness; so that

"'Our countenance shows what passes within,—
A fair face is often made ugly by sin.' "

Habit in a child is at first a spider's web, if neglected it becomes a thread of twine; next a cord of rope; finally a cable, and who can break it? Be on guard against all bad habits and cultivate good ones.

It is surprising that, at so early an age, he had so lively a horror of the dangers of the world. This horror caused him to increase in love and gratitude towards God, whose paternal band had drawn him out of danger and placed him in such a haven of security. Even in presence of outsiders, he was moved with pity at their condition, saying how despicable and short-lived were those pleasures which they sought with such earnestness and which they relished with such avidity! How often he would deplore the blindness of Christians who busy themselves so little with their salvation, and who place their sole happiness in the enjoyment which the world offers to thein! He would also say that between the pleasures of the world and the happiness one experiences in serving God, there was as much difference as between night and day. He was particularly moved at the misfortune of heretics who did not enjoy the consolations of our holy religion. He would weep at the thought of so many nations who yet live in the darkness of idolatry and slumber in spiritual death.

On the other hand he would break forth in sentiments of gratitude towards God, who had granted him to be born in the Catholic religion, in preference to so many others who, as he said, would perhaps have profited of this grace better than himself. Then his zeal would become so inflamed, that he wished to go and preach the faith among infidels. "Oh!" he would exclaim, "my greatest desire is to be a priest, and to become a missionary. How I would wish to be a martyr, and to shed my blood for the Faith

among barbarous nations!"

EUGENE DROLET:

CHAPTER V.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

ALK before me," said God to his servant Abraham, "and he perfect." Our Eugene, during his whole college life, seemed never to forget this divine injunction. The presence of God presided over all his thoughts and actions.

Feeling himself called to the ecclesiastical state from the time he entered college, and not wishing to place any obstacle to divine grace, he was daily preparing himself for this holy vocation by constant efforts to acquire all virtues. He fully understood all the holiness required for the due performance of the priestly functions, and on this account his heart was divided between fear and love; fear, lest he should not be deemed worthy; and love, which made him desire to have closer relationship with his God. He often spoke to his friends of the joy he would experience if he were a priest, "in having the happiness of receiving communion every day."

Eugene wished to prepare himself for so sublime a state by a lively piety and the necessary science. He applied himself to prayer and study with equal ardor, neither one interfering with the other; but on the contrary, his studies and amusements, sanctified by purity of intention and the frequent remembrance of the presence of God, were a continual prayer.

Being found alone one day a short distance from his playmates, who were amusing themselves during the time of recreation, one of the professors remarked that he was serious; he then drew near him and said: "What are you doing? What are you thinking of?" 'I am thinking of God,' said he, with some hesitation. He would thus very often interrupt his pastimes to recollect himself and offer them to God; for he believed he was equally doing the will of God during the time of recreation as during his other occupations. Eugene often asked his director to be allowed to withdraw from the rest of his companions during recreation, in order to give himself up to pious reflections. This favor was only granted to him for a few minutes, two or three times a day, as his delicate health required that he should give to his body sufficient exercise, and the necessary relaxation to his mind. He amused himself with his companions, and took part in their games without letting them perceive the frequent turns of his mind to the presence of God and his silent acts of love. This was the advice he was one day giving to one of his comrades: "If you desire to make rapid progress in piety, take the habit of frequently making pious ejaculations during study or class, and even during recreation; but one must try to do so unperceived by any one."

Eugene was once asked by his director if from time to time he thought of the presence of God? He answered: "I try to do so as often as I can, especially during study time, when I always figure to myself my guardian angel as standing by my side." Thus his eyes ever on his books, always busily engaged with his studies, he never allowed himself to be distracted by what happened around him so as to lose a

moment of his time. One of his professors testified before Eugene's death that he believed this pious pupil never lost sight of the presence of God during class, as the attention and recollection of his whole exterior sufficiently bore witness. In order the better to recall some pious thought to his mind, hehad always before him or in his book some sentence of a nature to awaken in him good sentiments. He greatly cherished a little picture of the Blessed Virgin, on which these words were written: "O Mother! keep my soul;" and again: "If thou lovest me, give thyself wholly to me."

He was very ingenious in finding suitable means to entertain his recollection and to nourish his piety. Here is one among many others which he communicated to one of his fellow-students to engage him to practice it himself. "Figure to yourself," said he, "that during study our Lord stands before you, nailed to the cross, and all covered with wounds and blood; that He watches you attentively; that if you squander your time His blood will run profusely. I assure you that with such a thought in his mind, one is not

inclined to be idle."

It is clearly seen by this that if Eugene studied so diligently as to weaken his health, it was not through any motive of ambition or human respect, but to accomplish the will of God which he recognized in that of his parents. He understood that no student can aspire to solid piety who does not fulfil with exactness all his school duties. He had pondered on the many dangers to which one is exposed through idleness, so that for him labor was a strict obligation imposed upon him by his conscience. It seemed to him as if he at all times heard and saw God imposing on 108

man the law of labor. It must be said also that his gratitude to God who, in His goodness, had granted him the blessing of a good education, and inspired him with the desire of corresponding with the views of his beloved protector and uncle, made him consider as very precious every moment of study time

prescribed by the rule.

It is hard to estimate the many advantages he derived from his application in spending his time in the sight of God. We will only mention one, but one of the most precious; it is, that he never lost an instant of the time appointed to study in college. He employed it all in the best manner possible. Young as he was, he would take notes on what he read in order not to lose the fruit of his reading; he also noted down the explanations given by the professor in class, as well as the historical and other developments which the translation of classic authors generally necessitates.

translation of classic authors generally necessitates. This application joined to his distinguished talents caused him to make rapid progress in his studies; so that in a short time he occupied one of the highest places in his class. The yearly Exhibition and distribution of Premiums was always a day of triumph for Eugene and his family. But in his humility, he showed surprise at the praise and crowns he received, entertaining as he did but a poor opinion of his own merits and talents. Fearing however lest vainglory, which insinuates itself everywhere and vitiates even our best actions, might seek admittance in his heart, he took care by prayer and purity of intention to arm himself against all sentiment of self-love and vanity.

The spirit of faith which, so to say, made him sec God everywhere, inspired him also with profound respect for the divine word. Even his great love for study and his attention in class, were far from being equal, at least exteriorly, to his application in profiting by all the religious instructions which were given to the whole community, or to himself in particular. His eyes riveted on the preacher, not a word escaped him; for the holy word was to him sweeter than honey. The feelings which he then experienced were clearly reflected on his whole countenance and made a deep impression in his soul. What had particularly struck him during the discourse became afterwards the subject of his conversation. Thus everything contributed to make him advance rapidly in virtue.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS SPIRIT OF OBEDIENCE.

HE regulations of the house he so cherished as to call it his college, were for him a perpetual source of grace and an ever active cause in the work of his sanctification. He understood the necessity of a rule, and knew how to appreciate the great merits to be easily obtained by faithfully complying with its smallest requirements. Nothing appeared small in his sight; all articles of the rule were of great importance to him, because they all were the expression of the will of God, in whose presence the blessed child ever walked. Eugene was deeply convinced of these truths, and he would have considered it an offence against God and an obstacle to his own perfection had he neglected a single point.

He said one day, with his usual unaffected simplicity, that he was doing his best to live up strictly to the rule of life he had traced out for himself, and that through

this he hoped to become a saint.

He was not mistaken; and without even as much as suspecting it, his edifying life and his subsequent death, precious in the sight of God, were destined to be a new proof of the truth of this maxim taught by St. Gregory, that "To live under a rule is to live for God." Therefore Eugene would not tolerate the least infraction. One of his companions affirms that, having closely observed him for two years, he had never found him at fault with regard to the observance of the rule. Having contracted the habit of regularity, he no longer considered the keeping of silence as a sacrifice, but rather as his greatest felicity. happy are we," would he say, "to be students; we have almost nothing to do; we have only to observe our rule, and we are saved." Following the example of many saints who died at a tender age, Eugene loved his rule, and he felt a certain uneasiness when anything prevented him from following the general routine of the college community.

During his sickness, the Director granted, or to be nearer right, prescribed him a few privileges, and ordered him to rest for some days; but as soon as the appointed time was elapsed, he would at once return to the observance of the rule, although his indisposition had not quite disappeared. More than once he had to be reprimanded for not having waited until his perfect recovery before resuming his usual daily occupations. To this he would say that it is but seldom that the Director was called upon to punish such misdemeanor, and he was only sorry that he had not

received a much greater rebuke. The time he thus spent outside of the rule appeared to him long and tedious. He often used to say that he felt much happier in doing the will of his superiors than in doing his own will; and especially during his last sickness, before it became very serious, he did not cease to repeat these words: "I think it would be much better for me to attend to my class and studies like the rest."

He carried his love of regularity to such an extent that, returning to his class after a few days' absence on account of temporary illness, he would ask not to be brought in to his companions during silence time, for fear of giving them an occasion of breaking the

rule.

Those who have spent some time in a college easily understand that, on account of his love of silence, Eugene must, more than once, have been put to the test by some of his companions. But he made no reply to his adversaries and bore all their annoyances with the most perfect resignation, being happy to have to suffer something for God. After a trial of this kind, he said to one of his companions, speaking of another: "He gets angry at once if I don't answer him; but he will see by and by that I am only doing my duty and that he is wrong in being displeased with me."

One day the students of his class were left alone;

One day the students of his class were left alone; the professor was absent, and, through mistake, no one had been appointed to replace him. Then Eugene took it upon himself to go and notify his superiors of that fact. This conduct greatly displeased some of his class-mates who abused him for it, but he took no account of this; and to one who said he was too scrupulous, he replied, saying: "This is no scru-

pulosity: I have only done my duty."

B not greedy in any feasting, and pour not out thyself upon any meat: for in many meats there will be sickness, and greediness will turn to choler. By surfeiting many have perished: but he that is

temperate, shall prolong life. Eccli. 37—32 to 34. If a man love justice: her labors have great virtues: for she teacheth temperance, and prudence, and justice, and fortitude, which are such things as men can have nothing more profitable in life. Wis. 8-7.

Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body what you

shall put on. Matt. 6-25.

And take heed to yourselves, lest perhaps your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and the care of this life: and that day come upon you suddenly. Luke, 21—34.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but justice, and peace, and joy in the H. Ghost. Rom. 14-17.

Therefore whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do; do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10-31.

Therefore let us not sleep as others do: but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night, and they that are drunk, are drunk in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, having on the breast-plate of faith and charity, and for a helmet, the hope of salvation. 1 Thes. 5—6 to 8. Young men in like manner exhort to be sober. Tit. 2-6.

Be sober and watch; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom

he may devour. 1 Peter, 5-8.

And you, employing all care, minister in your faith, virtue: and in virtue, knowledge: and in knowledge, abstinence: and in abstinence, patience: and in patience, godliness. 2 Peter, 1-5 and 6.

214 GLUTTONY—ITS CONTRARY VICE.

ND the people sat down to eat, and drink, and they rose up to play. And the Lord spoke to Moses, saying: Go, get thee down: thy people, which thou hast brought out of the land of Egypt, hath sinned. Exod. 32—6 and 7.

The Lord also said to Aaron: you shall not drink wine nor any thing that may make drunk, thou nor thy sons, when you enter into the tabernacle of the testimony, lest you die. Levit. 10—8 and 9.

And they ate, and were filled, and became fat, and abounded with delight in thy great goodness. But provoked thee to wrath, and departed from thee, and threw thy law behind their backs. 2 Esdras, 9—25, 26.

He that loveth good cheer, shall be in want: he that loveth wine, and fat things, shall not be rich. Pr. 21-17.

Wine hath destroyed very many. Eccli. 31—30. Wo to you that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening to be inflamed with wine. Wo to you that are mighty to drink wine, and stout men at drunkenness. Is. 5-11, 22.

You shall drink no wine, neither you, nor your

children, forever. Jerem. 35-6.

Fornication, and wine, and drunkenness take away the understanding. Osee, 4—11.

Wo to you that are filled: for you shall hunger.

Luke, 6—25.

Let us walk honestly as in the day: not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chamberings and impurities, not in contention or envy. Rom. 13—13.

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is luxury, but be ye filled with the holy Spirit. Ephes. 5—18.

For it is best that the heart be established with grace, not with meats: which have not profited those that walk in them. Hebr. 13—19.

Forgive and Forget—it is better by far
To cherish forgiveness, than hatred and strife;
To love and to nourish, instead of to mar
The best and the tenderest feelings of life.
"Tis human to err, to forgive is divine;

To love is to do as thy Savior has done;

Peace of heart, joy, and friendship, all shall be t

Peace of heart, joy, and friendship, all shall be thine, Till happiness, heaven, and all have been won.

Forgive and Forget—'twould be joy to the end,
'Twill soothe thee in illness, in trouble, in pain;
To the sick and the dying 'twill happiness lend,
To think that no feelings of hatred remain;
'Twill give to the Christian a longing and zest
For charity's heavenly mansion above,
Where all will forgive in that dwelling of rest,
And all will forget in that kingdom of love.

** I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why
The white clouds stay up in the sky!
The birds light low that fly so fast;
The downy thistle falls at last;
But the fair clouds are always high.
I wonder why.

I wonder how
The little bird clings to its bow!
Sometimes at night when I awake
And hear the tree-tops moan and shake.
I think, "How sleep the birdies now?"
I wonder how!

I wonder why
We leave the fair earth for the sky!
I wish that we might always stay:
That the dear Lord might come some day,
And make it heaven! Yet we must die.
I wonder why!

LITTLE ROSIE. Little Rosie. fat and small, Bolt upright against the wall, Seems to be in a great flutter With her piece of bread and butter. Major, big, and brown, and shaggy, With silken ears and tail so "waggy", In the pathway straight before her, Keeping such a strict watch o'er her. "Very kind," I know you're thinking. But the rogue has been just drinking All her milk; yes, every sup, Out of Rosie's pewter cup; Now he is waiting for her bread. Did you hear what Rosie said? "Do away, you naughty doggy, You's a deat big geedy hoggy, You shan't have my piece of b'ed, 'Tause I'll fow it at your head, 'En I'll go and tell my muzzer; I dess she'll dive me anozzer." Major "bowed" in acquiescence, Ate the bread and left her presence. Little Rosie tells her story, Gets more bread and milk and glory. While the Major hides his face

In his furs and in disgrace.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Most Rev. Archbp. Seghers (2nd favor); Rev. Father Hermann; Sisters N. D. Holyoke, of Charity, Yakima, of St. Ann, New Westminster; Misses C Harvey, C Collins, A Collins, M J Mackey, C Clark & E M Murtha; Mrs. L Auzerais; Messrs. O Harrisson, A Johnson, J Walsh. H Martin, D Carney, R Lynch, B Major, W McCloskey & J Anderson, to all of whom we tender our cordial thanks.

We owe a thousand and one thanks to the honorable A. O. of O. M., of Brooklyn, for innumerable favors received at its hands through its venerable Secretary!!!

Our old Holyoke home has finally been heard from through the good Sisters of N. D., who have just sent in the price of a real "boss" club. An old friend, "Judge" L., has since remembered us also, thus proving that good example is contagious. Who will next eatch the contagion?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We gladly introduce to our readers our new lady contributor under the nom de plume of "Stella," whose first, (and, we hope, not last) communication graces our pages this month. We thank her very cordially for this means she has taken of renewing a slight acquaintance which distance, time and circumstances had almost obliterated.

-We call the attention of our readers, specially those of a larger growth, to the letter of Rev. Father St. Onge on our last pages. Although it has lost much of its actuality, having originally been written some five or six months ago and lost through the neglect of some P. O. officials, vet as the many truths contained in it have lost nothing of their freshness thereby, we gladly publish it, and hope its suggestions will be faithfully heeded by all who see it. We tender our heartfelt thanks to our Rev. friend for his many good wishes and hope to hear from him again soon. -The first complaint yet heard about the non-arrival of the Youth's Companion reaches us from Washington, D. C., where we send 118 copies monthly. We beg to assure our Rev. correspondent that the paper has been regularly mailed and that the fault lies with the P. O. Department. We would request all our subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly to notify us of the fact at once.

-Periodicals received: the Catholic Journal of Holyoke; l'Abeille of Lowell, Mass., which being a weekly from the start, has, after eleven months of existence, become the first daily French paper in the United States. We wish its proprietors all the success which their enterprise and spunk so richly deserve. The subscription is \$3.00 a year. The Archangel of Portland, Ogn., has also of late shown a spirit of go-a-headism worthy of emulation. In December it published an admirable likeness of the American "Lion of the Fold of Judah," the Most Rev. Archbp. Blanchet. This month it comes out printed in colored ink,—quite an innovation in periodical printing-which gives it a neat and attractive appearance. May its list of subscribers keep pace with its marked internal and external progress. -Our attention having been called to the fact that the notice concerning the "Youth's Companion" which we copied from the "Freeman's Journal" in our 7th No. had originally appeared in the Baltimore "Catholic Mirror," we gladly make the correction, which was altogether unintentional on our part. We gratefully accept the kind offer of exchanging which the Editor of the "Mirror" has tendered us, and we feel so honored, yes, elated, thereat, that we are almost tempted to extend the same compliment to all our other contemporaries. Modest, isn't it? -Last but not least, "Le Guide du Peuple" continues, as of vore, to make us its very welcome semi-weekly visits. P. S. As we go to press, two copies of our namesake, "Le Jean Baptiste," of Northampton, Mass., make their

"Le Jean Baptiste," of Northampton, Mass., make their appearance in our sanctum. Welcome to the new comer. We commenced last mouth cutting off from our lists the names of some to whom we have been sending our little paper from the beginning. This mouth we intend to cross out a few more for the very good reason that we can not afford to buy the material, edit and print a paper and receive nothing in return. We hope our tardy friends will take notice of this and send us their postage stamps.

THE SIMMONS FUNDS.

Amount already acknowledged, \$7.00 Rev. Father Hermann, \$2.50; Rev. Father St. Onge, Misses M J and E Harper, Messrs. J O'Keane and D Carney, \$1.00 each. Total, \$14.50 (1) CHARADE.

Many virtues in Holy Writ we find Religion teaching to all mankind, But shining far o'er all is seen Charity reigning as their queen. With this should we our views exalt, And when one falls, to robe the fault. The last three words with care review And of the three now make but two; Transpose their parts, arrange them well, A friend's official name that tell.

A friend's official name they tell.

New Westminster.

B. P.

(2) I am composed of two words and seventeen letters:

My 1, 2, is an article.

My 3, 4, 8, 6, is a country beyond the sea.

My 5, 9, 3, is a drink the Chinese cultivate.

My 8, 7, is a neuter verb.

My 12, 11, 14, 15, is a sweet smelling flower.

My 10, 11, 17, 14, 15, is a small animal.

My 12, 11, 13, is a French word for ruler.

My 16, 14, is an adverb.

My whole is the name of the writer of the letter to the Pupils of the Tulalip school, published in this No.

(3) I am composed of three words and nineteen letters: My 1, 2, 3, 11, is a conjunction.

Ly 4, 3, 5, is to confine water.

My 6, 8, 9, 10, 7, is to adhere or stick close to.

My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 9, 6, is short, brief, pithy.

My 19, 18, 17, 1, is to lease.

My whole is the name and place of residence of the first subscriber to the Youth's Companion. J. Bebee.

Ans. to Nuts in No. 6: Sister Florence. John Casavant.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 26 boys and 30 girls. The actual number now is 25 and 27 respectively.

TICOBINE B.

, THE LITTLE BOY IN THE DARK.

Some little boys are afraid to go in the dark. One day Willie H. was asked by his mother to go down the cellar, which was quite dark, to get some potatoes. He hesitated for a moment, being afraid to go. At last he said: "As it is for you, dear mother, I will go." When he got to the cellar-door he stopped a minute, and said a short prayer to the Holy Child Jesus. He then felt braver than before, and went boldly down the stairs. When he got into the cellar, he heard a little noise among the barrels, but he was not afraid; he thought it was only the rats scampering away into their holes. He went to the potato pile and filled his little basket. When he got up stairs he told his mother that after this he would never be afraid any more to go in the dark. He often went afterwards into the darkest places, like a little soldier. One day his mother asked him why he was not afraid any more to go in the dark. "Because," said he, "I always make the sign of the cross, and pronounce the holy name 'Jesus.'" His mother was delighted to hear this. She embraced her little son, and presented him with a beautiful prayer-book.

We hope that none of our young readers is afraid to go in the dark. If any of them is, he has only to do as the little boy of whom we have just been speaking.

A little boy was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

FEBRUARY 13.

ST. CATHERINE OF RICCI.

LEXANDRINA of Ricci was the daughter of a noble Florentine. At the age of thirteen she entered the Third Order of St. Dominic in the monastery of Prato, taking in religion the name of Catherine, after her patron and namesake of Siena. Her special attraction was to the Passion of Christ, in which she was permitted miraculously to participate. In the Lent of 1541, being then twenty-one years of age, she had a vision of the Crucifixion so heartrending, that she was confined to bed for three weeks, and was only restored, on Holy Saturday, by an apparition of St. Mary Magdalen and Jesus risen. During twelve years she passed every Friday in ecstacy. She received the sacred stigmata, the wound in the left side and the crown of thorus. All these tayors gave her continual and intense suffering, and inspired her with a loving sympathy for the yet more bitter tortures of the holy Souls. In their behalf she offered all her prayers and penances; and her charity towards them became so famous throughout Tuscany, that after every death the friends of the deceased hastened to Catherine to secure her prayers. St. Catherine offered many prayers, fasts, and penances for a certain great man, and thus obtained his salvation. It was revealed to her that he was in Purgatory; and such was her love of Jesus crucified, that she offered to suffer all the pains to be inflicted on that soul. Her prayer was granted. The soul entered Heaven, and for forty days Catherine suffered indescribable agonies. Her body was covered with blisters emitting heat so great that her cell seemed on fire. Her flesh appeared as if roasted and her tongue like red-hot iron. Amidst all she was calm and joyful, saying; "I long to suffer all imaginable pains, that souls may quickly see and praise their Redeemer." She knew by revelation the arrival of a soul in Purgatory and the hour of its release. She held intercourse with the saints in glory, and frequently conversed with St. Philip Neri at Rome without leaving her convent at Prato. She died, amid angels' songs, in 1589. 221

FEBRUARY 14.

ST. VALENTINE, PRIEST AND MARTYR.

ALENTINE was a holy priest in Rome, who, with St Marius and his family, assisted the martyrs in the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended, and sent by the emperor to the prefect of Rome, who, on finding all his promises to make him renounce his faith ineffectual, commanded him to be beaten with clubs, and afterward to be beheaded, which was executed on the 14th of February, about the year 270. Pope Julius I. is said to have built a church near Ponte Mole to his memory, which for a long time gave name to the gate, now called Porta del Popolo, formerly Porta Valentini. The greatest part of his relics are now in the church of St. Praxedes. To abolish the heathen's lewd superstitions custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honor of their goddess Februata Juno, on the 15th of this month, several zealous pastors substituted the names of Saints in billets given on this day.

FEBRUARY 15.

ST. ILDEPHONSUS, BISHOP.

T. ILDEPHONSUS, archbishop of Toledo, had been in youth a disciple of St. Isidore of Seville. Forsaking for the love of Christ the worldly honors of his noble birth, he became a Benedictine monk, in a monastery near Toledo, of which, in course of time, he was chosen abbot. In 659 he was made archbishop of Toledo. He had always been most devoted to the Mother of God. and when some heretics in Spain revived the heresy of Helvidius, and denied the perpetual virginity of our Blessed Lady, St. Ildephonsus wrote a treatise against them, in which he displayed the greatest zeal for the glory of the Virgin Mother of Christ. By this work, and by frequent exhortations to his flock, he effectually checked the heresy. One morning after this, as the zealous archbishop was entering his cathedral for Matins on the feast of the Annuntiation, our Blessed Lady appeared to him seated on her throne, holding in her hands his book against the heretics, and surrounded by the choirs of virgins. She thanked him for all he had done in defence of her honor, and, in token 222

of her gratitude, gave him a chasuble for Mass. On an other occasion as he was celebrating Mass, St. Leocadia, a virgin martyr of Toledo, also appeared to him and made known to him the resting-place of her relics, for which he had long searched. She then, in the hearing of the king and all the people, praised his zeal for the honor of Mary, saying: "O lidephonsus, through thee doth live our Lady Queen, who holds the heights of heaven!" St. Ildephonsus died on the 23rd of January, 669. Spain has chosen him as one of its principal patrons; and his example and writings have done much to foster the national devotion to the Virgin Mother of God.

FEBRUARY 16.

BLESSED JOHN DE BRITTO, MARTYR.

ON PEDRO II. of Portagal, when a child, had among his little pages a modest boy of rich and princely parents. Much had John de Britto—for so was he called-to bear from his careless-living companions, to whom his holy life was a reproach. A terrible illness made him turn for aid to St. Francis Xavier. a Saint so well loved by the Portuguese; and when, in answer to his prayers, he recovered, his mother vested him for a year in the dress worn in those days by the Jesuir Fathers. From that time John's heart burned to follow the example of the apostle of the Indies. He gained his double wish. On December 17, 1662, he entered the novitiate of the Society at Lisbon; and eleven years later, in spite of the most determined opposition of his family and of the court, he left all to go and convert the Hindoos of Madura. When Blessed John's mother knew that her son was going to the Indies, she used all her influence to prevent him leaving his own country, and persuaded the Papal Nuncio to interfere. "God, who called me from the world into religious life, now calls me from Portugal to India," was the reply of the future martyr. swer the vocation as I ought, would be to provoke the justice of God. As long as I live, I shall never cease striving to gain a passage to India." For fourteen years he toiled: preaching, converting, baptizing multitudes, at the cost of privations, hardships, and persecutions. At last, after being seized, tortured, and nearly massacred by the heathens, he was banished from the country. Forced to return to Portugal, John once more broke through every obstacle, and went back again to his labor of love. Like St. John the Baptist, he died a victim to the anger of a guilty woman whom a convert king had put aside, and like the Precursor, he was beheaded after a painful imprisonment, in 1693.

FEBRUARY 17.

ST. FLAVIAN, BISHOP, MARTYR,

LAVIAN was elected patriarch of Constinople in 447. His short episcopate of two years was a time of conflict and persecution from the first. Chrysaphius, the emperor's favorite, tried to extort a large sum of money from him on the occasion of his consecration. His fidelity in refusing this simoniacal betrayal of his trust brought to him the enmity of the most powerful man in the empire. A graver trouble soon arose. In 448 Flavian had to condemn the rising heresy of the monk Eutyches, who obstinately denied that our Lord was in two perfect natures after His Incarnation. Eutyches drew to his cause all the bad elements which so early gathered about the Byzantine court. His intrigues were long baffled by the vigilance of Flavian; but at last he obtained from the emperor the assembly of a council at Ephesus, in August, 449, presided over by his friend Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria. In this "robber council," as it is called, Eutiches entered, surrounded by soldiers. The Roman legates could not even read the Pope's letters; and at the first sign of resistance to the condemnation of Flavian, fresh troops entered with drawn swords, and, in spite of the protests of the legates, terrified most of the bishops into acquiescence.

The fury of Dioscorus reached its height when Flavian appealed to the Holy See. Then it was that he so forgot his apostolic office as to lay violent hands on his adversary. St. Flavian was set upon by Dioscorus and others, thrown down, beaten, kicked, and finally carried into banishment. Let us contrast their ends. Flavian clung to the teaching of the Roman Pontiff, and sealed his faith with his blood. Dioscorus excommunicated the Vicar of Christ, and died obstinate and impenitent in the heresy of

Eutiches.

J.B.U.L.LET.I.N.

ROLL OF HONOR

— OF THE —

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, polite deportment, obedience and general application to study.

A. E. SIMMONS, EUGENE DAMIAN, ROBERT CINDY, Walter Wale, Edward Preston.

E. FRINKBUNNER,
JULIANNA KWINA,
AGATHA BAGLEY,
EMMA DAWSON,
LUCY FRINKBUNNER,
MARY GIRARD.

Order and Neatness.

FRANCIS LECLAIR, HENRY CHARLES, Joseph Wheksdah.

E. FRINKBUNNER, THER. DEBAHAD, JULIANNA KWINA, AGATHA BAGLEY.

Composition and application to writing.

F. LECLAIR, THOMAS EWYE, Henry Charles.

Application to manual labor and farming.

JAMES LONG,
THOMAS EWYE,
DAVID TOBEY.

L. FRINKBUNNER,
A. BAGLEY,
M. GIRARD,
ELLEN ACHILLE,
J. KWINA & J. Siebert.
Application to sewing
and cutting out.
E. FRINKBUNNER,

J. KWINA.
House-work and cooking
LOUISA LING,
JOSEPHINE SERWALH.

In the midst of the joyous season of the New Year, the unexpected and painful intelligence of the death of Rev. Brother H. de Vries, our former esteemed and beloved teacher, reached Tulalip where he spent a number of years devoted to the welfare of the Indian youth of this far West. I know that many of his pupils, : ow widely scattered over this Territory and British Columbia, will be grieved on reading those lines and I trust will offer a fervent prayer for his soul, though as he spent his life toiling solely for God's glory and planting christianity in the hearts of the untutored sons of the forest, we may hope that he now enjoys that bliss for which he exhausted his energies and his life. His unawearied zeal and devotedness in the cause of religion, is to-day evinced in the deep and tender piety of many of his scholars. On the 16th inst. at nine o'clock A. M., a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Boulet, at which a number of his former pupils assisted, some of whom received holy Communion for the repose of his soul. R. I. P. John B. Ladebauche.

St. Ignatius Mission, Nov. 27th, 1881.

To the Pupils of the Tulalip school.

Dear Friends. It was a pleasant surprise to us, when we received the letter written by Lucy Frinkbunner and also the Youth's Companion. We think it an interesting little companion, and we welcome it with many kind

wishes for its success.

We are happy to make acquaintance with you, at least by means of writing, because, as you and we say, we have not the happiness of seeing each other; but we will supply the want by frequent correspondence. You say you would be glad if we would make some compositions for the Youth's Companion; as to that, we will try what we can, but at the same time, we ask of you not to expect too much of us, for we are not any smarter than you are.

We are at present thirty-four girls, from five to twentyone years of age, and we all attend school except one. Most all of us have made our retreat some time ago, we

ended on the beautiful feast of St. Stanislaus.

The boys are taught by the Rev. Jesuit Fathers, and

they number at this time about twenty.

Certainly we will not forget you in our poor prayers, as we hope we will not be forgotten in yours.

A. M.

Rev. and very dear old friend.

I can not expres to you what was my surprise and joy when I saw the first Number of the "Youth's Companion" that you kindly sent me. That surprise and pleasure are nothing extraordinary to you who have been my faithful and devoted companion in my missions among the Yakama Indians and the other tribes settled on the Yakama Reservation—to you who know my love of our Indian missionary work—who have helped me so much and taken such a large share in my plans about educating the Indians, &c.

So, you alone can understand the pleasant surprise I experienced when I saw a periodical, small it is true, but a real monthly printed with the same type I used to print my Indian books, viz:the "Missionary's Companion on the Pacific Coast," and the "Yakama Primer and Catechism."

May God bless your work, dear old companion of my missionary life. May He bless you with the health He has thought fit to refuse me, and may He grant your noble efforts in the great cause of religion all the success you

so well deserve.

Yours is indeed a difficult and arduous work. The many poor and destitute churches under your care will surely be benefited by your undertaking, because, when you have made known to the charitable public, through the "Companion," the claims of your really destitute missions—how many souls can be saved by their kind help, no one will refuse, not only to subscribe to the "Companion," but to send you also some substantial proof of their sympathy in the sacrifices you make for God's glory and the salvation of the poor Indians in your care.

If our brethren, whom God has favored with the gifts of fortune, knew only one hundredth part of what I know about your missionary work, the hardships you have to endure, the sacrifices your sacred calling imposes on you, oh! how quickly their charitable hearts would be open to

you, how abundant would their offerings be!

The "Companion" will plead its own cause. Give your pupils as much space as possible in your columns. Their rude but touching pleadings will have more weight and greater effect to touch the chords of generous charity than the most eloquent articles from either my pen or yours.

I will for that very reason close this already too long letter, and conclude by repeating what I have already said: May God bless your holy work! May He inspire those who have the means to send you all the help you need to increase your usefulness and extend your blessed mission to save souls and glorify the holy name of Jesus! In your prayers please remember your old follow-mis-

sionary worker, FATHER ST. ONGE.

THE "LORD'S PRAYER" IN SNOHOMISH.

Gwalh debalh Ban dgwe a al kwi sherk, halh kwi gwas hoyotobs lilhzihu alh ta adsgwa atsda, dgwe gwa sihusiamchelh, halh kwi gwas chalatobs ta adsgwa adschelhrachem alti swatihuhted, rolab a tu chalad ta adsgwa adschlhrachem aldi sherk. Tihilh sattledchelh al ku boku slarel adsabietobolh alti slarel 'tlob chahu obalitsietobolh a tu tskwadadchelh, rolab a tas balitsiedchelh ta lale atsilhtalbihu a tu tskwadads dhual debalh, 'tlob chahu otslalikutobolh dhual gwalh boku tskwadad schissad, hoi chahu a tleltobolh tolal ku boku sa. 'Tlob asista.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

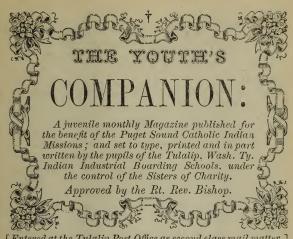
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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation. Snohomish Co., W. T.



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UNGRATEFUL SON.



GREAT and powerful king, while traveling with his escort through his dominions, found, by the highway, a little child, which had been abandoned by its unnatural parents, and left to perish. At the sight of this unfortunate infant, the good prince was moved to

compassion. He gave orders that the child should be cared for; that he should be entrusted to the charge of those who brought up the royal family; and that he should even live in the regal palace. The filthy rags in which the child had been wrapped up, were taken away, and clothing of the same description as that employed for the king's sons put upon it. Frequently the prince called for the child, and loved to caress and cherish it. The whole court was in admiration at the fondness displayed by the king for his adopted son. Every one envied him his place in the king's affections, and each one pictured to himself how attached and devoted to the king's person and service this child would become, when he should come to be a man, and learn the particulars of his abandonment, of his rescue from cold and a miserable death, and of the many marks of the royal favor which had from that time forward been heaped upon him.

The child grew up; attained the use of reason; its judgment began to be developed. And will it be believed? It was in vain that the king continued to show a hundred marks of his kindness to the little ingrate; not a single movement of his heart seemed to turn towards so good a father. Months passed away; years came and went; still the same. No one could vouch to have ever seen one spontaneous mark of love and gratitude towards the king from that strange child. Other years passed away, and the bad heart displayed itself in malignant passion. Furious, not to be controlled, the very children of the king suffered from his violence. He knew not how to pardon. If a word of reproach were uttered, if any humiliation had to be undergone, his language in return was coarse and defiant. If he had not the power to take revenge upon those who injured him, fire flashed from his eyes, and it was well seen that the desire for vengeance burned in his heart. He seemed to worship himself, to have the highest idea of his own

merit, of his own excellence. He unscrupulously attributed to himself the position he held. He would not for a moment allow his mind to feel convinced that, without the king, he was absolutely nothing. No. All love, all esteem, all regard, he wished to himself, but never displayed either love, or respect, or submission, or gratitude, to him who had done so much for him, and who still continued to do so much. He never obeyed but when the command suited his own inclinations, or when it was his own good pleasure. Proud and haughty beyond measure, his mind, nevertheless, was low and vile. He degraded himself; plunged into filthy abominations which it is beneath an immortal soul even to name. He became brutified in the pleasures of sense; in attachment to the things of earth; in an inordinate love of eating and drinking.

Have I not said enough, my young friends, to excite your horror and indignation at such conduct? But when I say that still worse is to come, will you have courage to read so painful a recital of ungrate-

ful actions?

This unhappy young man put the climax to his malice and his ingratitude. He conceived the atrocious design of shaking off all obedience and subjection to his sovereign and adopted father. "I will not obey," said he, "I will serve no longer; I will rebel against my benefactor and my king; I will join his enemies and declare myself his enemy. True, he can punish me, and will, but I don't know what time-he may do it, and meanwhile I am resolved to follow my own whim, my own inclination. I wish to satisfy myself. I prefer these pleasures, shameful and evanescent though they be, to my king."

Can you believe, my young friends, that such a monster of ingratitude and fool-hardy daring ever lived on the face of the earth? Alas! Alas! The story is too true of many Christians, of many children. Is it ours? Let us answer this question before God.

THE CHERRIES.

"A place for everything and everything in its place." THEN Elizabeth was thirteen years of age, her parents gave her a little room to herself, bid-The ding her to be careful in keeping it clean and neat. She did not, however, do as she was bid, for her room was always in confusion. She had invited some little friends to spend an evening with her. One of them brought her in the morning a small basket of cherries; Elizabeth was busy in her room, and her friend not finding any place on the table, which was strewn with litters, put them on a chair. Elizabeth had put on a new white frock, when her mother told her to go on an errand for her; it was dark when she returned, and being tired, she went into her room, and threw herself into a chair. But she soon jumped up again with a scream, for she had forgotten the cherries upon which she sat. They were what are called black-heart cherries, and her mother, who was attracted by her cry, found the back of her white dress covered with a large red stain. "Behold," said she, "the consequences of the disorder in which you suffer your room to remain; had you put these cherries in a plate on the table, this accident would not have happened. But as it is, I shall make you keep this frock on all the evening, which I hope will be a warning to you and your little friends,

> There will be loss and many pains, Where no order, but confusion reigns."

to keep their rooms in order, and teach them that

His love of the rule was so constant that he sometimes refused to yield immediately to the wishes of his superiors, when, by so doing, he would be exposed to break the rule.

One day Eugene asked permission to call upon one of the professors at his room; but finding him occupied, he returned to the recreation room and asked to go to the chapel. After his visit to the Blessed Sacrament, the professor that Eugene desired to see met him near his room, and said to him: "You can come now, I am free." Eugene answered: "I have asked permission to come to the chapel only; please wait till I go down and ask anew to go to your room." This instance of perfect regularity greatly edified the professor who witnessed it.

Notwithstanding certain trials which he had to undergo at the hands of some of his ill-disposed comrades, Eugene was held in general esteem, and all admired his firmness and patience. Said he one day, "It is true, I have to suffer a little from some of my companions; but I bear all willingly for the love of

Jesus Christ."

The mere suspicion that some one was displeased at him grealy afflicted him. He could not be at ease until he had made some advances, and given some proofs of his good dispositions towards those who appeared less friendly to him. "How painful it is," he would say, "to have enemies! Yet it seems to me that I have wronged nobody." And as some one remarked that our Lord had many enemies, although He had come to do good to men; "It is true," said he, "then one must forbear and not seek after the esteem of men." On another occasion he said: "I know that he who tries to do his duty will be persecuted; for

those who neglect theirs will be dissatisfied, because their own conduct will be thereby condemned."

He would sometime express the happiness he experienced in the accomplishment of his rule in these terms: "Oh! if you knew how happy he is who does the will of God! In doing his duty as he ought, one feels a contentment that he can not express; it must be experienced to be fully understood."

CHAPTER VI.

INFLUENCE OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

XAMPLE has always a powerful influence for good or evil. By his obedience, modesty and piety, under all circumstances, Eugene exercised on the whole college community a most beneficial influence. It could not be otherwise. The sight of a child, yet in the lower classes, observing with such fidelity all the rules of the institution, was indeed well calculated to bring the blush on the older and more advanced students. The result was that piety and regularity took a new start among the students, especially among those of his class, who oftener had the occasion of being edified by their little model. The apostolate of good example exercised by this pious child will be better appreciated, when we consider that for months after Eugene's death, the effect of his absence was quite sensibly felt. The class of which he had been a member was always well-behaved, but did not, as of yore, so much distinguish 234

itself among the rest by its greater piety: religion not having so great a share in the daily conversations as formerly. In a word, while it continued to be a laudable class, which has left an excellent impression in the college, yet, after Eugene's death, it did not with as much reason deserve the title of *fine class* which it had received on account, no doubt, of the happy in-

fluence exercised over it by the pious child.

Many of his comrades acknowledge that his daily companionship had indeed a great influence on their moral and religious conduct. Eugene, pained to see the habitual coldness of one of his fellow-students in the service of God, endeavored to make him more pious. Having induced him to go often to the chapel during his recreations, notwithstanding the reluctance he might feel in doing so in the beginning, he added: "You will not have gone there for a week, that you will ever afterwards desire to find yourself at the feet of our Lord." Full success crowned his efforts; and in a short time, by the help of the good counsels of his little monitor, this student became a model to the whole community by his piety and regularity. Sometime after, this grateful friend, with tears in his eyes, related to one of his professors that it was Eugene who had converted him, speaking to him of God like an angel.

Another student, who in the past had been somewhat indisposed against Eugene, having spent three days with him at the Hotel-Dieu hospital, was so edified with his pious conversation, that, on his return to college, he told the Director it was impossible to live for some days with this holy child, and not change one's mode of life, and that after this he would try

to be more pious.

Eugene could not refrain from expressing his grief when he saw anyone of his comrades neglecting his duty. If he was in a position to give an advice, he would do so with the greatest charity. When it was not convenient for him to do so, he would then pray for the culprit. He never failed to pray for all his companions. This was known among them, and very often some would recommend themselves to his prayers, with the conviction that they were most agreeable to God. Therefore more than once it was said that his prayers contributed largely to the good that was done in the college.

How edifying it was to see him take his place at the end of each recreation, at the first stroke of the bell before the religious exercises; and there, by recollection, prepare his soul for prayer according to the advice of the Holy Ghost. Therefore all his exercises of piety were performed with a fervor and modesty which edified all those who were present. And when the Director of the college proposed him as a model in this respect to less fervent students, they confessed

their inability of imitating him.

In order to awaken his faith, and to excite his attention to the presence of God, this is the means he used to fix his imagination and to prevent his mind from being distracted: "I represent to myself," said he, "three thrones; on the first of which is the Blessed Virgin; on the second, our Lord, Jesus Christ; and on the third, God the Father; and when I pray, I always address myself to the Blessed Virgin, and in this way I am always sure of being heard." His perfect modesty was so well known to all, that no one dared say or do anything in his presence that might in the least offend him. The parents of one of his 236

little companions having told their son that he must avoid everything unsuitable in a pleasure party that was soon to take place; the boy quickly answered; "Eugene will be of the party; and where he is, it is as if the Bishop were there." Indeed, one of the boys having, on the occasion referred to, used a word a little discordant to his delicate ears, Eugene silenced him, and then everything went off with the greatest reserve. It is a remarkable fact that God watched with a jealous eye to the preservation of his innocence, as the following seems to prove. A student who was not then known for his immorality, had been placed near the desk occupied by Eugene in the study room, but he was expelled as soon as known. And during the whole time that this dangerous scholar remained in the college, that is, about a month, Eugene had been absent on account of sickness.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS CHARITY.

UR pious scholar was always faithful in the observance of the great precept of charity towards the neighbor. He was never heard speaking of others' faults; he was always ready to excuse them. He did not scruple to reprimand his equals when they neglected their duty in this respect. A word of one of his brothers does honor to Eugene with regard of this virtue. "Now," said he, "we can't hardly open the mouth at home; Eugene is always reprimanding us, saying that we fail in charity."

A remarkable instance of Eugene's charity is thus related. During vacation he chided one of his sisters on account of her too great relish for the pleasures of the world, and at the same time he was trying to prove to her how insignificant they were in comparison to the service of God. But such advice, given to one older than himself, was not always thankfully received, and the young monitor would sometime have to bear in return some sharp words and sarcasms which never for a moment changed his good dispositions towards his sister. For after his return to college, fearing that she might feel a little cool towards him, he wrote a letter to her in which he promised, for the future, to say the *Memorare* for her daily, in retaliation of what she had said to him while at home.

On holidays, if he visited another of his sisters who was studying at the Presentation convent, it was especially to give her some good counsels, to converse with her on pious subjects and to teach her how to meditate. The last time he went to see her before his death, he told her that at his next visit he would teach her an excellent way of liearing holy Mass with fruit.

All the saints have loved and respected the poor as the suffering members of Jesus Christ. A great number of these faithful servants of God have deprived themselves of all their property to relieve the unfortunate. Eugene had also this mark of a lively love of our Lord, being very compassionate towards the poor.

One day on his way home from church after receiving holy Communion, he saw at some distance a 238 woman who seemed to be in great poverty; he at once left his sisters who accompanied him, went to the poor woman and asked her if she needed any assistance. Then he gave her some money, expressing at the same time his sorrow not to be able to do more for her. Filled with gratitude, the woman went in a neighboring house, and praised the young student who, unasked, had just given her an alms. "As a general rule," said she, "I have to ask, and oftentimes I get nothing; but he came to me and gave me what he had." As she finished speaking, Eugene opened the door. "Here he is," added the beggar, "the young student of whom I spoke to you, is he your son, Madam?" "Yes," answered Eugene's mother, "that is my child."

Eugene had an extraordinary prudence to keep at a distance from all danger, and to avoid whatever might be prejudicial to his piety. Knowing that particular friendships are a great obstacle to grace, and nearly always an enemy to good morals in a community, he was constantly trying to keep his heart for God alone. He made known his dispositions on this subject to one of his comrades, telling him that he did not wish to make intimate friends, giving for reason as he said, that "a true friend is difficult to find. My only friends are Jesus and Mary, all others may deceive me, but these are always the same in our regard, and they always bear towards us the greatest

interest and the most ardent love."

It is not difficult to understand that so many good qualities caused him to be sought after. A student wrote him a few words one day, and presented him with a book to induce him to become his friend. His motive which, he stated, was to converse on pious

subjects and help each other to serve God by mutual counsels, seemed good. Eugene at once took the note to the Prefect of studies; then having asked and obtained permission to go himself and take back the book to its owner, he said to him that he did not wish to occupy himself with things that were forbidden by the rule.

Thus did Eugene endeavor to purify his sentiments and to keep in his heart only true charity towards his neighbor, such as is described by the great commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as

thyself."

God however, to purify and excite divine love more and more in him, permitted that he should be tempted in this regard, Eugene, in spite of himself, for some time felt in his heart a growing sentiment of friendship towards one of his companions. Finding that the thought of this new friend came to his mind during his religious exercises, he concluded that it was a snare of the devil, and took a strong resolution to get rid of it as soon as possible. Notwithstanding a certain repugnance which he experienced, he went to his spiritual director and openly declared to him what he felt in order that he might point him out the means necessary to free himself from what he called an impediment to his happiness. Having thus opened himself to his director, and shedding abundant tears, he said: "Oh! how happy am I now, an intolerable weight has been taken off my shoulders, I could not live in such a state."

Happy the child who, like him, has early learned that even here below the human heart is made for God and that it can find no rest nor happiness until it finally reposes in Him.

Y son, reject not the correction of the Lord: and do not faint when thou art chastised by him: for whom the Lord loveth, he chastiseth. Prov. 3—11, 12.

He that is patient, is governed with much wisdom: but he that is impatient exalteth his folly. Prov. 14-29.

A mild answer breaketh wrath: but a harsh word

stirreth up fury. Prov. 15—1.

The learning of a man is known by patience; and his glory is to pass over wrongs. Prov. 19—11.

A patient man shall bear for a time, and afterwards

joy shall be restored to him. Eccli. 1-29.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land. But I say to you not to resist evil: but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. Matth. 5—4 and 39.

Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart: and you shall find rest to your souls. Matth. 11—29. [21—19.

In your patience you shall possess your souls. Luke I therefore beseech you that you walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called, with all humility and mildness, with patience, supporting one an-

other in charity. Ephes. 4-1, 2.

Put ye on therefore, as the elect of God, holy, and beloved, the bowels of mercy, benignity, humility, modesty, patience: bearing with one another, and forgiving one another, if any have a complaint against another: even as the Lord hath forgiven you, so do you also. Coloss. 3—12, 13.

And we beseech you, brethren, rebuke the unquiet, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient towards all men. 1 Thess. 5—14.

For patience is necessary for you: that, doing the will of God, you may receive the promise. Heb. 10-36.

NGER indeed killeth the foolish, and envy slayeth the little one. Job 5—2.

Cease from anger, and leave rage. Ps. 36—8.

A fool immediately showeth his anger: but he that dissembleth injuries is wise. Prov. 12-16.

A passionate man stirreth up strifes: he that is patient appeaseth those that are stirred up. Prov. 15-18.

An evil man always seeketh quarrels: but a cruel

angel shall be sent against him. Prov. 17-11.

Be not a friend to an angry man, and do not walk with a furious man: lest perhaps thou learn his ways, and take scandal to thy soul. Prov. 22-24, 25.

It is better to dwell in a wilderness, than with a quarrelsome and passionate woman. Prov. 21—19.

A passionate man provoketh quarrels: and he that is easily stirred up to wrath, shall be more prone to sin. Prov. 29—22.

Be not quickly angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of a fool. Eccles. 7—10.

Envy and anger shorten a man's days. Eccli. 30-27. Remove anger from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. Eccles. 11-10.

But I say to you, that whosoever is angry with his brother, shall be in danger of the judgment. Mat. 5-22.

Be angry, and sin not. Let not the sun go down

upon your anger. Ephes. 4-26.

Let all bitterness and anger, and indignation and clamor, and blasphemy be put away from you, with all malice. Ephes. 4-31.

Lay you also all away: anger, indignation, malice, blasphemy, filthy speech out of your mouth. Col. 3-8.

Let every man be quick to hear, but slow to speak, and slow to anger. For the anger of man worketh not the justice of God. James 1-19, 20.

See, Lord, from wretchedness I flee,
As little birds that 'scape the snare;
Thy crucifix my nest shall be,

The serpent cannot reach me there.

See, Master, from my guilt I fly,
As doves, from where they spread the net,
To nestle in thy cross on high
Where jealous satan cannot get.

Therewith in thy eternal name
And in thy Son's myself I bless,
And to his Holy Spirit that came
To guide us into truth confess.

This three fold stamp a seal shall be To scare the fiend in shame away; Beholding it his legions flee, And trembling, at a distance stay.

THE GIDDY LAMB.

A giddy lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed:
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted;
Not all the flock, that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
No clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of sufferings stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms about it;

And closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home to rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And so the Savior will receive
The little ones that fear Him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near Him;
Bless while they live, and when they die—
When soul and body sever—
Conduct them to His home on high,
To dwell with Him for ever.

*** WINTER.

O! let us thank Almighty God,
That we have a nice warm bed,
Where, after working all day long,
We may rest our weary head.

There are many little children,
Who have neither home nor bed,
But in the cold, from door to door,
They humbly beg a piece of bread.

*** LIFE.

Oft have I thought, when o'er I roamed The valley deep and wild, Of future life, with all its joys, Though I was but a child.

Alas! the joys of life are few; Enjoyment's but a short-lived pleasure; It disappears like morning dew, Before the King of day.

A LEGEND.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

NCE upon a time there was an old Iudian; he had been spoiled by the example of bad white men and had become a lover of fire-water and tobacco. These two things were the only objects of his desires, and how to obtain them, his only study.

Still, his vices had not destroyed in his heart the spirit of hospitality, which is a proverbial quality of

the unsophisticated Indian.

So, one day, St. Peter and some other apostles stopped at his wigwam and asked for a night's shelter for

himself and his companions.

The old man had but very little to eat, but he heartily gave his unknown guests the little he had without keeping a mouthful for himself. Before leaving in the morning, St. Peter, grateful for the hearty hospitality he had received, told the old Indian that, as a reward, he would allow him three wishes, adding that they would be fulfilled whatever they might be.

"Be careful now," said St. Peter, "to wish for something desirable and calculated to make you happy."

"How!" exclaimed the old man, "do you mean to say that I may have whatever I wish for?"

"Yes, I have the power to obtain it for you. Now

think well before you wish."

"Well, then," said the Indian, "I wish for all the tobacco in the world—the very whole of it."

"What a foolish desire," St. Peter said, "can't you

think of something better than tobacco?"

"Oh yes," rejoined the untutored son of the forest, "I wish for all the fire-water in the whole world."

"Your first wish was foolish, this one is dangerous and may cause the loss of your soul, but I am bound

by my promise, let it be so, you may have it all. But," added St. Peter, "it is true I can't force you, yet remember your soul in your last wish, and try to provide for it, so there will be no risk."

"Well," answered the Indian, "to make the thing sure, I wish to have a little more tobacco, and a big

deal more of fire-water."

It is useless to tell you how sorry good St. Peter must have been to hear the third wish of the old sinner, when he was expecting all the time for something better.

The story ends here; but I would like to ask the boys and girls of the Tulalip schools, or of any other Indian school who may happen to see this, what are the three things they would ask for, if the good St. Peter happened to give them the three wishes of the old man?

Will any of you, boys and girls, answer me in the next No. of the Youth's Companion? I would be very curious to see the difference between the desires of an old man spoiled by bad example, and those of young children enjoying the happiness of a good catholic education

A dozen or so of short letters containing only five or six lines from you, would very much please the public and especially FATHER LOUIS.

[We will see that your request be complied with. Edr.]

We will commence next month the publication of a most interesting Indian story from the gifted pen of Rev. Father Louis, told in his own inimitable style. We have also been informed that we will soon again be favored with a communication from our kind correspondent "Stella." Now then, little friends, big friends, all friends, now is the time for each of you to get us a new subscriber. Won't ye?

THE SIMMONS FUNDS.

Amount already acknowledged, Rev. Father Grassi, S. J., 50 cents.

\$14.50 Total \$15.00 Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Father Grassi, S. J.; Sisters of Charity, Walla Walla; Messrs. J P Judson, J Rigney, J Loyola, J Henry_& J Seattle; to all of whom we tender our cordial thanks.

—Periodicals received: the Catholic Journal of Holyoke; the Archangel of Portland; Le Guide du Peuple of Glen's Falls; Le Jean Baptiste of Northampton, just noticed in our last issue. It is a first-class Catholic family newspaper in its eighth year of useful existence. Through the great kindness of Mr. P. V. Hickey of New York, we welcome the Holy Family among our exchanges. Thanks, gentlemen.

Our thanks are also due to the Carroll Institute, Washington, for a bundle of assorted papers received through the kindness of Major Mallet, once U.S. Ind. Agent here.

A copy of "Le Jean-Baptiste" of Northampton, Mass.. lately received, contains a splendid notice of a whole column concerning the Youth's Companion, for which we are exceedingly thankful. We translate a few extracts:

"THE SMALLEST PAPER IN THE WORLD, BUT THE BEST.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to a new English journal just received. It is called The Youth's Companion, is hardly 6 inches by 4 in size, but contains 28 pages stitched together in pamphlet form. What entitles it to the patronage of all good Catholics is the fact that it is published for the benefit of the Indian Missions of Washington Territory. The type setting, printing and some of the writing are the work of little Indians, who have been instructed and civilized by our courageous missionaries. . . The Y. C. is full of Christian and moral anecdotes, so that nothing better can be asked to amuse the children. For this reason it is very desirable that it should be found in every family; but there is yet another advantage which all good Catholics will fully appreciate, it is that by subscribing to this publication, they will also help the Indian Missions. It is money lent to God, who will give it back to us with usury. Those who desire to receive the paper can write directly to Rev. Father Boulet. Tulalip Indian Reservation, W. T., or to us, and we will willingly send for the paper for them. The subscription is only 50 cents a year, which can be sent in postage stamps in the letter."

TICOBNEB.

HONEY AND ROSES.

SARAH, one day, tried to gather a rose, but she was so pricked by the thorns, that they caused her blood to flow. Another time she went to the hive to get some honeycomb. When she had put her hand in, the bees swarmed on her, and stung her so, that she ran home crying to her mother. After she had recovered she said: "Tell me, mother, why the roses, which are so beautiful, have such sharp thorns; and the bees, which make such sweet honey, have such dangerous stings?" "The wisdom of the Creator has so ordained it," replied her mother, "in order to remind you, that the fairest and sweetest gifts of nature, if seized upon by children imprudently, are surrounded with dangers.

Many dangers lie around What appears both sweet and sound."

NEVER DO IT.

Never reply to father and mother saucily. Never speak to mother unkindly. Never act ugly to brother and sister. Never correct father or mother when they are telling anything in public. Never steal anything, nor tell an untruth. Never seek play when you can be more usefully employed. Never say "I can't," or "Let Jim," or "I don't want to," when you are told to do anything. Never go to sleep without prayer, as it may be the last chance you will have.

—A little girl was visiting grandpa's in the country. Going one day to see her aunt milking and noticing one of the cow's feet she exclaimed: "O auntie, the cow's shoe is untied!" Then, seeing the four feet were all alike, she added, "Why, to be sure, they are all untied!"

FEBRUARY 18.

ST. SIMEON, BISHOP, MARTYR.

T. SIMEON was the son of Cleophas, otherwise called Alpheus, brother of St. Joseph, and of Mary, sister of the Blessed Virgin. He was therefore nephew both to St. Joseph and to the Blessed Virgin, and cousin to our Savior. We can not doubt but he was an early follower of Christ, and that he received the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, with the Blessed Virgin and the apostles. When the Jews massacred St. James the Lesser, his brother Simeon reproached them for their atrocious cruelty. St. James, bishop of Jerusalem, being put to death in the year 62, twenty-nine years after our Savior's resurrection, the apostles and disciples met at Jerusalem to appoint him a successor. They unanimously chose St. Simeon, who had probably before assisted his brother in the government of that Church. In the year 66, the civil war began in Judea, by the seditions of the Jews against the Romans. The Christians in Jerusalem were warned by God of the impending destruction of that city. They therefore departed out of it the same year, before Vespasian, Nero's general, and afterwards empetor, entered Judea, and refired to a small city called Pella, having St. Simeon at their head. After the taking and burning of Jerusalem, they returned thither again, and settled themselves amidst its ruins, till Adrian afterward entirely razed The Church here flourished, and multitudes of Jews were converted by the numerons miracles wrought in it.

Vespasian and Domitian had commanded all to be put to death who were of the race of David. St. Simeon had escaped their searches; but Trajan having given the same order, certain heretics and Jews accused the saint as being both of the race of David and a Christian, to Atticus, the Roman governor in Palestine. The holy bishop was condemned to be crucified. After having undergone the usual tortures during several days, which, though one hundred and twenty years old, he suffered with so much patience that he drew on him a universal admiration, and that of Atticus in particular, he died in 107. He must have governed the Church of Jerusalem about forty-three years.

FEBRUARY 19.

ST. BARBATUS, BISHOP.

ARBATUS was born in the state of Benevento, Italy. in the beginning of the seventh century. His many virtues qualified him for the service of the altar, to which he was raised by taking orders as soon as he reached the canonical age. He was at once employed by his bishop in preaching, for which he had a great talent, and after some time he was sent to Morcona, near Benevento. His parishioners were steeled in their irregularities, and they treated him as a disturber of their peace. and persecuted him with the utmost violence. Finding their malice conquered by his patience and humility, they had recourse to slander, and with such success that he returned to Benevento, where he was received with joy. When St. Barbatus entered upon his ministry in that city. the Christians themselves retained many idolatrous practices. He preached zealously against these abuses, and at length he roused their attention by foretelling the distress of their city, and the calamities which it was to suffer from the army of the emperor Constans, who, landing soon after in Italy, laid siege to Benevento. Ildebrand, bishop of Benevento, dying during the siege, after the public tranquillity was restored. St. Barbatus was consecrated bishop on the 10th of March, 663; Barbatus, being invested with the episcopal character, pursued and completed the good work which he had so happily begun, and destroyed every trace of superstition in the whole state. In the year 680 he assisted in a council held by Pope Agatho, at Rome, and the year following in the sixth general council at Constantinople against the Monothelites. He did not long survive this great assembly, for he died on the 29th of February, 682, being about seventy years old.

FEBRUARY 20.

ST. JOHN THE ALMONER:

T. JOHN was married, but when his wife and two children died he considered it a call from God to lead a perfect life. He began to give away all he possessed in alms, and became known throughout the East as the Almoner. He was appointed Patriarch of Alexandria: but before he would take possession of his see. he told his servants to go over the town and bring him a list of his lords—meaning the poor. They brought word there were 7,500 of them, and these he undertook to feed every day. He would not suffer an unjust weight or measure in all the city. On Wednesday and Friday in every week he sat on a bench before the church to hear the complaints of the needy and aggrieved; nor would be permit his servants to taste food until their wrongs were redressed. Such was his kindness of heart, that he saw no one weep without joining his tears with theirs. The fear of death was ever before him, and he never spoke an idle word. He turned those out of church whom he saw talking, and forbade all detractors to enter his house. He left seventy churches in Alexandria, where he had found but seven. He spent untold sums upon the poor, and God blessed his alms-giving by multiplying his gold and by many other striking miracles. He died in Cyprus, his native place, about the year 619.

FEBRUARY 21.

ST. SEVERIANUS, BISHOP, MARTYR,

N the reign of Marcian and St. Pulcheria, the council of Chalcedon, which condemned the Eutychian heresy, was received by Euthymius, and by a great part of the monks of Palestine. But Theodosius, an ignorant Eutychian monk, and a man of a most tyrannical temper, under the protection of the empress Eudoxia, widow of Theodosius the Younger, who lived at Jerusalem, perverted many among the monks themselves, and having obliged Juvenal, bishop of Jerusalem, to withdraw, unjustly possessed himself of that important see, and in a cruel persecution which he raised, filled Jerusalem with blood; then, at the head of a band of soldiers, he carried desolation over the country. Many, however, had the courage to stand their ground. No one resisted him with greater zeal and resolution than Severianus, bishop of Scythopolis, and his recompense was the crown of martyrdom; for the furious soldiers seized his person, dragged him out of the city, and massacred him in the latter part of the year 452, or in the beginning of the year 453. 252

FEBRUARY 22.

ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.

T. MARGARET of Cortona was born at Alviano, in the diocese of Chiusi in Tuscany, about the middle of the thirteenth century. At the age of sixteen she fell away from God, and for nine or ten years Margaret led a life of shame. She was still in the bonds of sin when one day she saw the body of her partner in guilt. who had been murdered, covered with worms. She then entered into herself, and resolved to do penance for her evil life. She returned to her father's house, and he received the prodigal child. Margaret spent night and day in bewailing her past guilt, and with a rope round her neck begged pardon publicly in the parish church for the scandal she had given. Her stepmother thought that her penance compromised the respectability of the family, and persuaded the father to send her away. Margaret thereupon went to Cortona, and put herself under the care of the Friars of St. Francis, who, after a long trial to test the sincerity of her conversion, admitted her into the Third Order, called the Order of Penance. She who had once lived in luxury, pampering the body, lived henceforth a life of heroic mortification in a narrow cell, but perfectly obedient in all things to her confessors, growing in holiness, in mastery over self, and in perfect detachment from the world. Margaret left her father's house for the world. and was driven from it after returning to it, that she might find her true Father's house, who never sends the penitent away. She might then have said with the royal Psalmist: "My father and my mother have left me, but the Lord hath taken me up." Ps. 26-10. She took vengeance upon herself, that God might not do so, and punished herself so severely by continued fasts and repeated disciplines, that even in summer the heat of the sun brought no warmth to her worn-out frame. But while her body suffered unceasingly from cold, her soul was on fire with divine love, burning sweetly and wasting gently away the earthly tabernacle which held it. She died February 22nd, 1297, and her incorrupt body testifies to the efficacy of her penance and to the recovered purity of her soul. 273

NUTS TO CRACK. ACROSTIC.

Take not counsel from all who give;
 Unerring guides are rarely met,
 Love thy God and thou shalt live
 A life of joy, though cares beset.

Look not on trials with consternation. In each is found some consolation. Pray, and thou shalt find salvation.

New Westminster.

New Westminster.

B. P.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

(2) My first is in son but not in daughter, My second is in sing but not in song, My third is in sister but not in brother, My fourth is in ten but not in eleven, My fifth is in house but not in building, My sixth is in hair but not in head, My seventh is in Rome but not in Italy, My eighth is in rake but not in tool, My ninth is in mouse but not in rat, My tenth is in rain but not in water, My whole is the name of one of our Sisters.

St. Ignatius Mission. Adele.

(3) I am composed of two parts:
My first is used in walking,
My second is the last of anything,
My whole is a story.
W. T., J. Bebee.

Answers to Nuts in last No. 1st. Father Boulet, cracked by E. A. Simmons; 2nd. Anastasic Moriseau, by J. Ladebauche; 3rd. Thad. McGlinn, La Conner.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 23 boys and 28 girls. The actual number now is 24 and 27 respectively.

ROLL OF HONOR

- OF THE -

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, polite deportment, obedience and general application to study.

FRANCIS LECLAIR, | L. FRINKBUNNER, EUGENE DAMIAN, A. E. SIMMONS. THOMAS EWYE, Charles August, Norbert Hilaire.

AGATHA BAGLEY, JULIANNA KWINA. EMMA DAWSON, ELLEN FRINKBUNNER, MARY GIRARD.

Order and Neatness.

F. LECLAIR, HENRY CHARLES, EDWARD PRESTON. J. Wilson & Jos. Pratt. E. FRINKBUNNER. A. BAGLEY. JOSEPHINE SERWALH.

Composition and application to writing.

T. EWYE, A. E. SIMMONS, E. Preston.

Application to manual labor and farming. F. LECLAIR, C. AUGUST, ATHAN. SHELTON. H. CHARLES, JAMES LONG. JOHN WILSON, Walter Wale, E. Preston.

L. FRINKBUNNER. A. BAGLEY, JOHANNA SIEBERT. ELLEN ACHILLE.

Application to sewing and cutting out. E. FRINKBUNNER, LOUISA LING. J. KWINA. House-work and cooking. L. LING. M. GIRARD.

March, the month of St. Joseph is a very happy month, especially to those who have a great devotion to him, and I may say that all those who love the Blessed Virgin also love St. Joseph, for they were companions in this life a long time, and he was chosen by our Lord to be His guardian in this world, for he was a very holy man and always submissive to the will of God. Though he was poor in this world, nor did he care for riches, yet Christ was willing to take him on account of his virtues. This teaches us that we should not be so fond of worldly goods, but that we should rather store virtues in their place. St. Joseph is also the patron of the Church; he is honored under many titles, and those who pray to him with devotion always receive their request. Surely we all ought to love St. Joseph very much, for he was the foster-father of the Infant Jesus, and He seemed to love St. Joseph very much. St. Joseph is also called the patron of a happy death, for he died in the arms of Jesus and Mary. I shall not fail to ask his aid for this important grace, that I may also die a happy death like him. Lucy Frinkbunner, Child of Mary.

> St. Ignatius Mission, Jan. 6th, 1882. To the Pupils of Tulalip. — Kind Friends.

I have read the little Youth's Companion, and find it very interesting. I am glad that our good Sisters have subscribed for it; we will ever be pleased to receive it and read the pretty stories in it. I wish it a happy success.

We spent Christmas-day very happily. Our dear Sister Remi being well enough, and the girls all in good health, we could all go to midnight Mass. We went to bed early, but we could not sleep so anxious were we to go to church, and as soon as we heard the bell, we were all up and ready. There were so many people that we could hardly get in. The church was nicely fixed and the altars well decorated with many bouquets and numbers of candles. The little Infant Jesus had also many bouquets and lights around Him. There were over a hundred lights in the church that night.

Our little choir sang a pretty Mass in music and several hymns during Communion which lasted a long time. I heard the Fathers say that there were about 450 of them. We had no snow at all for Christmas and there is none yet.

Wishing you all a happy new year, I remain Th. Sophie.

Is published monthly at the following rates: From 1 to 9 copies, 50 cents per yearly subscription.

All subscriptions strictly payable in advance, as I am entirely dependent on the subscription price for commencing and carrying on this work to help my poor missions.

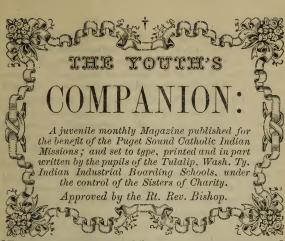
Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and morey orders to be made payable at the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to (Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

We continue this month the publication of the "Lord's Prayer" in one of the Indian languages of the country, commenced some time ago at the request of a very dear friend, and, no doubt, to the great satisfaction of many of our readers. As our stock on hand will soon be exhausted, we would in our turn request our Rev. fellow Indian missionaries in Montana, Idaho, Dakota, British Columbia, Indian Territory, &c., to send us, at their convenience, a copy of the same in the dialects of their respective sections. Let them please write plainly to insure a correct impression. We would also ask our Rev. friends to induce their former Indian school boys and girls to subscribe to our little paper that they may not forget what they learned at school.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN FLAT-HEAD.

Kaeleeu, tlu 'ls'chichemaskat u kuelzii, askuest kuksgamenchtltem, kuktlcheltichs tesia spuus: aszntels kskolili ie 'lstoligu, ezageil tlu 'ls'chichemaskat. Kaeguizetlilt ietelgoa tlu kaesiapezinem; kaetlkotlgoeltlilt tlu kaeguilguilt, ezageil tlu tkaempile kaeskotlgoeltltem tlu eptlguilguilt 'lkaempile, kaesolkshitlilt ta kakaeskuestem tlu teie, kaetlguilguilttlilt tlu tel teie. Komi ezageil.



[Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.]

Vol. I.

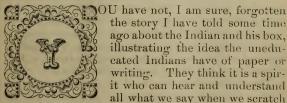
APRIL, 1882.

No. 11.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

THE INDIAN AND THE PAPER.

My DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.



it. An Indian who used to teach me the language

had a grand idea of paper, and stood in great awe of it. "Black-Robe," he would say, "paper is smarter than people; it knows more and has better memory than any of us. Why! it knows more than you! When I tell you a word, you mark it on the paper, and tell it to keep it for you. The next day you don't remember it any more, you open the paper, and, Atei! it has not forgotten it at all; there you find it, and it will repeat everything to you in a moment without a mistake! People, who understand paper talk, take a paper and when they shut it again they know things they never knew before. Paper told them all about it, so it knows more and is smarter than people."

I will now tell you another story illustrating the

Indians' ideas about paper.

When the Hudson's Bay Company had trading posts everywhere in the far West, it was the custom of the Chief Factors to send a keg of rum to each head clerk at the Forts to celebrate Christmas and New Year's.

One of their Forts was so distant and so much snow fell, one winter, that the feasts were fast approaching and the Factor had been unable to send that clerk the customary keg of Jamaica rum. Nobody wanted to undertake the journey except some Indian runners, but they were not trustworthy enough to risk such a treasure to those lovers of fire-water.

Finally the Chief Factor made up his mind to try one of the best Indians and he gave him a five gallon keg and a letter, warning him that if he drank a drop

of the liquor the paper would tell on him.

The Indian started on his long journey on snowshoes. He was very tired at the first camp and he was much tempted to tap the keg, but the fear of the tell-tale paper he carried in his breast pocket pre-

vented him from doing so.

During the second day there was a fearful snow storm. The snow was half melted and froze on him so that at the second camp he was chilled through. Everything was so covered with sleet and ice that he was unable to make a fire, and he had to curl up

under a stump and shiver all night long.

The temptation to open the alluring keg and take a drink of the life-giving liquid came to the poor fellow many a time during the long night. It was so cold, he thought to himself, and there was so much liquid fire in that small cask! If he could only find some way to steal some, without the knowledge of the paper! But it was no use, paper knew everything, and he would be punished.

Finally a bright idea struck him. He had discovered a way to fool the paper so he wouldn't know it. He got up, went a long way off, dug a hole in the snow, wrapped up the paper carefully in a large piece

of bark and buried it deeply in the snow.

He came back to his camp chuckling and congratulating himself on his happy thought. Now that rascally paper couldn't see him, and he could warm him-

self all he wanted. And so he did.

In the morning he went after the letter and continued his long and tedious march in much better spirits. At every succeeding camp he performed the same operation, telling the paper that he parted from it every night that way because he was afraid some wild beast might come and eat him up at night and it would share his fate. He was sure the paper not only heard and understood him, but was also deceived by that fib.

After numerous repetitions of that performance the keg became much lighter, and when he finally arrived at the Fort there was quite a vacant space in the keg.

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE ECHO.

TITLE George had no idea of an echo: when one day running through the meadows, he began to cry, "Ho! ho!" he heard the words repeated from a neighboring thicket. The astonished child called out, "Who are you?" and the mysterious voice repeated, "Who are you?"—"You must be a foolish fellow," shouted George—"foolish fellow," said the voice from the thicket. Then George got very angry, and coulded, and called paragraph which the other than the coulded and called paragraphs. and scolded, and called names, all which the echo faithfully repeated. He then rushed into the woods to revenge himself by beating the mimic, but he found no one. He then ran back into the house, and camplained bitterly to his mother of the wicked boy in the woods who had been abusing him. "You are mistaken this time my son," said his mother, "and you are only accusing yourself. It was your own words you heard repeated; it is your own face you see in the glass, and it was your own voice you heard in the woods. If you had called out kind and oblig-ing words you would have received the same. Learn a lesson from this. In the world the conduct of others towards us is generally regulated by our conduct towards them. If we treat others with politeness and kindness, they will treat us well in return; but if we are harsh and rude in our manners, we must expect to meet with rough treatment. 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Eugene was not slow in understanding that this was a trial which God had sent him and of which he might advantageously make use to advance in virtue. Each feeling of human friendship afforded him an occasion of offering a little sacrifice, and of making an act of love which could not but be pleasing to God. He never by word or writing contribute in forming such friendships. Consequently he was never much troubled with them, because, at their first appearance, he made use of the most efficacious means to rid himself of them.

In the first place he would avoid with the greatest care all occasions of meeting those who sought his friendship; if this could not be done, he showed himself cold and indifferent to all the proffered marks of friendship he received from them. He sometimes even went so far as to adopt means, more remarkable for their ingenuity than their charity, such as ridiculing in their presence those towards whom he felt somewhat favorably inclined, as the surest way, as he thought, of accomplishing his purpose. When he experienced in his heart feelings in which nature had too great a part, he would daily make frequent visits to our Lord in the chapel. By the use of such energetic means he soon succeeded in disengaging his impulsive heart from all affection inconsistent with the pure love of God. He emerged from the ordeal purer than when he entered it; the waves of the passions momentarily set in motion by the storm at once subsided, and there came a great calm in his soul.



CHAPTER IX.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

AN is happy only on condition of enjoying, more or less perfectly, the end for which he was created. This is the reason why the saints, whose hearts were so full of God, were overflowing with joy, even in the midst of tribulations. Their happiness increased in proportion to the sacrifices which they made for Him who has said: "I am thy reward exceeding great. Gen. 15—1. God rewarded, even in this life, His young servant for the sacrifices and the efforts he made to serve Him faithfully, by shedding in his heart inexpressible delights, in such a way that for him the time which he consecrated to acts of religion was a time of true happiness. In piety Eugene found what other youths seek for elsewhere with such avidity and such bitter deception, namely, real happiness on earth.

tion, namely, real happiness on earth.

"There are times," he said to one of his comrades, "when I feel quite indifferent; but on other occasions when grace makes itself felt in me, I am so inflamed with love that I can hardly contain myself. Then it is a great happiness for me to converse on religious.

subjects."

On another occasion he affirmed that the happiest hours he spent with people, was when he could converse with them of the love of Jesus in the holy Eucharist, the devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and 262

the happiness of heaven; but he found only a few to whom he could communicate his impressions, for we must confess that the number of those who find their delight in conversing on religious subjects is not very considerable.

But for Eugene all conversation of a somewhat religious nature excited his most careful attention. As some one was one day telling of a miracle performed by a saint, it was remarked that his countenance was getting animated and showed marks of a pious emotion; at the end of the narration he exclaimed: "Oh! how such things revive faith;" and then tears were noticed to flow from his eyes.

It was very touching to observe him preparing himself for confession. When he reached the confessional, he kissed with faith and love the crucifix which was before him. Many times he was seen to shed bitter tears whilst he accused himself of the smallest infidelities. After confession he would go and prostrate himself at the feet of Jesus and Mary in thanksgiving for having received the application of the merits of his "charitable Savior," as he called Him.

There he would spend a long time in expressing his gratitude and forming new resolutions. One evening supper time arrived whilst he was yet occupied at his thanksgiving after confession: he had to be sent for and told to cut short his devotions. He preferred going to confession in the evening in order to be more free to shed tears. "I like," he would artlessly say, "to weep for my sins."

Very often during the night he would shed tears of repentance over his daily imperfections. His eyes plainly showed in the morning that, like David, he bathed his bed with his tears. Once speaking of the

extreme frailty of man, he said: "How terrible it is to think that one cannot pass a day without committing sin. The greatest saints themselves sin seven times a day: how is it then with us? How ungrateful we are not to love God, who has loved us so much as to sacrifice His only Son for us." Eugene took the greatest care in preparing himself for holy communion, by a profound recollection which could be noticed even during the time of recreation. He was then often seen alone entertaining himself interiorly on the happiness he was about to enjoy in his union with God. If he sometimes took part in the sports, it was not so much to satisfy his taste for them as to avoid the danger of holding conversations in which charity towards the neighbor has often to suffer.

During the last year of his life he used to receive communion on all Sundays and feasts. The night previous, after going to bed he would represent to himself the holy Host as standing before him, and there he would render to our Lord the homage and adoration which are due to Him; he would especially excite himself to an ardent desire of receiving Him. It was thus that he revived his faith and excited that burning thirst in his soul which could not be quenched but by "drawing with joy out of the Savior's wounds the waters which gush forth to everlasting life."

His soul at times enjoyed great spiritual consolations. "This morning," said he one day, "when I returned from communion, it seemed to me that I did not touch the floor, I felt as happy as if heaven

were in iny heart."

After communion he generally spent half, or three quarters of an hour in thanksgiving, according as the rule would allow. As he was accustomed to serve 264

another mass after the community mass, he could usually spare all that time. Oh, how these moments appeared short to him! We can better judge what took place in his soul by the tears which he then shed in abundance. One could also notice by the ruddiness of his angelic countenance what was the intensity of his gratitude and love. Several persons who have watched him after communion or during the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, affirm that his face bore then the impress of a wholly celestial peace.

Eugene one day, speaking to one of his professors about the real presence, said: "When I think that the priest really holds our Lord in his hands! Ilow little

faith we have!"

He used to visit the Blessed Sacrament three or four times a day with a recollection which attracted the attention of his comrades. He never failed to make frequent spiritual communions, which he considered as of the greatest utility to nourish his piety. The happiness which he experienced at the foot of the altar was unspeakable; if he raised his eyes, it was to fix them on the tabernacle where his Beloved dwelt, or towards the altar of Mary, his tender Mother.

The great solemnities of the Church, to the celebration of which he would long beforehand prepare himself, were for him another abundant source of consolation which he could not conceal. "When I hear," said he, "the Rorate cœli sung, I cannot refrain from weeping." The glowing sentiments which, on Christmas-day, the eve of his death, he expressed aloud,—thinking he was not heard,—were only the repetition of those he produced when he received holy communion.

CHAPTER X.

THE RETREATS.

OR Eugene the happiest days of the year were those of the retreat, which always appeared too short. He watched their approach with such pleasure as to cause him to say to one of his companions: "I long to hear the bell ring to close my mouth; how nice it is to be silent!" After having requested his professors and a few of his more intimate school-mates to pray for his conversion, he would give himself up with fervor to the holy exercises of the retreat. His soul, attentive to the inpiration of grace, endeavored not to lose a single particle of so precious a gift. We can judge of the spiritual profit he reaped from his retreats by the following resolutions, in his own hand-writing, which he left at his death.

J. M. J. RESOLUTIONS OF MY RETREAT. [1858]

"These days of salvation have come to an end; these days in which I have tasted true happiness! For many years I sought for this real felicity: but I can say that I have found it in its fulness only during this retreat. My God'has called me to Himself, and as a tender Father, He said: 'Come to Me, poor child, come, and I will relieve you. You tell Me that your 266

cross is heavy; well, then, I will help you to carry it.' I gladly yielded to this pressing invitation, and this good Jesus has spoken to my heart; He bid me reflect upon my past life; He showed me clearly how ungrateful I had been towards Him, how I had grieved His heart. 'Come,' said He to me, 'come, and I will purify you in the tribunal of Penance.' His sweet voice has enticed me; yes, I went to this salutary bath, and now my heart is yet full of joy when I call to mind the sweet colloquies I had with my God through the medium of His minister. My dear Savior has taught me to know my weakness, then He healed my poor sick heart. Ah! now I may well exclaim: 'What shall I render to the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered to me?' Ps. 115-3. What can I do, then, O my God, to show my gratitude. I hear your voice which says to me: 'I ask but little, My son: give Me your heart, 'tis all I ask.' Take it, dear Savior; yes, take this poor heart, it belongs to you. I cannot myself keep it pure: but in your divine hands it shall be free from all danger.

"I promise, O my God, to serve you more faithfully in the future than I have done in the past: yes, I

wish to amend my life.

"Therefore, I shall do all in my power to acquire the holy virtue of purity. For this end I shall invoke your Mother Mary, who has always been so good to me, and preserved me from so many perils. Yes, I can say with truth, what would have become of me, were it not for her? Every day this dear Mother opens her arms to me and wishes to press me to her heart, unworthy as I am of any of her favors. My good Mother, take me, O take me in your arms; for, as you know it well, I am too weak to be left alone.

"I promise also to practice humility as much as possible, because I know, sweet Jesus, that you love this virtue dearly: I shall ask it of you daily.

"I will suffer with resignation all the trials it shall please you to send me. To enable me to do this, I

will often call to mind your bitter passion.

"I will endeavor to fulfil this rule of life to the letter.—I will shun human respect.—I will avoid giving scandal.—I will strive to shun all familiarity and bad company.

"Finally, O my God, I will watch and pray that I may not be seduced by the enemy of my salvation.

"Receive, O dear Redeemer, these feeble resolutions of your poor servant, and deign to help me to put them in practice."

Eugene intrusted his spiritual director with these resolutions, requesting him to warn and reprimand him each time that he would fail in this regard. It was moreover with the wiew of strengthening himself in the good dispositions in which he was after the general yearly retreat, that he also performed the

monthly retreat.

His love for retreats caused him to disregard all the remonstrances which his relations made in order to prevail on him to remain a little longer in the midst of his family, where illness had obliged him to take a rest of a few weeks' duration. He traveled more than fifty miles in order to be present at the short retreat which the students are accustomed to make before vacation. He desired also, although he was yet very young, (it was the first year of his College life,) to avail himself of this powerful preservative against the dangers of vacation time.

MAKE courage and do diligently, and the Lord will be with you in good things. 2 Paral. 11—19. Six days shalt thou labor, and shalt do all thy works. Exod. 20—9.

Man is born to labor and the bird to fly. Job, 5—7. If thou be diligent, thy harvest shall come as a fountain, and want shall flee far from thee. Pro. 6–11.

In much work there shall be abundance: but where there are many words, there is oftentimes want. Pr. 14.

The thoughts of the industrious always bring forth abundance: but every sluggard is always in want. Prov. 21—5.

The hand of the valiant shall bear rule: but that which is slothful, shall be under tribute. Prov. 12–24.

Hate not laborious works, nor husbandry ordained by the most High. Eccli. 7—16.

In all thy works be quick, and no infirmity shall

come to thee. Eccli. 31—27.

Come to me, all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Matt. 11—28.

And every man shall receive his own reward ac-

cording to his own labor. 1 Cor. 3-8.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast and immovable; always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. 1 Cor. 15—58.

He that stole, let him now steal no more, but rather let him labor working with his hands. Ephes. 4—28.

For also when we were with you, this we declared to you: that, if any man will not work, neither let him eat. 2 Thes. 3—10.

Wherefore, dearly beloved, seeing that you look for these things, be diligent that ye may be found undefiled and unspotted to him in peace. 2 Peter 3—14.

(*O to the ant, O sluggard, and consider her ways, and learn wisdom: which, although she hath no guide, nor master, nor captain, provideth her meat for herself in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou rise out of thy sleep? Prov. 6—6 to 9.

The slothful hand hath wrought poverty: but the hand of the industrious getteth riches. Prov. 10—4.

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread: but he that pursueth idleness is very foolish. Prov. 12

The sluggard willeth and willeth not: but the soul of them that work, shall be made fat. Prov. 13—4.

Because of the cold the sluggard would not plough: he shall beg therefore in the summer, and it shall not be given him. Love not sleep, lest poverty oppress thee: open thy eyes, and be filled with bread. Pro. 20.

Fear casteth down the slothful: and the souls of

the effeminate shall be hungry. Prov. 18—8.

Desires kill the slothful: for his hands have refused to work at all. He longeth and desireth all the day. Prov. 21—25, 26.

The slothful man saith: There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the midst of the streets. Prov. 22—13.

He that tilleth his ground shall be filled with bread: but he that followeth idleness shall be filled with poverty. Prov. 28—19.

Idleness hath taught much evil. Eccli. 33-29.

Behold this was the iniquity of Sodom thy sister, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance, and the idleness of her, and of her daughters. Ezech. 16—49.

Why stand you here all the day idle? Matt. 20—6. But we entreat you, brethren, that you do your own business, and work with your own hands, as we

commanded you. 1 Thes. 4-10, 11.

There is no sweeter story told
In all the blessed book
Than how the Lord within his arms
The little children took.

We love Him for the tender touch
That made the leper whole,
And for the wondrous words that healed
The weary, sin-sick soul.

But closer to His loving self
Our human hearts are brought,
For the little children's sake
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes His sorrowing face
A smile of gladness wore—
A smile that for His little ones

It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced learned scribes
For them grew low and sweet;
And still for them His gentle lips
The loving words repeat:

"Forbid them not!" O blessed Lord, To Thee these all are given! Oh, lead them through this world below, Then take them up to heaven!

*** PATRIOTISM.

Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man.

Icy winter has departed,
And the balmy spring has come,
The birds sing forth their melody,
And the bees begin to hum.

The bobolink now sounds his note, His song so clear and sweet, He tells us of the baliny spring, We've longed so much to greet.

The fields have changed their dark gray robe
For one of loveliest green,
And on the hills and in the vales
The flocks and herds are seen.

Out on the fresh green sward

The hen now leads her tender brood.

And seeks for them with anxious care

The choicest bits of food.

The gentle river now is studded With many a white-sailed craft, That swiftly o'er its bosom The genial breezes waft.

But summer soon will come,
And to us she will bring
More blessings and more pleasures
Than did the welcome spring.

Now let us well remember, That their beauty cannot last, For when cometh bleak December, He'll destroy it with his blast.

A child of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds.

We take the following short extracts from letters written by our school girls at the request of Father Louis. We think the Rev. Father will find the wishes therein expressed quite an improvement on those of his old Indian.

Josephine says: "I do not think that St. Peter will appear to me, but if he did I would ask him many graces, especially that of a perfect love of God, of a true repentance for my sins, and for him to open the gates of heaven for me when I will be called to go."

Mary Girard says: "My first would be to ask him for the grace to have a true sorrow for my sins. Second to grant me the grace to love God above all things. And third the grace of a happy death." Ellen Finkbunner says: "First I would ask him to

Ellen Finkbunner says: "First I would ask him to grant me the virtue of charity. My second wish would be to lead a good life. And third, to open the gate of heaven when I am called to go."

Little Miss Wheksdah says: "I desire very much for the grace of Humility, and the grace of Purity, and also the grace to always lead a good life." Lucy Finkbunner says: "Well, if I had been that old man I would have asked St. Peter to open the

Lucy Finkbunner says: "Well, if I had been that old man I would have asked St. Peter to open the gates of heaven when I will get there; the grace of a happy death, and the gift of wisdom so that I might not wish for dangerous things." She adds, "We thank Father Louis for this nice little story, and we are all anxious to read some more."

The undersigned, as long as he has the management of this little paper, engages himself to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for the promoters of this undertaking and their friends both living and dead, also for all those who in any other way may contribute towards the general weifare of these poor Indian miss ons.

J. B. Boulet.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. L Verhaag; Misses K Spooner, Lalor & M L Flynn; Messrs. J Burke & G A Gærig; to whom we say, thanks.

Mrs. Genan or Genau, No. 451 Washington St. between 4th and 5th, N. W. Washington, D. C., keeps the Youth's Companion for sale. Miss M. Barry of St. Mary's School. Cor. 5th and Washington Sts., same city, has been appointed Solicitor and Treasurer of the Simmons' Fund.

-Periodicals received: Le Jean Baptiste of Northampton, Le Guide da Peuple of Glen's Falls; the Archangel of Portland; the Fair Gazette, a neat little sheet published during the Fair got up for the benefit of St Augustine's Church. Washington, D. C., and edited by a committee of gentlemen, among whom prominently figures Major Ed. Mallet. a fast and true friend of the Indians of Puget Sound, W. T. Last but not least comes our old tried friend, the Catholic Journal of Holyoke, Mass., but, this time, having undergone such a metamorphosis as to render it wholly unrecognizable. A strange feature about this paper makes it unique in its kind. It is the fact that the larger it grows. the less its proprietor wants for it, and if we are to judge of its future by its past, we strongly opine that at its next enlargement its subscription price will be reduced to nix. We hope that every body will try to hasten this happy consummation by subscribing to it at once. We are moreover glad to learn by the paper before us the name of him to whom we are endebted for so many past favors, its kind Editor, Mr. V. J. Irwin, to whom we return our thanks. And as we go to press arrives the Baltimore Cath. Mirror.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have lately been lopping off from our lists a great number of names to whose address our little monthly has been sent for the last ten months. The work of pruning. (this being spring time) will be continued during this and the coming month, by which time we expect to be done with those who think that material can be bought, postage paid, and the labor of getting up a paper, even as unpretending as ours is; that all this, we say, can be done on simple "good nature." This is going a little too far. We wish only that these people would see us working 18, 19, and even 20 hours a day on our little paper, for weeks at a time, in order to get it up during the time intervening between our missionary visits, and we are sure they would think that we have earned our fifty cents at least ten times over and over. We wish also to remind these friends, once for all, that the few dollars cleared from our little paper are not intended for our own personal use, but will solely be employed for the benefit of our poor, nearly helpless Indian missions. At the risk of being a little foolish, like St. Paul, (2 Cor. 11-17.) we will add that we are now occupied in building our fourth little Indian church during the short space of two years, and other churches and improvements are needed and in contemplation, so it must be clearly seen that we need all the fifty cents to which we consider ourself fairly entitled, and to as many more besides as we can raise, in order to make both ends meet. We have said much more on this unpleasant sabject than we originally intended, but as we have made a clean job of the whole thing, there let it now rest for ever.

To all our other dear friends who in the past have given us both their moral and material assistance in our onerous work, we thank them most heartily, and look to them for a continuation of their generous support during the new year of existence that will soon dawn on our little Companion. Let them all, large and small, exert themselves to extend its circulation and make good the loss sustained through the carelessness and apathy of many of its readers during this closing year. Nothing dannted, and with a firm faith in the ultimate success of our undertaking, we have just purchased a sufficient quantity of paper to last us for the As our readers are aware. coming six or seven months. we have been giving them a 28 page paper for the past five months, and if they wish a 32 page paper for the coming year, let them say so at once by renewing their subscription and also sending their neighbors' along with theirs.

Being in a hurry to go to press this mouth on account of our Easter missionary work, we omit the Roll of Honor

and badly mix up things generally.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 26 boys and 27 girls. The actual number now is 28 and 27 respectively.

ALCORNED.

THE NEW KEY. "Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word; guess what." But aunt

was no guesser.

"It is please," said the child, "if I ask one of the great girls in school, 'please show me my parsing lesson,' she says 'Oh, yes, and she helps me. If I ask Sarah, 'please do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle, 'please,' he says, 'Yes, Puss, if I can;' and if I say, 'please' aunt———."

"What does aunt do?" said the aunt herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother, and that is the best of all," said the little girl, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Sowing Seed. Said a father to his little daughter: "When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But when you were impatient with the baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed seeds of disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

FEBRUARY 23.

ST. PETER DAMIAN, BISHOP.

T. PETER Damian was born in 988, and lost both

parents at an early age. His eldest brother, in whose hands he was left, treated him so cruelly, that a younger brother, a priest, moved by his piteous state, sent him to the university of Parma, where he acquired great distinction. His studies were sanctified by vigils, fasts and prayers, till at last, thinking that all this was only serving God by halves, he resolved to leave the world. He joined the monks of Font-Avellano, then in the greatest repute, and by his wisdom and sanctity rose to be superior. He was employed on the most delicate and difficult missions, amongst others, the reform of ecclesiastical communities, which was effected by his zeal. Seven Popes in succession made him their constant adviser and he was at last created Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia. He withstood Henry IV. of Germany, and labored in defence of Alexander II. against the antipope, whom he forced to yield and seek for pardon. He was charged, as Papal Legate, with the repression of simony; again he was commissioned to settle discords amongst various bishops; and finally, in 1072, to adjust the affairs of the church at Ravenna. He was laid low by a fever on his homeward journey, and died at Faenza, in a monastery of his order, on the eighth day of his sickness, whilst the monks chanted Matins around him.

St. Peter, though the greatest luminary of his age, and versed in all knowledge, profane and divine, regarded himself as the least of God's servants. Nothing less than the threat of excommunication on the part of Stephen IX, induced him to accept the dignity of cardinal. And when, in deference to his urgent entreaties, he was allowed to resign his dignity and retire again to his hermitage, his whole anxiety was to be hidden among his brethren. He loved to make the wooden spoons and perform the other acts of manual labor which the rule prescribed; and it was from such occupations that he was summoned to act as Papal Legate.

FEBRUARY 24.

ST. MATTHIAS, APOSTLE.

FTER our Blessed Lord's Ascension, His disciples met together, with Mary His Mother, and the eleven Apostles, in an upper room at Jerusalem. The little company numbered no more than 120 souls. They were waiting for the promised coming of the Holy Ghost, and they persevered in prayer. Meanwhile there was a solemn act to be performed on the part of the Church which could not be postponed. The place of the fallen Judas must be filled up, that the elect number of the Apostles might be complete. St. Peter therefore, as Vicar of Christ, arose to announce the divine decree. That which the Holy Ghost had spoken by the mouth of David concerning Judas, he said, must be fulfilled. Of him it had been written, "His bishopric let another take." A choice therefore was to be made of one among those who had been their companions from the beginning, who could bear witness to the Resurrection of Jesus. Two were named of equal merit, Joseph called Barsabas and Matthias. Then after praying to God, who knows the hearts of all men, to show which of these He had chosen, they cast lots. and the lot fell upon Matthias, who was forthwith numbered with the Apostles. It is recorded of the Saint thus wonderfully elected to so high a vocation that he was above all remarkable for his mortification of the flesh. was thus he made his election sure.

FEBRUARY 25.

ST. WALBURGA, ABBESS.

NE of a family of Saints—for her father, the Saxon king Richard, and her brothers, Willibald and Winibald, were all canonized—Walburga was reared under Tetta, abbess of Winnborn, in Dorsetshire, England. There she grew in sanctity till her uncle, St. Boniface, then evangelizing the German tribes, sent for her with other nuns to help his work. Walburga settled with thirty maidens in the abbey of Heidenheim, founded by Winibald, and at his decease she was chosen, for her singular holiness, abbess of the double house of monks and nuns. She died A. D. 779, and ninety years afterwards Ol-

gar, bishop of Eichstadt, being warned in a dream in which she said to him: "My tomb is trodden under foot. Be assured that thou shalt have a sign that thou hast not dealt well with me, nor with the house of God, which is thus dishonored." This warning caused him at once to translate her bones to his church. They were discovered clean, but moistened with a holy oil or dew, and were placed in a marble tomb, whence the oil has ever since distilled, drop by drop, into a silver shell, the flow increasing during the time of Mass. The miraculous liquid when treated irreverently has always evaporated. On the removal of the vessel below it, or in the case of any dirt lodging in it, the drops hang like grapes, and while the country was under interdict, they ceased to ooze from the shrine. This holy dew has wrought countless miracles up to our own time, and is a heavenly medicine to the afflicted, whether in soul or body.

FEBRUARY 26. St. Porphyry, Bishop.

T the age of twenty-five. Porphyry, a rich citizen of Thessalonica, left the world for one of the great religious houses in the desert of Scete. Here he remained five years, and then, finding himself drawn to a more solitary life, passed into Palestine, where he spent a similar period in the severest penance, till illhealth obliged him to moderate his austerities. He then made his home in Jerusalem, and in spite of his ailments visited the Holy Places every day, thinking, says his biographer, so little of his sickness that he seemed to be afflicted in another body, and not his own. About this time God put it into his heart to sell all he had and give to the poor, and then, in reward for the sacrifice, restored him by a miracle to perfect health. In 393 he was ordained priest, and entrusted with the care of the relics of the True Cross; three years later, in spite of all the resistance his humility could make, he was consecrated bishop of Gaza. That city was a hot-bed of paganism, and Porphyry found in it ample scope for his apostolic zeal. His labors and the miracles which attended them effected the conversion of many; and an imperial edict for the destruction of the temples, obtained through the influence of St. John Chrysostom, greatly strengthened his hands. He lived to see his diocese for the most part clear of idolatry, and died A. D. 420.

FEBRUARY 27.

ST. BRIDGET, VIRGIN.

RIDGET was born of noble parents at Faugher, near Dundalk, a few years after the great St. Patrick had arrived on his mission to Ireland. As the custom then was, she took part in all the household duties, and thus her sanctity was first revealed. One day, after milking the cows, she gave the contents of her pail to some poor persons who were passing, and then, fearing her mother's anger, prayed God to make good the loss. On reaching home Briget's pail was found to be fuller than those of the other maidens. From her childhood she gave everything she could lay hands on to the poor; and her father, who found his goods, even to his sword, thus disposed of, determined to bestow her in marriage without delay. Her beauty found her many suitors. but Christ was her only love, and she prayed to be always His. Her desire was granted. A rapid disease disfigured her, as it seemed, for life, and she was free to take the veil. Yet when Bridget, prostrate before the altar, consecrated herself to God, her scars and wounds vanished, and her face shone anew with a surpassing comeliness, giving her the very lineaments and likeness of the holy Mother of God. She chose for her cell a hollow oak tree, hence called Killdara or Kildare, and here she founded the first Irish nun-She died on the 1st of February, in the year 523. Her body was buried in the church adjoining her convent. but was sometime after exhumed, and deposited in a splendid shrine near the high altar. In the ninth century, the country being desolated by the Danes, the remains of St. Bridget were removed in order to secure them from irreverence; and, being transferred to Down-Patrick, were deposited in the same grave with those of St. Patrick. Their bodies, together with that of St. Columba, were translated afterwards to the cathedral of the same city, but their monument was destroyed in the reign of king Henry VIII. The head of St. Bridget is now kept in the church of the Jesuits at Lisbon. 280

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

(1) I am composed of two words and ten letters:

My first is in long but not in short,

My second is in yellow but not in red,

My third is in mouse but not in rat,

- My fourth is in girl but not in boy,
- My fifth is in daisy but not in violet,
- My sixth is in aunt but not in uncle,
- My seventh is in wolf but not in fox.
- My eighth is in chair but not in bench,
- My ninth is in lean but not in fat,
- My tenth is in leg but not in foot,

My whole is the name of a school girl.

Tulalip. W. T.

Josephine Serwalh.

- (2) I am only a little word of four letters. When left entire I am a child; behead me, and I become a quadruped; behead again, I am turned into a preposition; if you behead me once more, I am changed into a nice drink. Who or what am I? W. T., J. Bebee.
- (3) What grows in winter with its roots upwards, and dies in summer?

Answers to Nuts in last No. 1st. Tulalip; 2d. Sister Remi, cracked by E. Finkbunner; 3d. Legend. (leg-end)

Our Lapway friend, Milkokan, (strange name, isn't it?) answered correctly Nos. 1 and 2 of the Feb. No.

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Our charitable friends should bear in mind that this fund was originally started to purchase an artificial leg for one of our boys, a poor, helpless orphan, and that at least one hundred dollars will be required to procure a good, serviceable limb. Let us hear from you, kind little friends, Remember the saying: "Many mickles make a muckle."

Amount already acknowledged, Mr. F. Gærig, & E. M. M., \$1.00 each, Total \$17.00 Sneezing and the manner in which the sneezing is snozed is quite interesting. Two young ladies are walking along the street, when one of them says:

"Oh, dear, Jennie, I believe I'm going to sneeze."
"Oh, please don't," cried the other, in horror; "it

would be awful to sneeze right here on the street.

Can't you hold it?"

"Oh, I-I-must. Indeed I-sck-indeed I ca-n't helschiek-help it. Mu-mu-sck-must-ah-scheet-! ah-ah-oh-h-ah-scheet-chick-ah-oh! Jennie? ah-ah-schloo-oo-ott-ah-schloot!" Then she wipes her nose and trips along with tears in her eyes, and tells Jennie it's just too awfully awful for any use, and she does hope nobody saw her.

The old lady goes about sneezing in a matter-offact way. She simply stops, bows her head and gives utterance to a few well-developed "acheos," and moves along, not caring a cent who has seen her.

The nervous man stops, gives a painful look, then snorts out his "kroo-wah-kroo-wha-boosh-ah-kroo-wha-oh-Lord!" and leaves the spot a woe-begone man.

The tall, slim man stops short on the sidewalk, runs his hands into half a dozen pockets before he can find his handkerchief, throws his head backwards until his nose points at the north star, then electrifies all within hearing with a spasmodic "witchoo-witchoo-witchoo-oowi-wi-wi-witchoo-o-o-o-bless (?) the luck."

It does one good to see the jolly, fat man sneeze. He throws back his massive shoulders, opens his cavernous mouth to its fullest capacity, shuts both eyes, then fairly raises the dead with his "ah-schooooo! ah-schooooo! ah-ah-SCHOOOOO! whoope! woosh-ah-schoooo-wagh-hooo-physchooooo! Lordy, but that was a good 'un!"

Welcome to our happy home, beloved Mother Vicar! How much happiness and anxiety filled our little hearts when we were told, by the good Sisters, that you were coming sometime this month to visit us, poor Indian children. Oh, how pleased are we to receive your visit, kind Mother! We cannot suitably express our love, wishes, and grateful feelings towards you, but I know very well our kind Mother will acdept this poor Address of mine. Many thanks to you, benevolent Mother, for all the pains and troubles you have token to come and see us. I will not fail to beg our good Father in heaven to bless you on your journey back to Vanconver, and to grant you a long and a happy life. Oh, how we all wish that we could have the happiness of keeping you for good with us; but we know very well we cannot do it. Yours &c. Mary Girard.

GRATITUDE. We should render our thanks first to God for giving us all we have, what we need, and especially for redeeming us from eternal death. We can never thank God enough for what He has done for us. God we should be grateful to our parents and try to show our love by being always ready to help them in their smallest needs, for we don't know how much they suffered for us. We should always pray for them, for God has promised an eternal reward to those who keep the fourth commandment; even on this earth He promised a long life to those who would love, respect and obey their parents. Next to our parents we should show our gratitude to our superiors, teachers, and all who have the spiritual charge of our souls, for we don't know how much pains they take by teaching us and showing us the right path to heaven. They never seem to know what fatigue is, for they are working from morning till night. Lucy Finkbunner.

LENT. Lent is the time of penance, prayer, and fasting, which comes once a year and is observed strictly by the members of the Catholic Church. It was established to satisfy the justice of God, for we must do penance in this world if we wish to be saved. Children are not obliged to fast from food but they can do something in order to fulfil the laws of the Church. Our Lord kept Lent when He fasted forty days and forty nights in the desert, and it has been kept ever since to the present day.

During this season the Church forbids balls, dances and all sorts of feasting. Holy Week in Tulalip is a great week. We have the Blessed Sacrament exposed on Holy Thursday, and we sit up at night to pray. Many of the Indians come from a distance of thirty to sixty miles to be here on the great feast of Easter. They come in great big canoes, some of them thirty feet long, that can carry a good many persons, and when they reach here they camp on the beach and near the church. Some of the tents are made out of cotton, and others out of matting. The Indians sing the Royal Mass on great feasts, and ou Christmas and Easter they also sing some Indian hymns, which were taught them by Rev. Father Chirouse many years ago. Walter Wale.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CASCADE.

Win cham, shahalih maika mort, kanawe tilihom tkowokwatlmih leou tauktih puayak kowokolokolain. Tla itchka shahalih tkowolchowolih, tauktih putau nskera. Tah wekwa, kanawe lkwawarh ptenshlodema nchalholum. Tauktih penshra lakwa enchamela, kawa kwapa ninshelalakwe tlarka tla mela poka tlkwenshorar. Tialre wool chawamenilh ptelora, kwapet ti yamelaih pinchro. Mamook tlak yamelaihpa. Tauktih kwanisum pokwatlre.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.



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THE INDIAN AND THE PAPER.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.



resume to-day our story. If you remember well, our Indian had reached his destination when we left him last month; we will now continue our narration.

The carrier told the clerk with great assurance that he had fulfilled his promise to the Factor,

and never drank a drop of the fire-water. "But," said

the clerk, "how is it that the keg is so light; why

didn't they send it full?"

The Indian explained that it was on account of the length of the trip, and the deep snow that he could not carry any more.

"Did the Chief send me any papers," asked the

clerk?

"Oh! yes; here is he paper, and it is all right too," said the Indian, very confident that his trick was undiscovered.

The letter said: "I send you five gallons of rum. Fearing the carrier would drink on the way, I filled up the keg and left no empty space. Let me know if he has drank any of it."

"You tell me you drank none of the rum," exclaimed

the disappointed and enraged clerk.

"I never touched a drop of the fire-water," coolly responded the Red man.

"How dare you lie in that manner?" roared the

clerk; "you drank the half of it on the way."

"Who told you such a sory?" asked the Indian in surprise.

"The paper told me."

"The paper lies! He is a liar; he knows nothing about it."

"The paper does not lie, and you'll find it out at

your own dear cost."

"The paper can't know, he can only suspect me of drinking, because he never saw me do it; he was far away when I drank," quickly rejoined the thief, who was unwittingly betraying himself in his hurry to brand the paper as a liar.

So the poor Indian, having sold himself, was forced to confess his guilt when he saw that he was caught;

"but," said he, with the greatest possible astonishment, "how could he find it out? When I took a drink, I used to hide him in the snow, and when I took him up in the morning, I always covered my mouth so he could not smell my breath."

Being unable to explain how the paper could have found him out, he proclaimed for ever afterwards that Paper Miawar, that is to say, a chief; and a chief much smarter than men, because men could be de-

ceived, but Paper could not.

The clerk had pity on the culprit. In consideration of the long trip and the great fatigue he had to undergo in the journey, he did not have him punished but only kept the price of the rum consumed from

his pay.

You'see, my dear children, how thankful to God you must be for having the privilege to learn how to read and write, and to receive a religious education. instead of being like that poor man who did not have the same chance as you have. Pray to God for the conversion of the Indians. Ask Him to send many more good and devoted missionaries to work for the education and salvation of the Indians. Ask Him also to touch the hearts of those who are rich, and to inspire them to send Father Boulet some help for the erection of his churches among the different tribes under his care. I will also ask a little prayer for

FATHER LOUIS.

If the earth were one mass of the purest gold, the stars so many jewels of the finest order, the moon a diamond, and the sun a ruby; they would be less than nothing when compared with the infinite value of one soul, even that of the poorest and smallest babe.

LD Robert was sitting under a great pear tree which stood before his house, and his grand children were eating some of its fruit, whose fine smell and flavor they were loudly praising. The old man called the children around him and said to them: "I will tell you, my dears, how I got this tree. I was standing on this spot thoughtful, I was complaining to a rich neighbor of my poverty. 'Oh,' said I, 'how happy and contented I should be, if I were only master of ten pounds!' My neighbor, who was a sensible man, said: 'and so you might soon be if you knew how to set to work. Look here, there is more than ten pounds concealed under the ground on which you stand; dig it up.' I was then young and giddy, and so I set to work at night and dug up all the earth to a great depth; but to my great disappointment, I did not find a single shilling. When my neighbor passed the next day and saw the hole I had dug, he burst out laughing and said: 'you silly fellow, I did not mean this; but since you took the trouble to dig this hole. I will give you a young pear tree to put in it, and in a few years you will find it produce many pounds. Well, I planted the tree, it took root and prospered, and has become the splendid near tree you now had

and has become the splendid pear tree you now behold. The exquisite fruit with which it has been yearly covered, has already brought me more than ten pounds; in fact, it is an excellent capital, and produces very good interest. I have never since for-gotten the wise counsel of my good neighbor, and I wish you to learn it and act up to it, and you will

find that-

An active arm, an earnest will. Best of all your purse will fill."

[&]quot;Bear and forbear" is good Christian philosophy.

y let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Matth. 5—16.

But he that doth truth, cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, because they are

done in God. John, 3-21.

To no man rendering evil for evil. Providing good things not only in the sight of God, but also in the sight of men. Rom. 12—17.

Let every one of you please his neighbor unto

good, to edification. Rom. 15-2.

Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ. 1 Cor. 11-1. Let all things be done to edification. 1 Cor. 14—26.

But in all things let us exhibit ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience. 2 Cor. 6—4.

That you may be blameless, and sincere children of God, without reproof, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation: among whom you shine as lights in the world. Philip, 2—15.

Let your modesty be known to all men. Phil. 4—5. Be thou an example of the faithful, in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity. 1 Tim. 4-12.

In all things show thyself an example of good works in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity, the sound word that cannot be blamed: that he, who is on the contrary part, may be afraid, having no evil to say of us. Titus, 2-7, 8.

Having your conversation good among the gentiles: that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by the good works, which they shall behold in you, glorify God in the day of visitation. For unto this are you called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow his steps. 1 Peter, 2—12, 21.

meither shalt not follow the multitude to do evil: neither shalt thou yield in judgment to the opinion of the most part, to stray from the truth. Exod. 23-2.

When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee, beware lest thou have a mind to imitate the abominations of those nations. Deu.18-9.

Beware therefore that you imitate not the doings of others, and be afraid, and the fear of them should

seize upon you. Baruch, 6-4.

But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea. Wo to the world because of scandals. For it must needs be that scandals come: but nevertheless we to that man by whom the scandal cometh. Matth. 18—6, 7.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more. But judge this rather, that you put not a stumbling-block or a scandal in your brother's way. Destroy not the work of God for meat. All things indeed are clean: but it is evil for that man who eateth with offence. It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalized, or made weak. Rom. 14—13, 20, 21.

Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who cause dissensions and offences contrary to the doctrine which you have learned and to avoid them. For they that are such serve not Christ our Lord, but their own belly: and by pleasing speeches, and good words, seduce the hearts of the innocent. Rom. 16—17, 18.

Be without offence to the Jews and to the gentiles, and to the church of God. 1 Cor. 10—32.

From all appearance of evil refrain yourselves. 1 Thess, 5—22.

HAIL! bright Queen of beauteous May, 'Mid burning glories throned on high,

To thee, with songs of heavenly preise Scraphic hosts fill earth and sky!

Yet thou deignest. Mother kind,
Here on earth our Queen to be,
To admit us 'round thy shrine,

To admit us 'round thy shrine. Us, as children, to receive!

(CHORUS.) Mother sweet, oh, bless thy children, See our fend hearts cling to thine;
Ah! while here below we linger,
To gaze on thee we pine.

On life's rough and stormy tide,
We have in thy name embarked,
Deign, O Mother loved, to guide
Us to Jesus' burning Heart.
Darksome clouds oft gather 'round,
Perils threaten, foes surround,

But in thy help we'll e'er confide, Mary, Mother, Queen, and guide!

CHILD'S HYMN TO MARY.

MOTHER Mary, oh, how lovely

Must thy throne in heaven be,
With glorious stars so bright above thee,
And the silvery moon beneath!

In our little books we see thee Standing 'mid the golden clouds, And lovely little angel faces Peeping out in pretty crowds.

Oh! how we wish that we were angels,
To be all so very near
Thee, our own sweet Mother, Mary,

Whom we love so tenderly.

But, sweet Mother, wicked angels
Sometimes hover 'round our way.
Often in our ears they whisper
Naughty words we dare not say.
In our hearts they wish to enter;
Dearest Mother, drive them far.
We want but you and little Jesus
Dwelling in our loving hearts.

THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."
If the world is a wilderness,

If the world is a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother.

And to roof and meal invite

Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears, Smile till rainbows span it! Breathe the love that life endears, Clear from clouds to fan it. Of your gladness lend a gleam

Unto souls that shiver; Show them how dark Sorrow's stream Blends with Hope's bright river. Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. F X Weninger, S. J; Rev. Sister St. John Baptist; Miss M McDonald; Messrs. J Padden, J Gerber, John & Jacob Matz; to whom we tender our cordial thanks.

We gratefully acknowledge innumerable favors from Rev. L. N. St. Onge and Major Mallet. We are also indebted to Rev. R. Smith, S. J., for books and papers.

Last, but not least, words fail us to express our heartfelt gratitude for the reception of a complete chapel, worth over one hundred dollars, the free-will offering of two generous souls, on the easy condition that their names should not appear on our little paper. We religiously respect their just request, and pray that their names may rather be engraved on the book of life. And may their noble deed find so many imitators among those whom God has been pleased to favor with abundance, that in the near future all our Indian missions may be provided with the requisites for the holy sacrifice, instead of one as heretofore.

V. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN NITLAKAPAMUK, OR THOMPSON LANGUAGE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Nememult Scahtzazact, tas whahac nilt Kah, hac zoattummucmeekst tes Squest; hoe ela-hac kes Kokepe-na-ha; ahz swah-keke-amennoh kas swhois chuwoh na hyah, tlah seattaha nilt Kah. Nactea na hah tuc seetlecut nememult na seetlecut tuc sclayhans; alt mahlt-meen-tea nememult n-hact shik-shik, altelo hoe mahlt-meen-tum ha kasaxtumteese; tamose-a-mult tah-ah kes-hucup-p-styyip; kloepo-styanaclelo tuqwah kest; owee ticas kokepe na-a ta zo-zote, alt nuc ahs quamqumt, ta elak-a-me alt-elo elak-a-me. Axseas.

The publication of the Lord's Prayer in different Indian languages seeming to give general satisfaction, we think proper here to state to our readers that it will indefinitely be continued until the collection is as complete as possible. Will our Rev. Confreres please help us to keep our word?

Mrs. Genan or Genau, No. 451 Washington St. between 4th and 5th, N. W. Washington, D. C., keeps the Youth's Companion for sale. Miss M. Barry of St. Mary's School, Cor. 5th and Washington Sts., same city, has been appointed Solicitor and Treasurer of the Simmons' Fund.

Many thanks to the many kind friends who have already heeded our appeal of last month by renewing their subscription for the coming year commencing with our next No. We hope that the balance of our friends will do the same during this and the coming month, as we cannot afford to lose a single one of our paying old subscribers. As it does not cost more to send two or three subscriptions than to send one, we hope that our friends will bear this in mind and that they will forward as many as they possibly can along with theirs, as, with us and our missions, the number of subscriptions received makes a vast difference.

Our new Lummi church is progressing finely toward completion. It has cost already over \$500, and a large sum is yet wanted to finish and furnish it. Besides this, it is our intention to start next week to make arrangements to commence at once the erection of a church for our Puyallup Indians, therefore let us hear from you.

THE SIMMONS FUND.

Our charitable friends should bear in mind that this fund was originally started to purchase an artificial leg for one of our boys, a poor, helpless orphan, and that at least one hundred dollars will be required to procure a good, serviceable limb. Let us hear from you, kind little friends, Remember the saying: "Many mickles make a muckle."

Amount already acknowledged. \$17.00
"A Friend," \$5.00; Mrs. D Wall & P O Keane, Messrs. J
Walsh, P Buckley, M O Connell, G Hartness & J B Archambault, \$1.00 each; Sisters of St. Ignatius Mission,
Mrs. E Clark, E Barrett, & Master E J Arimond, 50 cents
each. Collected by our little Washington friend, M Barry,
\$2.00. Total \$33.00

NUTS TO CRACK.

ENIGMAS.

(1) I am composed of two words and fourteen letters:
My first is in far but not in near,

My second is in age but not in old.

My third is in taste but not in relish.

My fourth is in home but not in dwelling.

My fifth is in experience but not in trial,

My sixth is in reason but not in judgment.

My seventh is in cheerful but not in gayety.

My eighth is in honorable but not in worthy,

My ninth is in instructor but not in teacher,

My tenth is in ray but not in beam,

My eleventh is in obligation but not in duty,

My twelfth is in usual but not in common,

My thirteenth is in sport but not in play,

My fourteenth is in excuse but not in apology.

My whole is the name of a devoted and zealous missionary.

Tulalip. W. T. Louisa Ling.

(2) I am composed of two words and fifteen letters:
My 6, 2, 3, is a French coin.

My 14, 15, 13, 8, 12, is a vegetable.

My 7, 11, 9, 10, is a place where troops lodge.

My 4, 5, 1, is belonging to thee.

My whole is a paper. C. J. Magirl.

Rev. ECCOMI, cracks all the Nuts in No 11, viz: 1st. Louisa Ling; 2d. Brat, Rat, At, T; 3d. An icicle.

C. J. Magirl, of New Westminster College, correctly cracks all the Nuts of No. 10, and sends us a whole batch of brand new ones, which we will gladly publish and for which he will please accept our thanks. We take this opportunity to thank him for his sympathy in our regard, and beg to state that we have fully recovered from our late sad (?) accident. (See No. 10, page 253.)

TICOBNES.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Father," asked Johnny, a boy about five years old, one morning of his father, "is it true that every child has an angel guardian standing beside his bed? I don't think I have one. At least I have never seen an angel guardian standing beside my bed."

"Search well," said the father, "and perhaps you will find one. Don't you see anything at the foot

of the bed?"

"Nothing, except mother," said the child, stretch-

ing out his little arms to her with a smile.

"Well," said the father, "you have found your angel guardian. They always keep themselves concealed behind mothers. When you are at your mother's side, believe me, my boy, your guardian angel is not far off."

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A dog, with a piece of meat in his mouth, was crossing a stream on a plank, and saw in the water what he took to be another dog, with a piece of meat twice as large as his own. Letting go what he had, he jumped at the other dog to get the larger piece from him. He thus lost both,—the one he grasped at in the water, because it was a shadow; and his own, because the swift current swept it away.

Moral. Greediness is a bad fault, especially in children. Always avoid it, dear little friends. Be satisfied with the little you have, and never envy or

govet the greater possessions of others.

FEBRUARY 28. St. Joseph of Leonissa.

OSEPH was born in the State of the Church, A. D. 1556. His parents dving carles have been stated by the Church, A. D. the charge of an uncle, who, after a time, proposed to him a most honorable marriage. But Joseph had resolved to live always a virgin, and fleeing to Assisi. became a Capuchin. His obedience was perfect; he received commands bareheaded and on his knees. He was always recommending himself to the prayers of others. and in spite of perpetual penance was never downcast or sad. His superiors, seeing his great love for souls sent him to Turkey to preach to the Christian galley-slaves. Crucifix in hand, he taught the poor captives to unite their sufferings with those of their Lord, and by his patience and gentleness gained many a hardened soul. With the same saving image he consoled the Turks, struck down by a devouring plague, and converted numbers to the faith. For this he was tried, imprisoned, and at last hung on a gibbet by one hand and one foot, but the sentence was changed to exile before the crown was won. He spens the rest of his life near his birthplace, preaching, visiting the prisons, and founding hospitals for the sick. A long and secret martyrdom, from a most painful cancer, at length completed, in 1612, the unfinished sacrifice. After death, the wounds and sears disappeared from his body, which assumed an unearthly beauty, and emitted a most sweet fragrance.

FEBRUARY 29. St. Oswald, Bishop.

SWALD was of a noble Saxon family, and was endowed with a very rare and beautiful form of body and with a singular piety of soul. He was brought up by his uncle, St. Odo, archbishop of Canterbury, and was chosen, while still young, dean of the secular canons of Winchester, then very relaxed. His attempt to reform them was a failure; and he saw, with that infallible instinct which so often guides the Saints in critical times, that the true remedy for the corruptions of the elergy was the restoration of the monastic life. He there-

fore went to France, and took the habit of St. Benedict; but returned only to receive the news of Odo's death. found, however, a new patron in St. Dunstan, now metropolitan, through whose influence he was nominated to the see of Worcester. To these two Saints, together with Ethelwold of Winchester, the monastic revival of the tenth century is mainly due. Oswald's first care was to deprive of their benefices the disorderly clerics, whom he replaced as far as possible by regulars, and himself founded seven religious houses. Considering that in the hearts of the secular canons there were yet some sparks of virtue, he would not at once expel them, but rather entrapped them by a holy artifice. Adjoining the cathedral he built a church in honor of the Mother of God, causing it to be served by a body of strict religious. He himself assisted at the Divine Office in this church, and his example was followed by the people. The canons finding themselves isolated, and their cathedral deserted, chose rather to embrace the religious life than to continue not only to injure their own souls, but to be a mockery to their people by reason of the contrast offered by their worldliness to the regularity of their religious brethren. As archbishop of York a like success attended St. Oswald's efforts; and God manifested His approval of his zeal by discovering to him the relics of his great predicessor, St. Wilfrid, which he reverently translated to Worcester. He died Feb. 29th, 992.

MARCH 1.

ST. DAVID, BISHOP.

T. DAVID, son of Sant, prince of Cardigan and of Non, was born in that country in the fifth century, and from his earliest years gave himself wholly to the service of God. He began his religious life under St. Paulinus, a disciple of St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, who had been sent to Britain by Pope St. Celestine to stop the ravages of the heresy of Pelagius, at that time abbot, as it is said, of Bangor. On the reappearance of the heresy, in the beginning of the sixth century, the bishops assembled at Brevi, and unable to address the people that came to hear the word of truth, sent for St. David from his cell to preach to them. The Saint came, and it is related that as he preached the ground beneath

his feet rose and became a hill, so that he was heard by an innumerable crowd. The heresy fell under the sword of the Spirit, and the Saint was elected Bishop of Cacrleon on the resignation of St., Dubricius; but he removed the see to Menevia, a lone and desert spot, where he might with his monks serve God away from the noise of the world. He founded twelve monasteries, and governed his church according to the canons sanctioned in Rome. At last, when about eighty years of age, he laid himself down, knowing that his hour was come. As his agony closed, our Lord stood before him in a vision, and the Saint cried out. "Take me up with Thee," and so gave up his soul on Tuesday, March 1st, 561.

ZEAL FOR THE FAITH.

The faith of Christ is that precious pearl which the wise merchant purchased with all his possessions, and there is no poverty where the riches of Christ are hid.

"The soul that journeys in the light and the truths of the faith is safe against all error."—St. John of the Cross.

St. David purged the land of heresy, and governed his people in the ways of God; diligent, laborious, and constant in prayer, as well as in the observance of regular discipline. At Matins he received the joyful news that his death was at hand, and the whole country round was moved. Then, on the following Sunday, he sang the High Mass, preached, and blessed the people, saying to them, "Be joyful, and keep the faith; on Tuesday I shall go the way of my fathers."

"I have tought the good fight; I have ended my course; I have kept the faith."—2 Tim. iv. 7.

MARCH 2.

ST. CHAD, BISHOP.

HAD was abbot of Lastingham, near Whitby. He was well read in the holy Scriptures and practiced what he learnt therein. Contrary to the canons, he was placed in the sec of York during the absence

of St. Wilfrid, and it became the duty of St. Theodore, as primate of England, to request him to withdraw. Chad declared that he willingly resigned an office of which he

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had always deemed himself unworthy, and which obedience alone had forced him to accept. St. Theodore soon after appointed him bishop of the Mercians. He fixed his abode at Lichfield, and for two years and a half spent himself in the care of his flock. Like the apostolic bishops of the North, Chad lived in humble poverty, making his visitations on foot. Amidst his unceasing labors he continued to yearn for the peace of his cloister, and often refreshed his soul by retiring to a monastery, and meditating on the eternal Sabbath, for which he sighed. Here he repaired when warned that his end was near; and from his beloved cell his soul winged its flight to heaven, A. D. His shrine in Lichfield cathedral was the scene of countless miracles till its desecration by the sacrilegious reformers. The Saint's body, however, was providentially saved by some devout Catholics, and it now reposes under the high altar of the cathedral of Birmingham.

DESIRE OF HEAVENLY GLORY.

The desire of heavenly glory is the solace of the soul in her pilgrimage; and in death it renders sweet a sacrifice which otherwise is most bitter to nature.

"My son, when thou feelest that a desire of everlasting bliss is given unto thee, and thou covetest to go forth out of the tabernacle of thy mortal body, that so thou mayest without shadow behold My brightness, open thy heart, and with all the desires of thy soul embrace this holy inspiration."—Following of Christ.

Seven days before St. Chad's death, a brother in the monastery heard voices singing most sweetly. He listened and noticed that the unseen choir seamed to rest over the cell of the holy bishop. St. Chad soon after this occurrence summoned the brethren together, and asked for their prayers, since in seven days he would depart. The mysterious chants were, he said, the voices of angels, who had come to call him to that heavenly reward which he had so long desired. On the seventh day the holy man died, and his soul was seen going up to heaven in the company of St. Cedd, his brother, and that of many angels.

"I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord,"—Ps. exxi. 1.

FBUILDING.

ROLL OF HONOR

- OF THE -

TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, polite deportment, obedience and general application to study.

A. E. SIMMONS, WALTER WALE, EUGENE DAMIAN, FRANCIS LECLAIR, , T. EWYE, AUG. WILEY, A. SHELTON, N. HILAIRE. L. FINKBONNER,
JULIANNA KWINA.
E. FINKBONNER,
EMMA DAWSON,
Louisa Ling,
Mary Girard.

Order and Neatness.

THOMAS EWYE, HENRY CHARLES, DAVID TOBEY, Edward Preston. E. FINKBONNER, AGATHA BAGLEY, M. GIRARD, JULIANNA KWINA.

Composition and application to writing.
W. WALE, | L. FINKBONN

T. EWYE, Aug. WILEY, A. E. SIMMONS.

A. E. SIMMONS.

Application to manual labor and farming.

JAMES LONG,
H. CHARLES,
ATHAN. SHELTON,
AUGUST WILEY,
W. WALE,
EDWARD PRESTON,
JOHN WILSON, Jos. Pratt.

L. FINKBONNER, ELLEN ACHILLE, A. BAGLEY, JOHANNA SIEBERT.

Application to sewing aud'cutting out.

E. FINKBONNER,
J. KWINA.
LOUISA LING,
M. GIRARD.

House-work and cooking.
L. LING & Annie.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

Here we are again enjoying the beautiful season of Spring, when every thing in nature seems to get a new lite, and we too, dear friends, should also begin a new life. How children love to enjoy themselves roaming through fields, meadows and gardens, gathering up sweet flowers for the lovely month of Mary, the month dedicated to our sweet and kind Mother, whose great purity and humility have drawn upon her the grace of being chosen by God

to be the mother of His Divine Son.

The month of May is very lovely because it is then the sweet flowers bud and bloom, and which we gather up to place at Mary's shrine. The birds have come back to make our homes happy, and fill the air with their sweet little songs. During this beautiful month of Mary, I will not fail to pray to her for all the graces that I need, that I may always walk on the right road which she has so lovingly pointed out to us by her example. I will also, as much as I can, try to imitate her example, so I may prove myself worthy to be called her child. Let us then all go to Mary and learn to be humble, pure and charitable like her, that she may bring us to our heavenly home, where we shall be happy for ever.

Josephine Serwalh.

To all the Catholic Indian school boys in the United States of America.

Dear and kind young Friends.

I am so pleased to write a little letter to you to ask you to correspond with us. I am sorry that I did not do so sooner, as we wish you to write to us so that we may have some of your nice letters for the Youth's Companion, our little paper, just a year old this month, and which we like very much. We did not like to ask you to write at first, because we are not acquainted with any of you, and it might not be pleasing to your superiors or teachers; but if they will permit you, it will give us great pleasmre, and we will thus become acquainted without meeting.

I have not much news to tell you but I will try to give a description of our Mission. We have a very pretty little bay here about one mile long and about half as wide. It is called Tulalip Bay. In spring and summer we often spend the evening boat riding and singing at the same time which is very pleasant especially in summer. In autumn we make little boats, real little sailing vessels. We put masts and sails on them, and as soon as school is out we run to the beach to sail them and we enjoy it very much. Our Mission is situated at the head of the bay about fifty vards from the shore. It consists of four principal buildings, viz: the church, the convent, the Father's residence. and the boys' school. I would like to give you the size of these buildings, but I cannot this time for my letter is already too long. We are at present twenty eight boys in school. We spend the time very happily with the good Sisters and our master, J. B. Casavant, who is one of our former school-mates. He teaches us farming and superintends the out-door work. In the evening he plays the violin for us to dance and amuse ourselves, except in Lent.

On the feast of the Annunciation four of us were received into the Sodality of St. Aloysius, and five of the small boys into the Society of the Infant Jesus. I hope my letter will please you, and that you will write soon to us through

the Youth's Companion.

REV. FATHER LOUIS' ANSWERS.

The following answers are from some of the children of the Devil's Lake Agency schools, in charge of the Grey Nuns. We gladly welcome our new correspondents and hope often to hear from them. Nancy's nice little letter will appear next month, as well as some additional answers for Father Louis. just received from St. Ignatius.

Nancy Akicitamani, 14 years old, says: "If St. Peter told me to ask him what I want, I would say I want to be a good girl and keep my soul clean from sin. I want to be obedient and kind to every one, like the Blessed Virgin when she was a little girl like we. And I want to make my father a Christian that he may be happy when he dies."

Mary Louisa Hinhankoyakewin, 14 years, says: "I wish to be good and to love God above all things, that I may go to Heaven when I die. I wish my soul to be pure and white like the Blessed Virgin's soul. I wish my mother

would become a Christian.

Teresa Wadutawastewin. 12 years, wishes to make her first Communion; to be a good girl; and that all the Indians would be baptized and go to heaven.

Mary Ann Toicaltakewin, 10 years, wishes to make ser first Communion; to have her mother baptized; and to be an obedient girl like the Blessed Virgin.

Lillie Oinajina, 10 years, wishes to be a good little girl; to know her lessons every day; and that all the Indians

would be Christians.

Lucy Keya. 10 years, wishes her father to be baptized; to make her first Communion; and to go to heaven when she dies.

Louis Hantemazawin, 12 years, wishes to make his first communion; to obey his teacher that he may grow good;

and never to commit a morral sin

George Katatewin. 12 years, wishes to be a good boy are on earth and when he dies to go to heaven; also to be an obed ant boy; and that his mother may be baptized.

Johnny Piya, II years, wishes the summer to be good; to have a gun, and to be a good boy; and adds that he

will be happy if he gets all this

Stanislaus Hantemazawin, 10 years, wishes to be a good boy: to learn his lessons; and to sing well.

Charlie Wan dewastewin, 9 years, wishes to be a good boy; to have a nice picture; and a nice horse.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., W. T.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Iudian Schools, was 27 boys and 25 girls. The actual number now is 29 and 25 respectively.







